





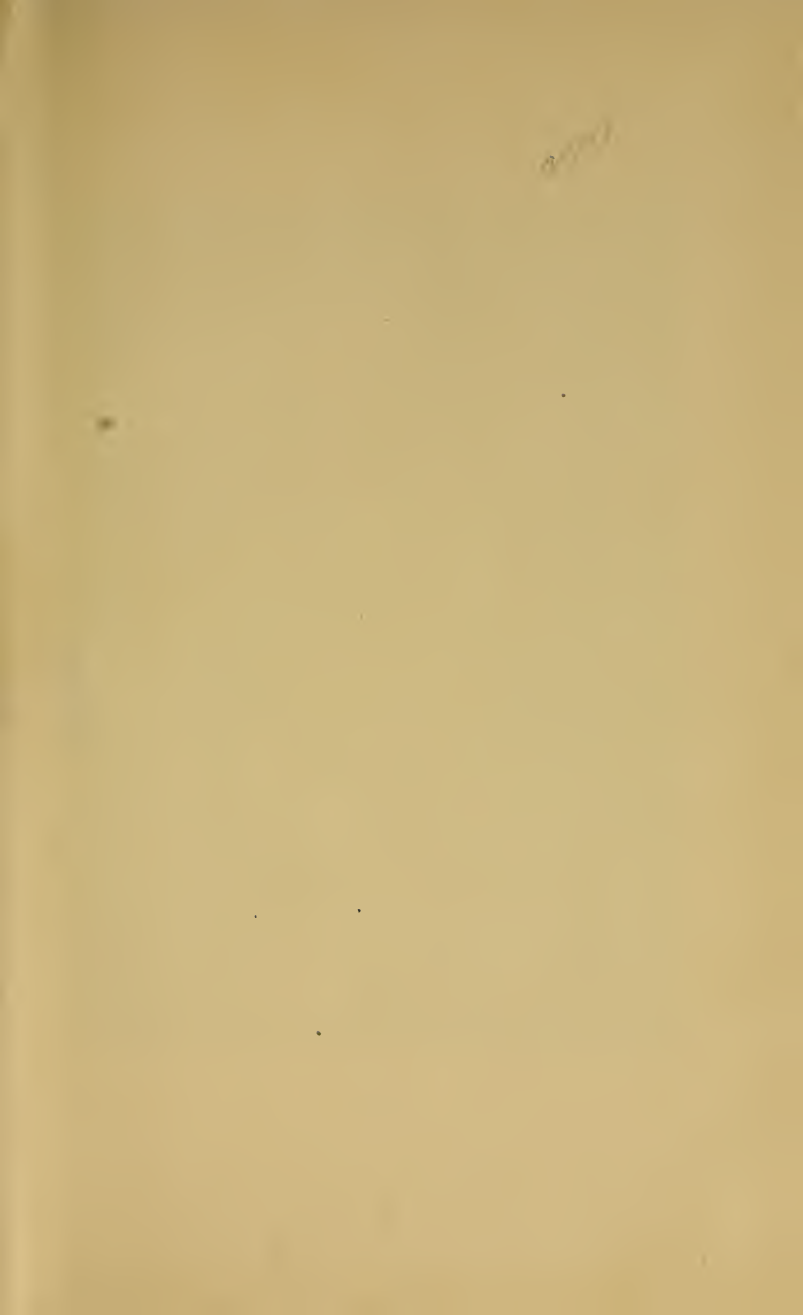














# CLEAR GRIT

A COLLECTION OF

*LECTURES, ADDRESSES AND POEMS*

BY

ROBERT COLLYER

EDITED BY

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES



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## INTRODUCTION

The contents of this volume comprise a selection of Dr. Collyer's best known lectures, and a small group of ballads and hymns. The poems, with the exception of the one entitled "Lucretia Mott," have been printed many times and in widely different places; but the lectures, with the exception of "Clear Grit," although delivered again and again from pulpit and platform, have never before been published. This book, therefore, from the standpoint of the printed word at least, may be described with perfect truth as new.

The lectures may be roughly classified into two groups. On the one hand, there are the lectures which were specifically written for use upon the so-called Lyceum platform — of which Dr. Collyer was one of the most popular figures in the latter years of its power and prosperity — and which were delivered therefore to enormous audiences in all parts of the country. Of the lectures included in this volume, "Clear Grit," "The Human George Washington" and "Robert Burns" are to be ranked as the distinctive members of this group.

How he came to enter the public lecture field, and remain there for a period of time, is told us

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by Dr. Collyer in the closing pages of his charming autobiographical volume, "Some Memories." For some winters prior to the great fire in Chicago, he had lectured "through the Redpath Bureau in Boston, to (his) great satisfaction and profit." This work was purely incidental, however, to his professional activities as minister of Unity Church, and during the period when the great new building was under way, was given up altogether. In 1871 came the fire, in which church and home and personal property were all alike destroyed, and the resulting problem of beginning life anew both as man and minister. An especial worry was the new home for the wife and children, which "we found after a while we were not able to finish save by a heavy mortgage." "In this strait," says the Doctor, "the Redpath Bureau offered me work through a whole winter, if I could take it at prices I had never commanded. So I told my people how we stood. The work would pay for the home if I would take it in about six months; and, if they would give me my time, my stipend they had then begun to pay should be used for the supply of the pulpit, and would command the best men they could lay their hands on. So they voted me my vacation, and I went into the work with all good will from early in November, 1872, to well on in May, 1873, lecturing from Belfast in Maine to far away in Minnesota, and do not remember missing an appointment, nor did those who came to hear me

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seem to notice my poverty in elocution and the like. I would preach also on the Sunday now and then, and came out at the end of all my labor safe and sound, with money to pay for the new home far more ample than the one we had lost." It was for this tour that these lectures were prepared; and in this tour that they were delivered literally scores of times to enthusiastic audiences in city, town and village.

The second group, which includes the majority of the lectures gathered in this volume, had an altogether different origin. In his work both in Chicago and in New York, Dr. Collyer made it his custom to conduct services on Sunday evenings as well as on Sunday mornings. For these evenings he early fell into the habit of preparing addresses which were more of the lecture than the sermon type. Talks on travel at home and abroad, biographical studies of great leaders of thought and action, current happenings in the world of affairs, personal reminiscences of men and events — these were the subjects which he discussed at his evening services — and abundant was the wealth of information, anecdote, observation and experience that he poured forth from week to week. Here his reading in many fields, but especially in the literature of biography, history and legend, stood him in good stead, his wonderfully retentive memory yielding ample material for any subject that he might select for treatment. Rich and deep also were his resources

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of personal experience. To visit a cathedral or to meet a distinguished man was to have an address all prepared for future delivery in the well-loved pulpit, just so soon as the time could be found for putting pen to paper. Thus Sunday after Sunday, through many years of untiring service, the evening lectures poured forth, and great were the multitudes who came to drink at this living spring of instruction and inspiration.

Most of the lectures, which were prepared and delivered for this purpose, were either burned in the Chicago conflagration and the later fire-disaster in New York, or else destroyed deliberately by Dr. Collyer himself. Those remaining and gathered here in this volume were perhaps the ones which the Doctor regarded as of special interest or worth; but more likely were the ones which he found useful for delivery on other occasions than those for which they had been prepared, and thus fortunately preserved. In nearly every case, however, the manuscript is the one carefully written in his own hand for the Sunday evening service for which it was originally prepared, with few corrections or additions of any kind. It is remarkable, when we remember that these lectures were dashed off in the brief space between one Sunday and another, in the feverish haste with which the busy parish minister has to do all work of this kind, to note the beauty of style, the wealth of accurate information and

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racy anecdote, and the well-rounded form, by which they are uniformly characterized.

Nearly all the lectures in this volume are to be classified in one or the other of these two groups which I have noted. Two exceptions are "Some Old Unitarian Worthies" and "James Martineau." The former is an address especially prepared for a meeting of the Unitarian Club of New York; and the latter is a sermon preached at the Church of the Messiah shortly after the death of the great English Unitarian.

It needs but a casual reading of these lectures, to gain an understanding of Dr. Collyer's popular power both in the pulpit and on the platform. There may well be some dispute as to the amount of truth contained in Dr. Collyer's confession of his "poverty in elocution and the like," but there can be no difference of opinion, I take it, as to certain other elements of his work, which were altogether remarkable.

Thus, in the first place, there is that matchless English style which needs no tribute of mine at this belated hour. Every competent judge has borne enthusiastic testimony to its rare qualities of simplicity and purity; but all too few have paused to see that, while it had these qualities to perfection, it had other qualities as well, which gave it an almost unique distinction. The spoken and written style of many a man has been pure, but has also been weak, tame and characterless. Simplicity has been frequently achieved, but only

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in combination with coldness, austerity and reserve. The miracle of Dr. Collyer's style was its union of purity and simplicity, with warmth, color, variety, fancy, and indubitable strength. His style was essentially that of the poet, and it was wafted from his lips like the songs of the birds, the fragrance of spring flowers, or a fresh breeze from a Yorkshire moor. The people listened to his words as eagerly as yeomen of old time to a minstrel-song, or as children to a nursery-tale. They came to hear him first of all because they knew that they would be entertained and charmed by what the speaker said and the way he said it; and they went away, almost without knowing it, instructed, purified and inspired.

In the second place, we feel all through these lectures the romantic atmosphere which surrounded the life and personality of the man who wrote and delivered them. This fact is much more apparent in certain other lectures of a largely autobiographical character which have been reserved for publication in a later volume, but in these much less personal writings, it is still very emphatically present. Dr. Collyer's greatest asset as a minister, perhaps, was his career before entering the pulpit. His life-story exerted a magical fascination over his own generation, and in our time has taken on the form of a classic tradition, or even "folk-legend." What this meant to his audiences is still apparent in the



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printed words of these lectures. All through them we see the Yorkshire peasant who tramped the moors, the Yorkshire blacksmith who smote the anvil, and the Yorkshire Methodist who preached the word. Detached as they are in theme from all necessary elements of personality, these lectures are still as much the fruit of this particular experience, as the apple is the fruit of the apple-tree. Not one line of them could have been written by any other man, nor even by this man in any other environment. They are "Collyer" through and through. In this fact, not less than in the style, is the secret of their power when delivered on the platform yesterday, and their permanent interest when read in the library to-day.

But there is more than merely "Collyer" in these lectures; there is humanity as well. Here is not merely an extraordinary man speaking out of a unique experience; but man himself speaking out of the universal experiences of the human heart. These lectures show, as Dr. Collyer's sermons have shown long since in equal measure, all of that wonderful human quality which permeated everything that he ever did. In life, in thought, in word, in deed—in his character as a man, a minister and a lecturer, Dr. Collyer was preëminently human, and great just because so human. As John Chadwick put it so delightfully, in his anniversary poem:

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“You are so human; here’s the central fact  
Of which your life and speech are all compact:

All things that touch the simple common  
heart—

These have you chosen—these, the better  
part—

You are so human; feeling, thought, and act.”

If any demonstration were needed at this late day of the truth of this remarkable fact, we have it in abundance in the contents of this volume. To any coldly critical mind, it must be an altogether amazing experience to read these lectures on old, trite, well-worn themes, and see how delightfully fresh and original they are. “George Washington,” “Westminster Abbey,” “The Pilgrims,” “William Ellery Channing,” “Robert Burns,” “Hawthorne”—how can anything be spoken or written to-day on these familiar topics which can be in any sense new, and thus worthy of being printed and preserved? And yet, as we turn these pages one by one, we find that everything is apparently as novel as though the subjects discussed had never before been treated. And the explanation, to my mind, lies wholly in the Doctor’s method of approach. He wrote not as a critic, or a student, or a philosopher, but simply as a man, who loved the world because it was the home of men, and loved men themselves because of the human nature there was in them. Read the



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essay on "Westminster Abbey," and see how he makes the old building echo anew with the laughter and tears of the human experience that went into its building. Read the lecture on "The Pilgrims," and see how triumphantly he humanizes these lay-figures of our early history. Read the study of "Charles Lamb," or that of "Burns," or that of "Hawthorne," and see if you do not understand these men with a new insight and love them with a fresh affection. Especially read the great lecture on "George Washington," and then ask yourself if you have ever met this man before. Turn all the pages of this book, and see how every sentence is pregnant with admiration for human virtue and pity for human frailty. Everywhere shines the light of "the understanding heart." And in this, more than in all things else, lies the secret of his power. Men and women heard Dr. Collyer gladly, on whatever theme he might be talking, for this reason — that they felt instinctively his human kinship with themselves, and through him were made to feel the kinship of the world. These lectures, like the man, are "human" — hence their abiding power over the souls of men.

The style, the man behind, and the human nature in and through — these were the qualities which combined to make these lectures so abundantly successful in their day. In our time, when the hand which wrote them is palsied and the tongue which spoke them silent, these qualities

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still abide, to make them a perennial source of delight and inspiration.

A word should perhaps be added here in regard to the poems assembled in this volume. Of the two hymns, one, "Unto thy temple, Lord, we come," has long since gained a permanent place in the hymnology of all Christian communions in this country and in England. The other, which is equally fine as a poem, has remained comparatively unknown, only because written for a very special and altogether extraordinary occasion. Of the three ballads, "Under the Snow" is undoubtedly the best known, and has won a permanent place in our literature by being included in E. C. Stedman's "American Anthology," where it is described as that "beautiful ballad." The other ballads are to my mind not at all inferior to this favorite. All are characterized by a truly remarkable beauty of form and vigor of expression. The lines on "Lucretia Mott" are perhaps more interesting from the personal than the literary point of view. The six poems taken together represent all the work that Dr. Collyer ever did in this field. One cannot study this little group, it seems to me, without lamenting that the writer did not more often turn to poetry as a medium of expression. A great poet, as well as a great preacher and lecturer, was in him!

In closing this brief word of introduction, may I be pardoned if I state how great has been my joy in the work of preparing this book for publi-

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cation. For seven happy years, it was my privilege to be associated with Dr. Collyer in the ministry of the Church of the Messiah, and to receive at his hands such "a providence of love" as revealed, not at all the measure of my deserts, but the unfathomable depths of his gracious and forgiving spirit. Now, when he is gone, it has been my privilege to read his precious manuscripts, and thus to live again for many hours together in the atmosphere of his sweet and radiant soul. One cannot go through such an experience as this, as one could not live from day to day in Dr. Collyer's own presence, without being refreshed, cleansed, and uplifted. Hence my everlasting gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Collyer, who entrusted this task to my hands, and thus enriched my life.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah,  
New York City.  
October, 1913.



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# **I**

## **LECTURES AND ADDRESSES**





## CLEAR GRIT

CLEAR GRIT, as I understand it, and propose to speak of it in this lecture, may be defined as the best there is in a man, blossoming into the best he can do in a sweet and true fashion, as a rose blossoms on a bush or a bird sings in a tree.

It is that fine quality in a man or woman that can never give way except in a true fashion and for good reason; the power to walk barefoot over the flints that lie on the true line of life, rather than to go through soft and flowery ways that deflect from it.

Clear Grit is the power to say *No* to what may seem to be a multitude of angels when they would counsel you away from a downright loyalty to your instant duty; while if it were possible for you to feel that by following steadily the true path, for all that you can see, you will go into outer darkness and stay there, but that unspeakable felicity may crown the false way, to make no argument about one way or the other, but simply to determine once for all that any torment for being a true man or woman is to be preferred to any bliss for failing.

Now, you will understand from this, of course, that there is a false and a true in Grit, as there is

in all great and good things in creation, and that we need to know the one from the other, as the prime condition of being Clear Grit at all. In Westall's splendid designs for "Paradise Lost," if you have ever seen them, you will remember that in one of them Satan, as he stands on the burning mount with his hand lifted and shouts to his fallen host, is still a mighty angel, erect and strong, and not to be distinguished from his un-fallen peers, except for the shadow that begins to pass over his face out of his darkened soul.

It is the painter's way of telling a truth we have all seen some time in our life,—the truth men like Aaron Burr and Lord Byron, and others I might name, have made clear to us through their lives,—that there is nothing in this world so nearly like a splendid angel as a splendid devil.

When I worked at the anvil, as a boy, we would sometimes show the boys who came in with their horses to shoe, a great wonder. We would take a nail-rod and make it white hot; but then, instead of making a nail, we would plunge the iron, hot as it was, into a pan of brimstone, and it would turn to mere slag.

It was the truth I want to teach about Clear Grit in a crucible. The substance out of which you can forge all sorts of noble things shall be in two men just about alike, and in both it shall be capable of growing white hot under some intense pressure of soul or circumstance. But one man shall dip this substance of his manhood into some

infernal element and it will all turn to cinder, while the other man will make what will be like a nail in a sure place.

So Clear Grit, as I think of it, is never base or mean, either in its nature or tendency. Whatever it may be that you compress into this compact vernacular of two syllables, here is the point where you get at the rights of it; the scratch of the diamond that cuts into everything except a diamond.

A man may have all sorts of shining qualities; he may be as handsome as Apollo, as plausible as Mercury, and as full of fight as Mars, yet this shall show you, when you scratch him, he is a bit of mere shining paste and no diamond at all. Or his faults and failings may be an everlasting regret to those who love him best, as they are in a man like Robert Burns. But because there's Clear Grit in him, because there's a bit of manhood running through his life, as grand and good as ever struggled through this world of ours toward a better; a heart that could gather everything that lives within the circle of its mighty sympathy, from a mouse shivering down there in the furrow, to a saint singing up yonder in Heaven; because there's a heart like that in him, we cling to his knees, we will not let him go; sin-smitten, but mighty, manful man as he is, we gather him into our heart, every one of us, and love him with an everlasting love.

Then, as I am led to see how Clear Grit comes

to be an intimate part of your life and mine, I have to trace the root of it, first of all, to a certain austerity and self-denial in our personal character and life. There was a story many years ago going the rounds of our papers, about a black man who was traveling on one of the Sound steamers from New York to Boston, and found there was no room for him in a stateroom, upstairs or down, and no such chance of his getting comfortably through the night as there would have been for a decent yellow dog. It was a wild night, and was getting dark, when one of the officers on the steamer found this man trying to make the best of it in as snug a corner as he could find, pitied his forlorn condition and thought he would try to help him. He noticed he was not so very black, so he hit on a plan for giving him a stateroom. There would be no sort of trouble about an Indian if he should come and look as well, generally, as this negro did. And so he said to himself, "I will run him in as an Indian." He went up to the man, looked him in the eyes, and said: "You are an Indian, ain't you?"

Well Douglass, for it was Fred, saw in an instant what the man was after. I don't know how he felt, but I know exactly how I should have felt if I had been in his place. I should have felt like giving a little nod, and saying, "Well, yes, I guess I'm an Indian." But what this black man did was to look right back into the eyes of the officer, and say, "No, I'm a nigger," to curl himself up as

the officer turned and left him, and get what comfort he could in his gusty nest.

Now there you touch the first thing I know of in Clear Grit, and that is the power and the will to say *No* to every temptation toward a good time that can come between a man and his manhood.

And I think these temptations usually begin down among our passions and appetites. I suppose it is not a rule without an exception that the man who cares most of all about himself cares very little about anybody else; or that in proportion to the fuss a man makes about his dinner, for instance, is the utter worthlessness of that man to have any decent woman cook for him. I think a very fair sort of man may sometimes make a fuss about his dinner, and my dear wife thought so, too. Isaac Walton said, "that very good dishes should only be eaten by very good men," and that's the reason I have sometimes thought that when we ministers go round to one of the best houses in the parish about tea time, as we sometimes do, and are invited to stay to tea, which we generally do, the good lady is sure to bring out her best cakes and preserves and to broil her tenderest chicken. She knows what dear old Walton knew, that very good things should only be eaten by very good men, so the minister gets them, of course, and thinks, no doubt, as St. Thomas à Becket thought, when a man saw him eating the breast of a pheasant as if he liked it very much, and said to him sourly: "That is no dinner for a

saint of the church." "One man," the saint replied, "may be a glutton on horse beans, while another man may eat the breast of a pheasant like a gentleman, and be a good man all the same."

All this is true, of course, but it is no less true that the devouring determination in a great majority of men and women nowadays to have a good time in getting every good thing they hanker after, and dirt cheap at that, if they can, is one of the most dangerous evils we have to encounter if we want, above all things in this world, to be Clear Grit. "It is a fortunate thing for the world," a man of another race and nation said to Thomas Guthrie, the fine old Scotchman, "that you Anglo-Saxons eat and drink so much, because you have such a genius for hard work and for going ahead in everything you take hold of, that, if it were not for this, the nations round about would have no chance to compete with you. You would be the masters of the world." Well, it was true, no doubt, and only one truth of a good many that belong to this side of our character and our life.

Now, let us see how this works. I went to live in Chicago when the population numbered about a hundred thousand souls. I lived there twenty years, so that I was quite intimate with the life of that great city. In the early times I think I knew every man who had come to the front, and was wielding a real power of any sort for good. I do not remember one among them who did not



begin his life as a poor man's son. They all came up, so far as I could trace them, without any good time at all, except as boys ought to have a good time in growing strong as a steel bar on plenty of wholesome work and what we should call hard fare; fighting their way to an education through a great deal of effort, and then, when they were ready, coming out West from the East with that half-dollar in their pocket, and that little lot of things done up in a valise that you will notice every young fellow is said to start with, who ends by making his mark or making a fortune.

So a great German writer says that riches are always harder on youth than poverty and that many a man sees now he would not for much money have had much money in his youth. "When we started the 'Edinburgh Review,'" Sidney Smith says, "we thought of putting this motto on the cover: 'We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal,' but it was so literally true that we concluded not to tell."

And John Bryant, of Princeton, in Illinois, told me once that when his brother, William Cullen Bryant, was a young man, he durst not have taken a five years' lease of his life; but William, he said, adopted the habits of a Spartan, omitting, of course, the stealing. He would take some brown bread and butter, with a glass of milk or water, for his breakfast, then he would do a bit of real hard work, and then go down to his office; and, with very little alteration, John thought he was

keeping up that habit down to the time we had the talk, and thought also that this had a great deal to do with both the length and the worth of his brother's most noble career. "I shall be glad if you will stay and dine with me, but when my wife is away, I just browse around," Mr. Lincoln said once to a friend when he was President of the Republic and living in the White House in Washington. "Just browse around!" How much that fine temperance in eating and drinking, and in all the habits of his life, had to do with the man's Clear Grit we can only or hardly guess. And, so, turn where you will, I think you are sure to touch this as one of the first things in Clear Grit: "to make much of myself, I must make sure of myself in my power to say *No* to these good servants but bad masters, my passions and appetites."

We all know, however, there must be more than this to make a man Clear Grit. The power must begin there, but it cannot end there. There are hosts of men who have this quality, so far as I have tried to touch it. They are hardy and temperate, they have pluck and courage, but not an atom of it is used for any other purpose than to serve some end of their own. And so they may become simply so many instances of the truth I have told already that there is nothing in this world so like a splendid angel as a splendid devil.

And so the next thing we want to make Clear



Grit is the power and the will to help others even more than you help yourself. When George Peabody died the Queen of England sorrowed with thousands more for that great, generous banker. But another man died about the same time in England for whom no tears were shed except by a few friends who knew him and loved him, but who did better still with his money than Peabody. This man was Faraday, the prince of chemists in his time. It came out after his death that as far back as 1832 Faraday's income was about £5,000 a year, and he could easily have made it ten or fifteen thousand, but from that time he gave up his whole income, except enough to keep himself and his family in good ease, that he might devote his whole time to the great science in which he was such a master, and in that way enrich the whole world. He died a poor man, when, I suppose, he might have been a millionaire, but then the world was richer by untold millions for what the man had done.

That is the second thing in Clear Grit. After the power to save yourself comes the power to give yourself.

There is an old city in France, where, down to the middle of the last century, the people had to depend upon the wells for their water. But one dry summer these wells gave out, and there was hardly any water to be found. In a poor hovel at that time a child lay sick of a fever, moaning for water, and the mother had none to give him.

He worried through, however, and grew to be a man. But then it was found that he was a miser, the closest and most niggardly man ever heard of in that town. He lived alone in the most miserable fashion and he was so unpopular with the folks that the boys would hoot him and pelt him as he went along the street. Then he died, and it was found that he had left an enormous fortune, every penny of which was to go for a grand system of water works, and from that fountain the water pours plentifully into every home down to this day.

There you touch the second thing in Clear Grit — the power to help others, no matter what it may cost you, when the thing faces you as a clear duty. Every ounce of the power that man had, from the day he made his resolution to the day he died, went into Clear Grit, so he was a miser and a martyr together, and I think sometimes that when the poor soul went out of him, all crippled, as it must have been, by that stern struggle to save money through all those years, it was very beautiful to those who watched him from above and knew all about it. Just as when we still see, on our streets or in their homes, the men that came back to us all broken from the war for the Republic, we feel that no perfection in form or feature can ever be robed to us in such a noble beauty as the scarred faces and shorn trunks of our boys in blue.

And this brings me to the last thing I want to

touch in this exposition of Clear Grit. When a man has these two things in his life — first, the power to save himself, and then the power to give himself — and he sees something to be done and knows he ought to do it, he never stops to count the cost, but, as we say, he pitches right in and does it there and then. That was what our soldiers did, what the old miser did, what Faraday did, and what all men do who show their Clear Grit right through. There it stands, the thing to be done, and there is the man with the Grit to do it. Something comes into him — he cannot tell you what. He wonders very likely, after it's all done, how he did it, but then it's done once and forever. The power has possessed him as Italy possessed Garibaldi, as Germany possessed Bismarck, as Methodism possessed Wesley, as freedom for the slave possessed Garrison, and as honesty possessed Abraham Lincoln. It comes and fills the heart, as the sight of the young maiden fills the heart of the young man who goes into a room at 7 o'clock this evening, with a heart as free as that of an unmated swallow, meets a girl he never saw before, and at 10 o'clock that evening comes out of that room a captive for life.

And once let this power take hold of such a man, then he cares nothing about what risk he has to run or how hard it is to do — he puts on the steam and goes ahead and does it. I well remember in our great fire in Chicago, a slender young man who undertook to carry a lady and her little

child in a light buggy out of the burning city. He was going down Michigan Avenue, the street was crowded to a jam, and he had to stop and wait for the jam to get loose. All at once there came along behind him a great fellow driving a furniture wagon, who yelled to him with an oath to get out of the way or he would run into him. "I cannot stir," the man said quietly, "and this lady is sick and has a little babe with her not a week old. Now, you must be quiet and stay where you are, and we will all come out together very soon." Then the brute swore a great oath that he would come down and pull him out of that and twist the thing out of his way. He jumped out of his wagon to do it. The young man jumped too. They were both on the ground at the same instant, but before the giant had time to strike him or clutch him, the young man had sent his fist about where the brute's dinner would go if he could get any that day, and that brought him down. But as he was coming down, he caught him with the other fist right under the chin, and that brought him up. "Now," he said, "you get on to that wagon and do just as I tell you, or I will give you the greatest licking you ever had since you were born." The fellow swore horribly, mounted the wagon, and drove down the avenue at the back of the buggy when the jam gave way. But the best of the story is this, and I can vouch for its truth, that this young man was a minister in our city, in good standing, a mighty man in

preaching and prayer, as I know, a man who wouldn't hurt a mouse, and in every way a gentleman. But the Clear Grit in him at that dire moment could only show itself in the one way; and there it was. He cared nothing for himself, only for the helpless woman and the little babe; and as he told me the story in a modest fashion on the train one day after the fire, I clasped his hand and said to him: "My friend, you can preach grand sermons, and you can say noble prayers, and you can do a great many grand things, as I know very well, but let me tell you that you never did a grander or diviner thing than on that day when for the sake of that mother and little child you went for that great brute, left hand first and then followed it with your right, and don't you forget it." Clear Grit, then, never cares for consequences when it's evident the thing has got to be done; you can't crush it, you can't turn it, it goes right on to its purpose, and that purpose is accomplished when the man gets through.

And now it would be very pleasant for me to go right on and talk about Clear Grit as other men have shown it in a grand or good fashion, but this is not my main purpose. I want to make some simple applications of the truth I am trying to tell, that will come right home to your life and mine, and show us how we can all know of what Grit we are made, by instances and evidences like these I want to mention. And so I will divide my lecture into three parts, for the sake of sim-

plicity, and go on to say that the first truth of Clear Grit, to me, lies in the power to do a good, honest day's work; second, in the power to make a good home and take care of it, and raise a good family of children; and, third, the power to lose no time about it, but go ahead and see to these things while the bloom and glory and strength of our life beats in our hearts.

And I put the power to do a good, honest day's work first, because eight and twenty years of hard work, first in the factory and then in the forge, as well as such light as comes to me as a minister, convinces me, beyond all question, that this power to do a good, honest day's work lies at the root of every true life. And yet it is just what great numbers of men try not to do, as if they felt that the true thing means to get the most money possible for the least work possible, and very often for the poorest work, too; and that the best success they can attain to in this world is that which comes through what we call "good luck." I think young men begin their life in this new world bewildered by the opportunities that open before them to make a fortune at a stroke. There is no such instant need to do something solid and steady, the moment they are out of school or college, as there is in poorer countries, and so they coquette with the chances that seem as thick as blackberries to get along easily; they will try this and then that, and generally fail at everything they do try, if this is all they want to do, and then wait



for something to turn up. Now, we ought never to forget that Mr. Micawber, after trusting to his luck for all those years, waiting for something to turn up, had to strip at last and turn up something for himself. He failed entirely to do anything until he began to do something in dead earnest, and every dollar he made when he did begin to succeed over there in Australia was, no doubt, a draft honestly endorsed by his brain and muscle and dug out of the solid gold of his own manhood. So waiting for something to turn up is the greatest mistake a young man can make who wants to show his Grit. You know that, of all the adventurers that ever trod the Pacific slope waiting for something to turn up, not a man found the gold that was right there under his feet. It was found at last by a man who was doing good, honest work, digging a mill-race for a mill to grind corn. Mr. Smiles, in one of his capital books, tells the story of a man in the last century who undertook to make a steam engine. He succeeded, so far as you could see, in making a very good engine indeed. The lever lifted to a charm, the piston answered exactly, the wheels turned beautifully, and nothing could be better so far. But when it came to be fairly tried there was one drawback, and it was this: "The moment you tackled anything to it, it stood stock-still. On its own hook it would work beautifully, turn its own wheels faultlessly, but the moment you wanted it to lift a pound beside, then the lever and piston

and wheels struck work, and, as it was made in an age and country in which to do nothing was to be counted a gentleman, the thing was called 'Evans's Gentlemanly Engine.' " Now, who doesn't know men whose action resembles that gentlemanly engine? What little they do, they do for themselves. You can find no fault with their motion, and they may be polished to perfection, especially in those parts that are brass or steel, but they would not raise a blister on their hands to save their souls.

Their one motto is to take care of number one, and in doing this they usually come to one of three things — either to depend on the old man, their father, if he has anything to spare, or on their friends, if they have any left, or, as I think, the saddest of all — go down to Washington to hunt for an office they know they can't fill, and draw money they know they don't earn,—the meanest thing, I think, such a man can do.

They bury their talent in a napkin, like the man in the Gospels; and I think, sometimes, that by the time they're through, they'll be mean enough and selfish enough to be ready to say, when they go to their account, "Lord, there's the talent thou gavest me, but that's my napkin; give me my napkin back."

This is the first proof a man can give that there's no Clear Grit in him — to do nothing in particular, or come as near as he can to his own idea of a gentleman by dodging everything that



is not easy and light. The question, What makes a gentleman? is not an easy one to answer, but between such a man as that and a good blacksmith or carpenter or plowman or woodchopper, a man who throws all his manhood into his day's work, there can be no sort of comparison.

A hard-handed mechanic is beyond all question the truer gentleman, as well as the better man, and in the good time coming everybody will say so that has a right to be anybody. Honest work, well done, then, is the first proof I can give of Clear Grit.

This does not mean, however, merely to work hard, because to work honestly is more essential than to work hard at anything. I had a shop-mate in the forge who was just as good a blacksmith when he did his level best as any man I ever knew, but it seems to me now that he was the most ingenious fellow at getting up any sort of a lie in iron who ever stood at the anvil. Now, a man like this may work hard, but, on the whole, the harder he works, the worse it is, because he just works hard at lying, and now poor Jack stands to me for a good many working men. (Jack died in the workhouse.) It is no matter where they're found or what they do, they may not work in iron as Jack did, but they are forgers for all that, if they are only ingenious for dishonesty, and make their money by make-believes.

I could show you a pair of iron gates in one of the great museums in London made by a black-

smith two hundred years ago, down in Nottinghamshire, for a great nobleman's park. I had never heard of the man until I saw the gates and found his name on the catalogue, and if he had never done that piece of work, we should never have heard of him again. He was only a smith, he did that work with his own rough hands, but he did it so honestly and so well, it was so beautiful when it was finished, that people would come from far and wide in England to look at those gates, and then they were fain to preserve them in the museum as one of the wonders it does your heart good to see and makes good the poet's line, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." And so I say the blacksmith who works honestly and well from Monday morning to Saturday night, doing his good, honest day's work, and being a man to match the work he is doing, is beyond all question the nobler and better man than the minister who dawdles along through the week, doing nothing in particular one way or the other, and then on the Sunday morning preaches a poor, worthless sermon. I know that, because I have done both.

I said the second proof of the truth I would tell is the power to make a good home, and to raise, if it pleases God, a noble family of children; while the good home presupposes that indispensable preliminary to all good homes, a good wife and a good husband — and I say wife and husband, because I really believe there are numbers of men who marry but don't get a wife, and a good many

women who marry but don't get a husband, and perhaps never find it out until the mistake is beyond all remedy, excepting that of going, let us say, to Dakota to get a divorce. And I think sometimes the way this comes about is this: That a great many young women, before they get married, are only anxious to have what they call all the accomplishments; but they don't mean by this how to make good wholesome bread, or a bowl of soup, how to roast a piece of beef, how to boil a potato (a very fine art, indeed, you may say), how to darn a stocking, and make a shirt and iron it, and keep a home smelling as sweet as wild roses, and shining like a new silver dollar; but I may mention among the modern accomplishments how to do tatting and embroidery, how to draw "wonderful shepherdesses with pink eyes," how to talk impossible French, and discourse music so difficult that when you hear it you remember Johnson's grim joke, when a friend, as they listened to some music, said, "That's very fine music, Doctor;" and the old bear said, "I wish it was impossible." Now, that is what no small number call an education. All the accomplishments except those that are indispensable to a good wife the young woman gets, and then she gets married. And the young man gets an education that is just about as delectable to fit him for a husband. We call it sowing his wild oats. The worst of it I dare not tell. The better side of it very often is to train him away from all that is domestic and delicate

and unspeakably sacred in a good home; to teach him to play billiards instead of reading books, to prefer cards to any other sort of picture, and sometimes to be more familiar with the inside of the hells of the city than the churches. Then he goes into society, scented and curled, meets the young woman with all the accomplishments, believes her to be the exception to all her sex in angelic beauty and excellence, gives her what heart he has left, and so the match is made, and they are wedded wife and husband so long as they both shall live, if they can stand it. Now, such a marriage reminds me of a wedding we had once in Yorkshire, where I was raised. As the man came out of church with his bride on his arm he met an old comrade, who said: "There, lad, I wish thee much joy; thou's got to t'end of all thy trouble." Well, this was very good of the comrade, and so he said: "Thank thee, lad," and went on his way rejoicing. But in no long time he found he had got married without getting a wife. It was a bad job altogether, and going on the street about three months after, he met his comrade again, and said to him, with a very long face: "I thought thou told me, John, when I came out of Guiseley church that morning, that I had got to t'end of all my trouble." "Oh, yes, I did tell thee so," the other man replied, with a grin, "but I didn't tell thee which end."

Then there's another match not quite so bad as this but still bad enough, and the ruin of a

great many homes, where the husband and wife are both capable, both domestic, and seem to have everything the heart can wish for except a good honest love. The man is clever, so is the woman; she wants a home, he can make one; she wants a husband, he wants a housekeeper; he will bring in the living and foot the bills, and she will slave and save on one gown a year and her old bonnet, done up nobody knows how many times, and hear a good deal of growling, then, about the extravagance of women. Now, a good home can no more bloom out of such a life as that than a damask rose can bloom on an iceberg; it's tyrant and slave, or else it's two slaves. It's two strings full of nothing but harsh discords constantly under the bow of the daily life.

But there is a wedding that's just as good as gold, and sure to result in a good, true home, and that is when the man and woman, understanding what a good home means, are drawn together by the true Providence, which still makes all true matches, in spite of the maneuverings of our prejudice and pride; when they come together in a fair equality, not, as the poet sings, as moonlight and the sunlight, but as perfect music unto noble words.

I was once at a meeting in which a very notable Woman's Rights advocate was speaking about the essential equality of the sexes in the wedded life, when, rather to my astonishment, she looked right at me and said: "Robert Collyer, I hope when thee

marries a man and woman, thee does not ask the woman to say she will obey the man, without asking the man to say he will obey the woman, so that it may be fair on both sides." I thought for a moment of telling a story that illustrates so well what a woman will say to get the man she has made up her mind to marry—the story of the woman who declared she would never promise to obey, would get around it by some means, would never say the word, and the minister who was to marry them heard all about it before he came to the wedding. The word came in as the service went on, and the woman followed the service until she came to this word, and then she was seized with a very bad fit of coughing. "Take your time," the good man said, "there is no sort of hurry; we will begin again." They began again, but she broke down at this word "obey," and the cough came on worse than ever. "We will try once more," he said, for ministers are very patient; but once more the bride broke down, and then, I fear, he lost his temper, and said, "Madam, it is clear to me that you cannot go through this service, and so I cannot marry you," but, at this instant, as he was saying these words, she lifted up her voice and said "obey," with an emphasis that almost took his breath away. I thought for an instant of telling that story, but what I said was this: "Madam, I never do ask any woman to say she will obey the man, and let the man go free, because some of the best women I have ever known



said they would obey the man, and never did, beyond what was fair and right, and I have found out, therefore, that this is a promise more honored, very often, in the breach than in the observance."

Now, I know the common idea of the relation of the man and woman is this: That the man is the volume and the woman the supplement; but this, no doubt, is the truth, that the man is, let us say, the first volume, good enough as far as it goes, and rather interesting to study, but, if there is to be no second, a good deal more of an aggravation than if there was not any; a story half-told and then broken off, as they do in the magazines, just where you feel you must know the sequel, or else it is very little use knowing what you do. The man is as good when he's made, if we follow the ancient record, as a man can be without a woman. But then there seems to be nothing even for the Creator to do but to put him to sleep until he makes a woman, and when he brings her to the man and defines their relation, you will notice they are not made one and that one the man, but they're one in a perfect oneness, as it seems, of equality, and that is the only way to live in a true wedded life so far. Let the man say "you shall," and the woman say "I won't," and let them keep running on that line, and there will be a smash as sure as fate, or, what is worse than any such catastrophe, imperious tyranny on the one side and craven fear on the other. But from Eastport and San Francisco a youth and maiden shall come with this equal rev-

erence each for the other in their hearts. They shall see many youths and maidens far more beautiful and winsome to others than they are, but they shall never see those they are looking for until they meet some day, somewhere, and all at once it flashes on them that they are meant for husband and wife. It is no matter then if the one is rich and the other poor, or the woman is beautiful and the man is homely, or that they have met by what seems to be a mere accident, or that the world wonders at the match. Theirs is still the greater wonder that there could be such a man and woman in this world, and then that they could have found each other when there were so many chances, as it seems to them, against it.

I tell you love and troth like that abide where there is no marrying and giving in marriage, but where men and women are as the angels of God. Yet, I feel quite free to say this as no snap judgment, but as a rule we can trust, if my observation is worth anything, the weddings that turn out usually the best are those in which the young folks know each other in a pure, sweet fashion, it may be for years, before they take this step. If they live in the country, they go to school together, and singing-school, and apple-bees, and huskings. He knows all about her bread and butter and pies and doughnuts, and other things dear to the heart of man. I mean, of course, his stomach, by very much experience. And she knows about his faculty for holding his own and going ahead



on the farm or in the workshop, and what kind of temper he has, and how he can manage a span of horses in a sleigh on a frosty night and hold the reins with one hand. And if she is in the kitchen when he calls to see her she doesn't rush upstairs to put on a silk dress and a simper; she comes in just as she is to see him, and if he gives her a kiss, as he has a perfect right to do, his breath doesn't smell of cloves. They are clean, honest, wholesome young folks, who know they have good reason why they should love and trust each other, and then when they are made one, their life blends sweetly together, as two streams run together to make a river, and so they live on, full of content, to their golden wedding. I do not say one word to show that the man and wife will never say a sharp thing to each other, or get up a little breeze, for, if my own experience goes for anything, I think they are pretty sure to do that now and then; but then I think also that a thunderstorm can clear the atmosphere under the roof as well as it can above the roof, if it be not a cruel storm. So when I hear people say they have lived together five and twenty years and never had the least difference, I have wondered whether they have not had a good deal of indifference.

I think a pair of clams could live as quiet and even a life as that, but I don't want to be one of the clams. The truth is that the best woman who ever lived with a man may say things to her husband now and then she will let no other woman say

about him, or they will get such a piece of her mind as they never thought of getting, and the best husband may now and then make his will known to his wife in tones so imperious that if he heard another man use them to her he would lash out and knock him down if he was a Quaker in good standing, for daring to speak in that way to the mother of his children.

So I said just now a love and troth like that abides where there is no marrying or giving in marriage, but where men and women are like the angels of God. Chance and change make no difference, but on the golden wedding day, after fifty years of such a life together, the glory of the maiden cannot be seen by reason of the glory which excelleth in the good old wife of seventy.

Then I said the next thing I consider indispensable to a good home and a true man and womanhood is a fine family of children, because there is no question we can consider in our generation, in America, of a deeper moment than this of the generation to come. It is the gravest problem we can sit down and study. Figures of our births and deaths show us that the American who has been longest on the soil seems to be losing ground, and the newcomer from the world over is taking his place, and the best wisdom of the country makes the citizen responsible for this state of things. It is said there are multitudes of men whose fathers were willing to die for their country in the great old time we remember who are

not willing to live for it now, and the daughters of good women, who could give their husbands and sweethearts, and work their own fingers to the bone to defend the land then, who are not willing now to give sons and daughters to people it. Now, one of the things I recollect with most pride about my great old mother country was her homes full of children. Everybody, as it seems to me, had plenty of children. Six or eight was a good family, ten to fifteen was a large family, and if there was not overmuch to give them, they made the best of what they had, and said God would send the meat if he sent the mouths; and then, if it came very hard to find meat for so many mouths, my own experience leads me to the conclusion that they did as a man did on Nantucket I heard of one summer. He raised a mighty brood of children, lads and lasses, on a rather small place, and when someone said to him, "How in the world do you manage to feed so many children on that small farm?" "Oh, it is no trouble at all," he answered; "I find out what they don't like, and give them plenty of that, so we get along very well." The consequence of this great income of children in the motherland is this, that the common people, the families at the foundation of the English life, never die out. They hold their own through all the generations, they fill the land full, and send out great swarms for the new hives the Divine Husbandman has provided here, and out in Australia, and over in Africa and India, and wherever

besides they are needed. When the son of William the Conqueror was killed by a glancing arrow in the New Forest, more than seven hundred years ago, a man named Purkiss, as the story runs, found the body of the king as he went through the forest with a load of charcoal, and carried it to Winchester on his cart for burial. I don't know how it may be now, but fifty years ago, if you had gone to that new forest in Hampshire, the odds are that you might meet a man named Purkiss, going down that same road with a load of charcoal. His family outlived the oaks that were acorns when William Rufus fell, for aught I know, on the same spot, and he will be there, going for a load of charcoal, when Macaulay's traveler comes from New Zealand to stand on a broken arch of London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

In what we call the good old times — say three hundred years ago — a family lived on the border between England and Scotland, with one daughter of a marvelous homeliness. Her name was Meg. She was a capital girl, as homely girls generally are. She knew she had no beauty, so she made sure of quality and faculty. But the Scotch say that "while beauty may not make the best kail, it looks best by the side of the kail pot." So Meg had no offer of a husband, and was likely to die in what we call "single blessedness." Everybody on the border in those days used to steal, and their best "holt," as we say, was cattle. If they wanted meat and had no money, they would go out

and steal as many beef-cattle as they could lay their hands on from somebody on the other side of the border. Well, they generally had no money, and they were always wanting beef, and they could always be hung for stealing by the man they stole from if he could catch them, and so they had what an Irishman would call a fine time entirely.

One day a young chief, wanting some beef as usual, went out with part of his clan, came upon a splendid herd on the lands of Meg's father, and went to work to drive them across to his own. But the old fellow was on the lookout, mustered his clan, bore down on the marauders, beat them, took the young chief prisoner, and then went home to his Peel very much delighted. Meg's mother, of course, wanted to know all about it, and then she said, "Noo, laird, what are you gaun to do with the prisoner?" "I am gaun to hang him," the old man thundered, "just as soon as I have had my dinner." "But I think ye're no' wise to do that," she said. "He has got a braw place, ye ken, over the border, and he is a braw fellow. Now, I'll tell ye what I would do. I would give him his chance to be hung or marry o'or Meg." It struck the old man as a good idea, and so he went presently down into the dungeon, told the young fellow to get ready to be hung in thirty minutes, but then got round to the other alternative, and offered to spare his life if he would marry Meg, and give him the beef into the bar-

gain. He had heard something about Meg's wonderful want of beauty, and so, with a fine Scotch prudence, he said: "Ye will let me see her, laird, before I mak' up my mind, because maybe I would rather be hung." "Aye, mon, that's fair," the old chief answered, and went in to bid the mother get Meg ready for the interview. The mother did her best, you may be sure, to make Meg look winsome, but when the poor fellow saw his unintentional intended he turned round to the chief and said: "Laird, if ye have nae objection, I think I would rather be hung." "And sae ye shall, me lad, and welcome," the old chief replied, in a rage. So they led him out, got the rope around his neck, and then the young man changed his mind, and shouted: "Laird, I'll tak' her." So he was marched back into the Peel, married before he had time to change his mind, if that was possible, and the tradition is that there never was a happier pair in Scotland, and never a better wife in the world than Meg.

But I have told the story because it touches this point, of the way they hold their own over there when there are great families of children. They tell me that the family flourishes famously still; no sign of dying out or being lost about it. Meg's main feature was a very large mouth, and now in the direct line in almost every generation the neighbors and friends are delighted, as they say, to get Meg back. "Here's Meg again," they cry when a child is born with that wonderful



mouth. Sir Walter Scott was one of the descendants of the family. He had Meg's mouth, in a measure, and was very proud of it when he would tell the story.

A good home and a good family of children — that is the great hope of your life and mine, and the life of our Republic. So I tell you that when the father was willing to die for his country in the great old time, and the son is not willing to live for it now in raising up, please God, a noble line of sons and daughters, there is something radically wrong in that home. I need not tell you what a difficulty I encounter in touching this matter in any way, and I can hardly tell you how impossible I have found it to put my meaning into words. But I speak for this which should give every man courage, when I say whatever the reason may be, if there be one, for keeping the home empty or only half full, I think it is the most fatal blow any man can strike, either at his own soul or the soul of his country. For it is not merely what we may take from the measure of life, but what we may take from its hope and joy. What would have been the result, think you, if something like this had been hidden away in a secret chamber in Stratford-on-Avon, or in the auld clay biggen, where Robert Burns was born, or in a farmhouse on the Rappahannock, where George Washington was born, or in a poor cabin in Kentucky, where a child was born and baptized by the name of Abraham Lincoln, or in many homes beside that

were out of sight then, as ours are now; but now they are lifted and set on the shining summits of the world. I think sometimes I could wish no worse hell for my worst enemy, if I ever take to bad wishing, than that one should haunt him in the world to come, wherever he goes, and say, "I might have come into the great Commonwealth of America and made it rich beyond all computation by my gift from on High; but I had to come through your home, if I came at all, and you were not man enough, or woman enough, to receive me. You broke down the frail footway by which I was trying to cross over into the life down there, and then you thought you had circumvented Providence, and done a clever thing."

I said the third condition of Clear Grit is this: that a man shall make sure, as soon as he can, all this is true as Gospel, and order his life accordingly. Because it is a great mistake in a young man to think that he can wait as long as he will before he begins to gather these conditions about him. I have tried to describe a true wife, a good home, and such a family as he can find in his heart; and, then, when he has made his fortune and can keep a wife and family in a certain social standing, with all the luxuries he wants, he thinks he has done his whole duty. If you ask him why he does this, he will tell you he cannot do any better; he cannot ask a woman to marry him out of a mansion and go to live in what he would call a cabin. The woman he wants could not live in a cabin if she



would, and would not if she could. "She is not fit to be a poor man's wife," he says, and so he cannot ask her to marry him until he has got a good income. Now, by the time a man has cut his wisdom teeth, he begins to find out some secrets on that question, I would like to mention. First of all, he finds out that the woman who is not fit to be a poor man's wife, as a general rule, is not fit to be any man's wife, especially in a land and life where no man knows how soon he may be poor — and most men of this sort are poor two or three times in the course of their lifetime. Suppose, again, that the woman is fit to be a poor man's wife, and, therefore, all the fitter to be a rich man's wife, and he dare not ask her to leave her father's mansion and live with him in a poor man's home, but "Let's I dare not wait upon I would" until she's thirty or more and he is thirty-five to forty, and then proposes and starts off, as he imagines, all right at last.

One of the first things she tells him, most probably, is this: that she would have jumped at him ten years ago if he had only said so; she wanted him to say so, and was heavy of heart because he did not see as she did, how important it was that they should not put off the time too long, and would have infinitely preferred a four-room cottage and a dinner of herbs, if he was there to share it, to all the blessings his money can bring when the bloom of their youth is over. So one of the greatest mistakes a young man can make is to

“shunt over,” shall I say, on a sidetrack, and wait ten or fifteen years for a train of circumstances that will enable him to get married and have a home. Very sad altogether is the outlook of the man who hears the voice say to him in his Eden when he is, let us say, twenty-five, “Here is the woman I have made for thee,” and answers, “I cannot take her yet for ten or fifteen years to come.” It must be a very sacred reason that can make a man do this, because while he is saving money, he is wasting life — his own life and another — and all that is hidden in the secret places of life and time. And I speak by the Book when I say this, in the most literal sense. In the best statistical tables I could find when I was thinking of these questions, those of Scotland, made out by Dr. Starke, the register-general of that time, it was shown that from the age of twenty to twenty-five twice as many bachelors die as married men. I was appalled when I read this, at the risk I had run in staying single until I was almost twenty-five, and thought if I had to do it over again I would take my chance of living. From twenty-five to thirty, he says, of every thousand men that die the proportion is eight married, fourteen single. From thirty to thirty-five, eight married, fifteen single; and so on to eighty and eighty-five, when you can give it up as a bad job. But the whole average gives the married man nineteen years more of life than the single man. So you see we still raise martyrs — only they die now, not for faith,

but for fear. The average for single women is a little better, and so it ought to be, because they are not so much to blame as the men. But the whole tale of a single life, from the time when the call comes to the man and maiden to plight their troth and make their home, is a tale of heavy risks, against which I know of no insurance but the minister's wedding fee.

And what young men and women lose beside in saying "It shall not be spring until — let us say — the end of June," I can only leave to their good sense and yours. About all the birds that sing in the woods begin to be a little silent by the end of June, and all the spring flowers are dead then, and the best of the spring is over and gone for the year. So the weddings that are almost as sad as funerals to me, sometimes, are those that might have come, and should have come, in the May days of our life. And so, if any young man who hears me has been waiting like that, and will go right away and pop the question before Sunday, the money he paid for his ticket to this lecture will be one of the best investments he ever made in his life.

One thing more will complete this question of Clear Grit, so far as I propose to follow it; and that is, when a man has got things about as I have tried to describe them, he shall feel sure he's one of the happiest men anywhere on the planet, and settle down to live his life to this good purpose.

It is the curse, and the blessing also, of our American life that we are never quite content. We all expect to go somewhere before we die, or do something that will give us a far better time than we can have now. We are going to have a good time in the future; just let us make our fortune and get everything as we want it, and be able to do as we wish, and then we say we are going to be as happy as the day is long.

Well, I had an old neighbor once, a blacksmith, who got that notion into his head. He said, "When I get money enough to retire, me and my wife are going to have a real good time."

By and by he had got all the money he wanted, sold out his forge, and began, as he thought, with his wife, to have a good time. He slept in the morning until he couldn't sleep another wink to save him. Then he began to get up at the old hour by the clock. He went round to see everybody and everything he could think of, read his paper all through, pottered in his garden until he got a crick in his back and a pain in his knees, and then he went to the man that had bought him out and said: "Any time when you want somebody to come in and lend a hand, you just ask me, and I won't charge you nothing."

I knew an old gentleman and lady who came from England a great many years ago and went to work to make a fortune, but always said that just as soon as they had made their fortune they would go back *home*. They could never be happy

in this country; dear old England was the place for them; if they could once get back to that blessed old home, there wouldn't be a wish left in their hearts to be satisfied. In about twenty years they found they were independent, sold out their business, and prepared to go back to England and the felicity of which they had been dreaming so long.

Their old home was in Cheshire, so their port was Liverpool. They thought they would stay a few days in Liverpool to get a foretaste of the joy before they went forward to Cheshire; and so they went about Liverpool to enjoy themselves with all their might. At the end of three days, the old man said: "Wife, I don't think Liverpool is exactly what we expected, is it?" "Husband," the old wife said, "I don't think England is what we expected, either." And then he said again: "If things are no better when we get to the old place in Cheshire, I shall vote for going back to Milwaukee." "Oh, husband," she said, "I am ready to go back this moment. Let's go *home*." They called it home at last over here. And he answered: "Well, I don't know but you're right; but as we have come to try Cheshire and the old place, we had better carry out the programme." And so they did. They went back, stayed there six weeks, took their passage on a steamer at the end of that time, made a bee-line for Milwaukee, where he went again into business. They have been dead now some years, but when I knew them

they were just as happy as the day was long. They had got *home*.

The bane of our life is our discontent. We say we will work so long, and then we will begin to enjoy ourselves; but we find it is very much as Thackeray said: "When I was a boy," he said, "I wanted some taffy. It was a shilling. I hadn't a shilling. And then, when I was a man, I had a shilling, but I didn't want any taffy." I say not one syllable against that splendid discontent that all the time makes a man strike for something better, while he still holds on to what he has got already. I like this idea: that every boy born in America of the good American blood dreams some time of being President of the Republic. They say in Scotland that if you aim at a gown of gold you are pretty sure to get a sleeve: and I say no man has any right to be content not to be his best or do his best, and not do better tomorrow than he is doing to-day. But the truth I am after is that all this will come by keeping close to this manful and true life; and while we work steadily along to whatever fortune waits for us in the future, about the best thing we can do is to feel sure that this work we are doing, and the wife and the home and the children, these are the choicest earthward blessings Heaven has to give. It is our birthright to get the good of life as we go along, in these things that to a true man and woman are like the rain and sunshine to an apple tree. But when we will not believe this, and will still dream

that the best of our life is to come when we have made our fortune and exhaust the springs of life in making the fortune, then, you see, we sell our birthright, like Esau in the old time, for a mess of pottage: but we do not get even the satisfaction Esau got out of his bargain, because the mess of pottage is apt to give us the dyspepsia; and so we lose the good of birthright and pottage together.



## CATHEDRALS

THE most wonderful and beautiful things in England to me are her Cathedrals, and I think they are the most wonderful and beautiful things to the majority of Englishmen who never leave home. When I was six years old I can remember what a sorrow came flying over our little country place at the news that the great Cathedral in York had been set on fire by a fanatic who thought he was obeying a voice from Heaven, hid himself in service time, piled up books and cushions after the sextons had gone out, set them on fire and then climbed out at a window by one of the bell ropes.

The fire spread in the vast spaces for many hours but the city went to sleep without a suspicion of the destruction which was gathering about the fairest jewel in the north, the pride of the great county, and the most perfect Gothic church in the world, until, at two o'clock in the morning, a man going through the church-yard fell on the frozen pavement, and, as he rose to his feet saw the glare in one of the windows, sounded the alarm, and then, from towns thirty and forty miles away, the engines went galloping toward the fire at the summons of the citizens, and all that human power could do to save the precious pile was done, but not before a

great part of the beauty was turned to ashes, the wonderful carving in stone and wood, the marvelous windows that flashed in your eyes as you stood on the hills forty miles away in the setting sun, and the ancient tombs of brass and marble running back into the dim centuries,—all went down together in the fire.

I think our people felt the calamity as if it had struck their own homes. I can just see them, through my child eyes, talking about it as they met in the lanes and at the fireside, the cloud on their faces, the sadness in their voices, and the wonder what would be done now that the glory had gone out, while it seemed as if there was a flash out of the awful deeps no man may fathom, when they found on the very next Sunday that the Lesson read on that day ever since the times of Elizabeth held the words “Our holy and beautiful house where our fathers praised Thee is burnt with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste.”

It was not really a place of worship so much as a place to be worshiped; not one in a thousand had ever stayed there through a service, and if they had it would hardly have been worth their while except as they might be touched by the matchless music and the singing.

But the Yorkshire folk like their own music best, as a rule, and do not take kindly to any other. They want to take part in it, to make a mighty noise unto God, and certainly they succeed. What they loved there was just the great, grand pile that had

stood as it was for five hundred years, and before that for perhaps ten hundred more, falling and rising with the chance and change of time. They had all been there once and the visit was a white day in their lives. It had been like the visit of the disciples to the Mount of Transfiguration, a vision of glory never to be forgotten. And so it was felt to be a common calamity!

Before I was able to go there and see it for myself, some fifteen years after, it had been restored to something like its original beauty, and I have gone there from this country twice to see the brave sight again, to see others, also, each wonderful in its way, in other parts of England, and that especially, I remember with the greatest delight, at Durham — a great, grand pile of Norman work of which Dr. Johnson said, “It looks as if it had grown out of the rock on which it is founded and would stand as long as the rock will hold it;” where Cuthbert rests under the great marble slab worn hollow by the knees of the worshipers who came and went for perhaps 600 years before the Reformation; where Bede rests, that noble spirit, who gave us the first Saxon translation of the Gospels, and, finding he was passing away as the last chapter drew to a close bade the scribe hasten his hand that the work might be done, and then breathed his last.

I want to speak to you now and then this winter about some of these cathedrals and the memories they hold, and shall begin this evening by touching

my dream of their beauty as it stays with me, and some of its lessons, reserving special studies, like that you may remember of Westminster, for other chances; and to begin by saying that the first thing these English cathedrals do is to upset entirely and destroy that idea we all harbor somewhere within us, that we have gone ahead, in everything, of what we call the Dark Ages, though you shall hear old people say that times are all the time growing worse, but they mean by this that the times were better when they were young, or, at most, a hundred years ago, or at the farthest, in the days of Good Queen Bess, as they call her over there without any reason in the world. The good times, I think, to all our minds, find their uttermost edge about then; but before then you begin to touch the Dark Ages. Now, all these cathedrals, except St. Paul's in London, grew to this marvelous beauty and completeness some hundreds of years before Elizabeth. They range through a period of perhaps 200 years, but the most and the best of them were built in the Thirteenth Century,—that is, from five to seven hundred years ago,—and yet they are so wonderful in their design, so grand in their proportions, and so perfect in all the details of their finish, that no man in England, or even in America, ever thinks of surpassing them in any way.

The best architects, when they want to build a noble church, merely adopt the ideas of these old forgotten builders and, as a rule, manage to spoil

them before they get through, while as for copying their vast and precious beauty and finish, it is a thing never thought of.

After this fire I mentioned in the Minster at York, the workmen went up among the dim vaults of oak and stone that, from their great height, had only appeared for centuries, to the people below, as it were "through a glass darkly," and never could appear anything else. But they were struck with wonder to find up there carving as perfect, to the last detail, as that on the stalls and altars. It made no difference to these reverent men in the old days that other men would never see what they had done; they were not building for men, but for God, and felt it would not do to shuffle mean work away among the rafters and put the beauty and excellence where everybody could see it. In the old days before them men caught out of Heaven the idea that the Almighty must not be put off with an imperfect offering,—it must be spotless and speckless, and so they wrought to that idea in these temples built to His Name. Indeed in this same Church at York they showed me, the last time I was there, some mason work discovered a few years before by an accident, a part of the old Church built, perhaps, 1200 years ago and hidden away when the great Gothic pile was reared after the Norman Conquest. It was as sharp and clear and beautifully joined as if it had been done yesterday by the best masons on the earth; great massive stones fitted to their places with the finest

cement, of which not an ounce went to hide bad work. All there was had been laid there simply for perfection of the perfect stone, and not a stone had shifted a line out of its place or sunk from its true level in all these ages. And so it is everywhere with these Churches, allowing for the inevitable wear and tear of time and the difficulty the slender and delicate work blossoming out of the stone finds in withstanding the elements. For these Gothic Cathedrals are, of all things that were ever done in stone and wood, the most difficult to preserve, and at the same time give that lightness of design which is their rare perfection, and the builders knew it. But then it was to them as it is to us now, the most beautiful way to build, and so they neither spared their money nor hedged against spending more the moment there was any needed. They believed that the most sacred outward thing they could do was to build a grand temple to the Lord — whether they were right or wrong I shall not say in this connection. They believed, also, that the people who loved God and loved their Church would always be ready to keep it up to the high standard of perfection they had touched in its completion, and so they died with its glory in their eyes.

But in these Cathedrals you have to wonder not alone at the perfection of beauty, but at its diversity,—no two of them are alike or at all alike. In this new land and life of ours you may travel a thousand miles and never know where you are by



the churches, except in Montreal, where the great Cathedral of Notre Dame has a certain character we find nowhere else on the continent; but in that little England you cannot mistake your locality — if you catch sight of a Cathedral. “Ah!” you say, “this is Salisbury,” as you see one tall spire rising from the downs and then the marvelous west front with its three great lancet windows and innumerable niches once filled with statues of the saints and heroes of the old time. Then two great square towers rise out of a gray old city and you say “Canterbury,” and think that just here the glad tidings were first heard that turned pagan England into Christian England after a long fight. You ride over a great plain, and gradually, out of the haze, rise three great towers, two just alike and one rising above them, massive, square, and almost bare of ornament, and you say again: “This is York,” before you see the ancient walls that compass the town or the west front of the Church with the statues of Walter Gray, who made it, and Vavasour of Haslewood, who gave the stone; wonderful old York, where they used to decide, now and then, the fortunes of the Roman Empire, and, when the Christian Faith got the mastery, built this Church on the site of a heathen temple. And this with one low square tower and a round Saxon doorway all abloom with carving,— “What is this?”— this is Rochester, dear to the heart of Charles Dickens, the scene of the work broken off at his death, “The Mystery of Edwin



Drood." Dickens never tired of wandering about this old place, in moonlight and sunlight, and watching for the glory,

"When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory."

And these twin towers set on a hill with a low green country all about, and red-tiled houses clustering about the base of the vast Norman pile,—that is London. And farther on, among the marshes, this one great square tower with a low tower clean at the other end, "What is this?"—this is Ely; you cannot mistake it, there is not another Cathedral like it in the kingdom. And down toward the sea this spire of an infinite slender beauty, rising out of another old city,—this is Norwich. And this massive tower, low and square, with carving all over it, this is Exeter. And these three slender spires shooting up into the blue sky,—this is Lichfield; you would know Lichfield out of a thousand. And this vast, simple pile, Norman you know as you look at it, standing high out of the smoke of the forges that have turned the grass and trees black for scores of miles except just there, "Why! this is Durham!" where the ancestors of Washington went on holy-days before America was more than a dream.

And so you may go in any direction, and you can never mistake your place if you can see the Cathedral; it stamps a character on the whole region, and when you say York, or Canterbury, or

Durham, or Lincoln, those towers and spires and wonderful variations of grandeur and beauty take the same place in your thought they take in the picture,—they are the one peerless presence. It is as if in a great crowd one should cry, “Here is the king,” and then you saw one towering over all the rest and had no eyes to see the rest for his stately beauty and royalty.

Now how did these things get themselves built? We have, no doubt, to make allowance for ecclesiastical pride and secular superstition, and for that spirit of competition which made one city vie with another for the finest structure that could be had for love or money; but these are all minor reasons, while the great reason lay in that devout longing of the people to give their best and their fairest to God.

Now I am by no means prepared to say, with some men, that this was all nonsense and worse than that. There is a bad side to it, and in the course of time it came to be so very bad that the honest heart of England and Germany had to handle it without mercy, to turn the old worship out of doors and introduce something cleaner and more reasonable. That was the bad side. But the good side was this:—these people made a sacrifice for something higher, as they believed, and more sacred than their own comfort or luxury, and it was not eaten up by a pack of lazy beggars; it grew into all this beauty and stateliness and became a world’s wonder and a kingdom’s worship.

The days for such buildings are probably over, but in that day the people gave for the highest and most sacred purpose they could conceive of, for something that had Heaven in it, and so it was a noble and sacred thing to do and, no doubt, brought its blessing to the doer as certainly as it has bequeathed its beauty to these later times, and so I say anything that will take a man out of himself and will lift him for a moment into a higher life than grubbing for money to spend on himself or leave to his children to their hurt is a blessing.

When we do a grand thing now it is for a university or a library. These are the cathedrals of our new day; our churches are of a lesser pattern and in our Protestant worship it must be so. Yet churches are now, as ever, indispensable things, and when it is possible they should always be beautiful and noble and paid for as these cathedrals were by the whole people, the rich casting in their treasure and the poor their mite, for no church and no service can be really worth much to any man who will not do his share for its building and maintenance. Deadheads in a church mean dead hearts too.

Then there is another thing I like to think of in connection with these stately and enduring piles. As the people who said, "Let us build them," had a noble idea about what they wanted to do, so had the men who did the work.

Those were days when work was in itself intimately blended with what religious life people had

to their name. The youth was not left to run wild with no handicraft to carve out a living withal when manhood came, because the trades-unions were afraid of being swamped, nor was a bad workman deemed equal to a good one if he was backed by such a union. You could not get an inkling of some craft and then say, "I can do that as well as another man," and so go to building or plumbing or carving on your own word. You must serve seven years, from 14 to 21 under one master. Then you must take your kit and wander over England as a *journey* man, for that is what the term means, and see what they were doing far and wide. This was your pilgrimage and these were your shrines. Then you must turn out your day's work and let your fellows judge of its excellence, and then you were ready,—but not until then,—to go wherever you would as a free and true workman.

So these grand cathedrals rose, one by one, out of the fervent heart of the time and by the well taught head and hand. So when they touched a stone it blossomed into beauty, and where they laid it, there it stayed; they never made a false line and never carved an ugly thing except by pure intention. So that vast treasure of beauty came, and of variety which was never made matter for mere imitation, but every city held its own peerless treasure, which the wasting and wantonness of three hundred years could not deform or defile. They laid the most precious dust there of their

dead. The cathedral was the shrine of a county, the last long home of saints and heroes, and monuments were built to their memory and windows flashed purple and crimson and golden glories on their graves.

I have said I am not sure it would be best to build such places again, if that were possible. They belonged to a time that has passed away, and beautiful as these shrines are that survive we must still remember a few things which may close my dream of cathedrals.

I. God is not to be worshiped as though he needed these things at all; what is required of thee, O man, but "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." It is not on Zion or on Gerizim, but in the spirit and in truth we lift our hearts to Heaven, and such places do not greatly help us. They were built, indeed, for another purpose, I fear, to entrance the eyes rather than to touch the heart and make noble and beautiful the life.

II. Man is not to worship as though he needed them; the more home-like a church can be made in all ways, the nearer it is to the heart of all worship. I mind a simple log church far away in the West, which seemed to me one summer's day nearer Heaven than Cologne or York. The windows were thrown open to the vast green lands dotted at wide distances with little homes. The people came riding over the lands in rude wagons, men and women and troops of children, homely replicas of the

angels in old pictures. It was too warm a day for the men to wear their coats and so they left them outside, and I am not sure that any woman wore what you would call a bonnet. They sat down with the children about them in a very pleasant, homely way, and I often had to wait in my sermon for the children to hush, and look as if I enjoyed it very much. But it was all so homelike and they were so hearty and sincere and that log church was so sweet and sound a leaven for a whole county, slaying the grossness of the old evil times, rooting out the drinking dens at the corners, drawing the folk together in this friendly way to bend their faces before the Most High, catch new thoughts of our human brotherhood and find their way from that to the Divine, teach the children a few simple and sweet truths in the little Sunday school and send them home with a good sound book in their hands to where books were hardly known, that this stays with me still as the dream of a better cathedral than the most splendid fanes I have ever seen, when you get at the real heart of the question.

III. In the very bloom and glory of that century when these cathedrals touched the summit of their splendor, the Black Death swept over England so fearfully and fatally that the living were hardly enough to bury the dead. It is surmised that two-thirds of the entire population died of that Black Death. "How did this befall us?" I will tell you. We lived in base, mean, and filthy homes,



dark, close, and ugly as sin, and the poor lived on mean and base food and not enough of that. These grand foundations were like the wens that draw all the life to themselves and leave the man to die; the hard-working man had ultimately to pay for them and for the hordes and herds of men that lived on and in them. It was very much like that old print you may have seen,—the King with his crown says, “I govern all,” the Soldier with his sword says, “I fight for all,” the Lawyer in his gown says, “I plead for all,” and the poor man with his spade says “I pay for all.”

So my dream of cathedrals for our new and better day turns away from these, beautiful as they are, to foundations where we can learn how to live, to help each other in noble ways to a nobler life, to take no striving out of any man but to teach him how to strive to the best purpose, so that his life shall be well worth living.

We are beginning to think of these things,—they are great things and good. My dream of a cathedral for the future and for this new good world is grand clusters of homes, full of sweetness and light, noble and beautiful in their way as these old fanes are, where we can live together and worship together, maintaining the sanctity of the family and yet maintaining the brotherhood. “A dream,” you say; “well,” I answer, “it will come true because it is the next great thing to build in our building.”



## WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THERE is one church in England we are sure to visit who go there if we visit no other, and that is Westminster Abbey. The real mother church of the mother land, the great and beautiful shrine where her noblest dust is treasured and the monuments of her mighty dead, the place where the American heart is touched as I think it can be touched nowhere else within those four seas! Because this is our dust also down in the vaults and the finest of those monuments are ours by kinship of blood, and so it is as if we stood among the traditions of some grand ancestral home where the dead are more to us for the moment than the living. They belong to the race from which we sprang and make close and true connection with its life, while no doubt it was this feeling which prompted Irving to write one of the finest chapters about Westminster Abbey to be found in books.

I have thought also that to the most of those who go there from this side of the water the curious and touching story which lies far back and within what they see with their eyes is still in the same sense a blank,—something like those old parchments in which when you remove what meets

the eye you find far older and more enduring records that by reason of their very age come home to you like a new revelation. So I want to help those who may go there to catch some crumb of the curious interest in what they will see as they stand within those walls, to remind some others of what they have seen and to what may still be the heavy majority, to those will never go there, recite something of the story of the foundation and fortunes of the venerable pile, so that Westminster Abbey may stand in its true light as a type of the far reaching and enduring life of England, a life mingled forever of good and evil, I know, but still with a stanch and serious purpose, as I believe, in the heart of it all, to get the evil under in the end and to glorify the good.

Dean Stanley questions the truth of the evanescence of names written in water and thinks nothing is apt to be so abiding as such a name, and I think he is right. In Bede, the first English historian, who died 1163 years ago, mention is made of a well, and I was looking down into the cool deeps of that well a few years since. The whole place has been burnt over — no man knows how often — but the well still bubbled up fresh and clear all the same and said you must build your citadel about *me* or you can have no abiding city — and so a well 300 miles away from this I saw at Carlisle was the nursing mother of Westminster Abbey. There was once a little island where the Abbey stands now, made by the great

river on one side and on the other by some streams that are now lost in underground London. It was a haunt of wild things and was more than suspected of harboring demons,—*loco terribilis*—the old Saxon chronicle calls it,—and here about the year 600 a few brave men went to see what could be done to bring the island within the clasp of such civility as was possible in those rude and rough days. They struck a well in the very heart of the wilderness and this was the pivot on which all things turned. They also got a church going about 616 and then forever after psalms were sung and prayers lifted from the margin of that sweet old well. And then in time there came another sacred touch to the place. One man's life was so pure and good that when he died they made him a saint and buried him within the church, grouped their homes about it, and so it was very much like our old nests in New England to which our hearts are still bound by the old well, the meeting house and the graves of those who are to you as the saints. It is all dim enough through more than four centuries; still these sweet home touches never quite fade out, the water bubbles, the dust of the good saint sleeps close by and the terrible place grows into a garden of God within sight of London, while the generations live and die and are forgotten of men forever.

But the times we are looking at could not rest content with such sacredness as this, because men were watching then as they are watching forever

for the heavens to open, and so this wonderful thing came as they believed of their watching. It was in that year, 616, and on a Sunday night, that Edric, a fisherman, went to fish in the river Thames, and was casting his nets into the stream, when he saw a light on the shore about where the Bishop's palace stands now in Lambeth. He crossed over to see what this meant, and found an old man who begged to be ferried over to the little wooden church which was to be dedicated the next day. So Edric gave him a lift and then went back to his work and, as he could tell you to his dying day, he saw the heavens grow bright and the angels came sweeping down through the deep blue vault, caught the smell of incense and heard sweet singing and watched and waited, but caught no fish. Then the old man came back again along toward morning, and Edric pulled in to ferry him ashore, and then the stranger said, "Now I will tell you who I am. I am St. Peter who holds the keys, and when the Bishop comes over to-morrow to dedicate that church, I want you to tell him I have seen to that myself." Then the saint said, "I see you have caught no fish, so I will tell you what to do. When you have set me ashore, you must pull out to that bend in the river where you will find all the fish you want, and mind these two things beside, if you want to prosper. Never go a-fishing again on a Sunday; and when you do go on any day, always send the tenth fish to the priests over yonder in my new church." It was

a very excellent and most wholesome charge that *we* can still give you,— those of us, I mean, who have charge of churches now,— never go a-fishing on a Sunday, and when you do go, be sure to remember your ministers, especially when you catch salmon, for this was what Edric caught that night, — a whole boat load of salmon.

This is the story of the dedication of Westminster Abbey, which was built then of logs, no doubt, and a very small place. It sounds like a dream to us, but it was very real to the men and women of that time, and this was what came, I am glad to say, of the dream, if it was one, that for hundreds of years this church at Westminster was held to be free from the bishop because St. Peter had stolen a march on him that night, and what some of us like to remember just as well or better, for almost 700 years those who fished in that bend of the river always sent the tenth fish over to those good ministers because St. Peter had told them to do so. There was a lawsuit about it once, and they brought Edric's story in as evidence and then our claim was allowed to the tenth fish, and as late I notice as 1382, the head of the fisherman's guild in London still brought a great salmon to the cathedral once a year, which was carried in a solemn procession through the church, and then was boiled and eaten to the praise and glory of the good old saint.

The first church of a real splendor and beauty was built by Edward the Confessor, or rather by

men of England in his time, who gave the money and did the work while he got the credit for it, as is apt to be the case when you run after kings, and he stands in the calendar now as the saint who built the Abbey.

Let us have a look at him. Edward was a man of a milk and rose-pink complexion, with snow white hair and eyelashes like the people you see in the circus. He had long, thin hands also, through which the light would shine as if they were fine porcelain, and could take your pain away if you were the right man by stroking you gently with those long, thin hands, so that it was believed he could work miracles, and he was very good to the poor in the way of giving them money. But they say he never gave mortal man a good square look in the face, was hard on his mother, and treated his wife with the grossest neglect. He was ready also to swear on the gospels to-day and break his word to-morrow, so that you never thought of trusting anything he swore to with especial solemnity. Carlyle says the old meaning of the term king is *can*, the king is the man who *can*. Edward was the man who *can't* and *canted*. He could break out into a great rage and swear at prince or peasant, nobody knew why, and could laugh at himself when he was through; while there was a sort of humor in him also, but rage and laugh and humor were alike out of place in such a man. Hugalín, his steward and right hand man, was a faithful fellow who tried hard to make ends



meet for his silly and wasteful majesty, and got his labor, of course, for his pains. Edward was taking a nap one afternoon in a chamber where the money was kept that Hugalin had scraped together to pay the servants. The chest was open, and a rogue passing by, saw the money, and thinking Edward was asleep, crept in to help himself, but the white eyelashes stirred, for the king was watching him, and was vastly amused. He broke out into peals of laughter, and cried, "Hurry, man, hurry, if Hugalin catches you, not a penny will you get." The rogue took him at his word and got all there was. Then Hugalin came in, saw the empty chest and cried, "Why, your Majesty, where is that money?" "All gone," the king cried, rolling over with delight, when he could catch his breath. "I told the rogue who stole it to hurry, as you would not give him a penny." Nor would the saint ever say who was the rogue he let go free to steal again.

The only manful thing he could do was to hunt. If he could have tackled the Danes as he tackled the wild things that run and fly, the story of England might have taken another course. But this was not to be. The truth is, as we can see now, the time had come for the infusion of a quicker manhood into the gross and sluggish Saxon life which had laid England open to the sea kings of the north, the time to lift the mother land into her splendid place among the nations, and so this



man of the long, thin hands let her drift on to her destiny.

Well, this was the man in whose day the first grand minster was built; and now I must tell you how it was done. Edward had lived abroad some years waiting for his turn at the throne of England, and had got himself tangled up in a vow that if St. Peter would pull him out of some nasty hole he had got into, then he would make a pilgrimage to his sepulcher in Rome. So when he was well crowned, he told his noblemen all about it and proposed to start, but they told him roundly he should do no such thing. "Those Romans," they said, "covet the white silver and the red gold as a leech covets blood, and will take all your treasure, and ours also." But as a compromise they said they would build a grand church for St. Peter in London, and this, no doubt, would please the saint just as well. Still Edward doubted. He did not mind breaking his word to those about him, but Peter might be turning the keys on him, by and by, and so he hesitated until he could hear from the saint. And this was the way the word came.

There was a hermit away off near Worcester whose dwelling was in a cave deep down in the gray rock, who lived on roots and water and was counted a very holy man indeed, and who should come to him in a vision but St. Peter, "bright and beautiful as a clerk." He bade the hermit go tell the king that it would be all right and they must

build the new minster on the site of the little church that he had dedicated more than 400 years before in Sebert's time. Thus it was settled that the money and the king should stay in England. So the books set forth how the first minster was built by this Edward; but it was built by the people of England, for Edward would have taken the treasure that built it to Rome if he could have had his own way, and the poorest man who worked on the job did more really and truly to build Westminster than the king did, after all.

It would be something of a wonder again to build a church of such splendor now in which Irishmen had no hand, and I find one at this very early day busy about the place, but he does not carry the hod. He is carried himself! Just as they were getting ready to pull down the old place, he slides within my glass and I notice his name is Michael. He was attracted to London, I presume, by the news that Edward would give his last dollar to the poor, but he had far too fine a genius for one of your common beggars. So he turns up one day on the road between the palace and the church sitting on a stool, the most deplorable cripple to look at in all London, and who should come along but poor Hugalín, the treasurer of the empty chest. How Micky would groan, you may easily imagine. He told Hugalín that he had been six times to Rome itself to persuade St. Peter to cure him, but it was all no use entirely, only the last time he was there, the saint told

him to get away to London and seek out this new king, and if Edward would only carry him to the church sitting astride on his shoulders, there would be an end of all the trouble. Poor Hugalín did not like the look of things at all, but then he could not be sure the man was lying, and so he went back to the palace with the message St. Peter had sent from Rome. "By all means," the king cries, "where is the poor man to be found?" "Down yonder, your Majesty," he said, "sitting on a stool." So away goes the king, while I notice the courtiers are laughing behind their hands, but he gets Micky on his neck and trots away with him to the church, takes him right up to the altar, sets him down, and there stands Michael as straight as a lance, and he hangs his stool on a nail for proof positive of his cure, just as they are hanging their crutches on nails in Ireland now, for similar proof, and I have no doubt he was well cared for the rest of his life.

They were fifteen years building this church and spent on it one-tenth of the whole treasure of the kingdom. It was the grandest thing in stone England had seen since the days of the old Romans. There are some fragments of it welded into the church as it stands to-day. Fifteen years building — and when it was done, the king was drawing near his end and something like a touch of dignity begins to invest him, the dignity of death. Still he is the same old prodigal we saw fifteen years ago. A beggar comes to him

one day on the usual errand, and "Where is Hugalín?" the king cries, "I want some money!" But Hugalín has seen the beggar, too, and slipped out of sight. Then Edward goes to the chest, but Hugalín has emptied that; so he draws off his ring, large, royal and beautiful, and bestows it on the beggar for the love of St. John. Then, a few nights after this, as the story goes, in the very heart of Syria, two English pilgrims who have lost their way, meet a fine old man who guides them to a tavern, gives them that selfsame ring, bids them give it to Edward with all speed and bid him get ready, for in six months he will be in Paradise, and when in wonder, they ask his name, he answers, "I am St. John."

It was at Christmastide in 1065 that the new church was dedicated, and what little life was left in Edward was exhausted in the great solemnity. Death struck him on the Christmas eve, but he lived ten days and died from the feet upward. And as he lay on his death bed, his wife, the woman he had sworn to nourish and whose life he had turned into one long misery, took him into her heart again as good women always do, held the stone cold feet in her lap and tried to warm them, and then at last, the white face grew still, and the king was dead.

He lies buried in the very heart of the old minster. Six times in these 820 years men have seen his dust, and once they plucked a single hair from his long white beard. They made him a saint and

forgot the evil for the sake of the good there was in him, but he was not the man for that time or for any time, when you want a king of the true old type.

England's need was for a grand, strong man who could stand four square to all the winds that blow and who was all there every time, who durst speak and durst not lie, a man like King Alfred and George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. He was not that man, and so when he was dead, the fight began which is going on still between the Norman and Saxon, which was to purify England as by fire and lift her also into her great place as the mother of the grandest republic the world has ever seen, a republic in which freedom is to be nourished, as we believe, through all the ages to come, and peace on earth and good will to men to be the battle cry of the new and better day.

So this is the story which is blended with the building of the old minster. There was first a well, then a cluster of shanties, then a log meeting house, a garden, a bit of cleared land, and a fane. So they begin to make history very much as we do, you see, and Westminster is very much like our own frontiers, because in these things one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day.

In a time I can remember, this wonderful old place, however, had grown also to be a wonderful mean place. It was crowded with great memories and burned with the glory of the old devout

days and was, as it is now, the shrine of England's greatness, the place of coronation, the most royal sepulcher, and the Valhalla of her heroes and men of genius. But this did not count for so much in those times to those who had the care of it, as the fact that it was one of the most popular shows in London, in which you paid your money and took your choice of what you wanted to see. And then they hauled you round and went through a curious sing-song about the kings, and ended up with some wax works which were a sort of side show, and then let you go home. Do you care for poetry? Here are some lines that tell the story of one who went there in those times I can so well remember.

“ I stood alone, a living man,  
Mid those that are no more,  
And thought of ages that are past  
And mighty deeds of yore ;  
Of Edward's sabled panoply,  
And Cressy's tented plain,  
And the fatal roses twined at length  
In great Eliza's reign,  
And glorious Blenheim,—when at last  
Upon my startled ear,  
There came a sound so new and strange  
My heart was filled with fear,  
As from the showmen all about  
I heard these accents drop :—  
' Sarvice is out, it's sixpence now  
For them as wants to stop.' ”

But Dean Stanley put this scandal down with a strong hand, and now you can take your own time and think your own thoughts as you wander through the beautiful and sacred shrine.

I remember how they let me sit in the chair, the last time I was there, in which all their monarchs have been crowned for 570 years, and under the seat is the very stone, as the legend runs, that Jacob had for his pillow when he slept at Bethel. Some men say, to be sure, that there is no stone of that sort in Syria at all, and a great deal of it in Scotland, where the first Edward found it, and where it had been used for the coronation of the Scottish kings time out of mind; but when you go abroad to see these wonders, it is best to walk by faith. Here, at any rate, is the coronation chair (there can be no doubt at all about that), and as you sit in it, you can think swiftly of those who have sat there in their day of pride and glory, and then been buried when their day was done, while the nation wept, or if they had done evil, were glad it was over. Here Charles the First sat to be crowned, and it was found that the dove was missing from the scepter, the emblem of peace, and the Bishop took a text fitter for a funeral than for a coronation, and an earthquake shook the old building as the ceremony of crowning him went on; and the people remembered all these things and laid them up in their hearts and told them at their firesides for many a year after Charles lost his head in the mighty quarrel be-



tween the king and the people. "What have you ever done?" old Sam Johnson, a Tory to the core, said to Boswell's father, who was a man of the people. "We have done this," the old man answered, "we have let kings know there was a joint in their neck."

And you can remember as you sit there how, when they were crowning the second King James, the crown tottered on his head and would have fallen, had not Henry Sydney caught it and set it steady. Still it did not stay there, for James had to run away to France. Yes, and when they were crowning George the Third, the finest jewel in his diadem fell to the ground, while Bonnie Prince Charlie, it is believed, sat in the great hallway, wondering what this meant. And this also was remembered by the people and spoken of at firesides when these states had won their independence and the finest jewel in the crown was lost to England forever. So passes the long panorama, as you look at the old chair and wonder whether there may not have been some stirring and muttering of fate in the lost dove, the tottering of the crown and the fallen jewel; some foregleam of the disasters history makes so true.

Then you wander among the tombs of the monarchs,—Edward, the man we glanced at, in the center, and the noble and mean grouped about him as if his mingled nobility and meanness was the fitting welcome for them all,—Plantagenet, Tudor and Stuart, white rose and red rose, rival with

rival and slayer with slain, at the death grip once, terrible in their anger and ruthless in their revenge, hating and hated, fearing and feared, with now and then a saint, but willful or brutal, or gentle and good, there they rest after the fitful fever, under the eyes of the eternal watchers.

In the Cathedral of St. Denis in France was buried once the dust of seventeen kings and thirty-five queens. They dug them all out of their graves, threw them into a common pit and melted their coffins into bullets. But England stands sternly by the dust of her royal dead; she will allow no desecration; the paw of the old Lion is on them and he keeps steady guard.

Our poor friend Hugalín is buried here too, and there must have been a happy chance in his resting place, for they laid him close to the door of the royal treasury, where for a good many centuries the money was kept for the uses of the kingdom. And near him is rough old Hundsdon, who was as true to Elizabeth as Hugalín was to Edward, and she promised him an earldom, but Bess cared more for her favorites than for her faithful servants and kept back the dignity until the old man was on his death-bed, and then she brought it to him with her own hands. But Hundsdon, looking at her sadly, said, "Madame, you did not think me worthy of this while I was living, but I do not think myself worthy of it now I am dying," and turned away and closed his eyes. He had done with earldoms forever and

ever. And near Hundsdon lies Burleigh, in whose epitaph on his tomb is this touch of deep sorrow,—“If you ask who *is* this aged man on bended knees, he *was* Elizabeth’s great minister, and his eyes were dim with tears for one dearer to him than all the world beside.” And the tomb of Sir Francis Vere, of whose still white marble a great sculptor said, when he saw it for the first time, “Hush, hush, and he will speak.”

So they meet you wherever you turn,—these tombs of the mighty men of England. They rest with royalty, they are buried among the kings. Some of the old tombs are beautiful beyond my telling, and some are of the wretched days of the Georges and ugly as sin. One hapless man seems to be carried to the skies by impossible angels through impossible clouds of white marble on a sort of feather couch, and there are others of almost unique ugliness; but the grand lights of the windows above them fall solemnly and the vast vaulted arches make meanness look almost noble, and so you do not quarrel by and by with what you see in Westminster Abbey.

“I have always observed,” Irving says, “that visitors to the Abbey remain longest in the Poets’ Corner.” And this is true. I have found the Poets’ Corner empty only once, and that was very early on a sweet summer Sunday morning, and that is a memory worth nourishing in the heart. Here you stand by Chaucer’s dust, who sang England’s morning song; and Spencer’s,

to whose burial Ben Jonson came, and, as we would fain believe, Shakespeare also. And Michael Drayton, who set the geography of England to a sort of rough music, and Ben himself in his turn, with the epitaph you all remember, "O rare Ben Jonson." "I have a favor to ask you," the old man said to the king. "Give me eighteen inches in Westminster Abbey." It was given, and Ben was buried standing on his feet. There they found him in 1849, still erect as they left him in 1637. And Cowley, of whom Charles said he had not left a better man in England, and Charles knew a good man when he saw him, bad as he was himself. And sturdy old John Dryden, who was buried with one of the odes of Horace for his funeral chant, for the old Mother Church has something like the hospitality in her of the great mother nature. Milton's monument is there, but Milton lies in Cripplegate, and Shakespeare's place is secure while he rests, as was best, in old Stratford. And so they touch you on all sides, these men of genius, down to Thackeray, whose family lived, once on a day, in a little hamlet close to my own home and were very humble people.

And great actors are there, like the first Booth and Garrick and Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble. Handel is there also to stand for the musicians, and Newton for the philosophers, James Watts for the inventors, and Brunel for the builders, and of all the men in the world, Master

Thomas Parr, who won that great honor because men said he was 152 years old, and Thomas let them say so, for the rumor brought him cakes and ale, but he was no more 152 than you are. But these Englishmen, when you come to their grand central shrine, open out into a wonderful hospitality. Let death once set his seal in our time on a man of a superb genius or heroism, and they love to gather the dust then into the grand old minster. You find Puritans there and Catholics and skeptics side by side, and Elizabeth lies near to Mary, the woman she put to death, and Pitt close to his life-long rival, Fox. Poets and painters, authors and actors, inventors and builders, novelists and divines, soldiers and Quakers. "Do your stroke of work for me and mine," the old mother says, "and win your right and you shall have your welcome. I reserve this one church for my noblest children and ask no more questions when they have made full proof of their nobility."

And so this summer I went once and again to the grand old Abbey church. The first time it was crowded with the people, who went there in the main to visit the grave of England's grand old man, Gladstone. I stood by his grave also, but could not wander through the old fane and muse and touch the great old memories. But after some days, I went again, when all was quiet and but a few were there, wandered through the dear old place, sat down when I was tired, and dreamed

of the days that are no more. It was the choicest visit I have ever made. It will stay with me all my life now. I needed no guide. I held it in my heart. I saw the solemn processions of 800 years, the living and the dead, and said, "After life's fitful fever, they all sleep well." Then I came out into the sunshine and the great city that held the conqueror at bay until he wrote the parchment they still treasure, and swore to refrain from touching her ancient liberties, the city which for 800 years has never seen the enemy from another land at her gates. And to the square to see the great lions, the emblem of the mighty manhood from whose loins we sprang. And then on, it may be that same day, to the House of Commons and heard two speeches, each of an hour, from Harcourt and Chamberlain. They were speeches well worth hearing, but the best in each to me was at the close, when for no special reason in the substance of what had been said, each man grew eloquent on the fair promise of the time, and as they trusted for all time, in the heart-beat of America toward England and of England toward the Republic, to which I said Amen, with all my heart.

## THE PILGRIMS

THE landing of the Pilgrims has been nursed in the heart of New England, and touched by her genius, until it has come to be accepted in our time as one of the most pregnant events in the history of this new world and of man. And Plymouth rock, or the fragment, rather, that is left of it, has been lifted in the fond imagination until it stands so high and clear against the sky, that you might easily conclude some such change had been made in the sea line as that they notice on the coasts of Denmark where, within a time they can measure, the crags which were covered once by the ever returning tides, are lifted now to such an eminence as to be landmarks to men out at sea.

The painter in both worlds has blended his choicest colors to portray the ship, the shore, and the quaint little company looking over toward the new home they are to have and to hold while the world stands. The poets have sung to the painters and to all who have ears to hear, so that their strains storm you like the sound of trumpets and the voice of an host. Webster in the prime of his days touches the great story with his choicest eloquence when two hundred years have come and gone since the pilgrims came ashore for good and all,



blending the passion of the poet with the calm insight of the statesman, and striking the keynote for all who follow after him, touching the fountains of joy here, and there of tears, and speaking to such a purpose that after all this time his discourse keeps one space beautifully sweet and green over against the withering which fell on his own old age. It is no wonder, therefore, that those who find they are children of these Pilgrims after the spirit, though kinship after the flesh can never be theirs to be proud of and glad for, should feel drawn to this story which has come to be the first gem in the crown of our nation's dignity; and that we should not be satisfied to meet on Pilgrim's day and celebrate the event by festivals which stand in such sharp contrast to the hungry outlook they faced so bravely who had to endure the winter of 1620 and the summer too, as things turned out, and had to endure other winters and summers heavy with disaster and death, to face the saddest of all experiences when the children cry for bread and the mothers have none to give them ample enough to lift the cloud from the small pinched faces and to hide utter content in the eager wondering eyes. Nor can we leave the bounty the land gives now out of the reckoning when we weigh the motives which stirred the hearts of these Pilgrims to their sublime adventure, because we have to remember they were English men and women and then to remember that your genuine Englishman has never set himself to solve the

problem of how little a man may live on and still make his stroke, but how much he can win that the stroke may be made to the surest purpose while the man stands square on his feet and faces the horizon of his desire.

Two things troubled the Pilgrims during their sojourn in Holland which are still vital as ever in the children of the great old mother. They could not bear to think of a day when their sons and daughters would forget the grand traditions of the old mother-land and lose their identity in that fine race that had said to the sea "thus far shalt thou come and no further and here shall thy proud waves be stayed"; but had welcomed the sea as their defense against a more fatal tyranny. And then they could not bear to see what we have to notice in thousands who come to our shores, the poor bent backs and lackluster eyes, and the faces grown old before their time which come through overwork and poor scant fare, and which was coming to them in the land where they had fled for shelter.

But once more they were stirred by deeper and diviner motives than these, and so they came not only for the living but for what we may call *dear* life, and this makes their landing matter for Sunday thought as well as for week day eulogy, and compels us to see in them the sifted and selected seed for God's sowing over here. In the eighty-five years which had come and gone since Henry the king assumed the title of supreme head

of the church, it had grown clear to great numbers that the Reformation in England needed itself to be reformed, and that there had not been much to choose when you came to the marrow of the matter between Pope Adrian and Pope Harry. So seven and twenty years before the *Mayflower* sailed from Plymouth in the old land to Plymouth in the new, it was found that there were twenty thousand English men and women frequenting conventicles, as they were called, and sixteen years before she sailed it was recorded that three hundred ministers of the Puritan sort were silenced or imprisoned or in exile. And to the shambling majesty who held the throne when the little band we call the Pilgrims began to gather, it was quite clear that you must think as the king did and those he set in authority. You must not dare to call your soul your own or he would know the reason why. "I will have one doctrine," this later Solomon said, "one discipline, one religion and one ceremonial; so never speak to me again of that matter, for if you get your own way, then Dick, Tom, Will and Jack shall meet and censure me and my council at their pleasure. These Puritans talk about my supremacy, but I know what will become of this if they are once in power; it will be no Bishop, no King, but I will make them conform or I will harry them out of the land or worse."

Now the secret of the freedom of England and of these States centers, as it seems to me, just

here,— that when those who are in power begin to talk in this way there is sure to be a body of men ready to leap out and face the monstrous assumption, to defy both the thing and the sayer of the thing at all risks and all costs. So the Independent Church was born of this travail, and it touches the nerve of the question to notice how the old English blood was the first to grow hot. The ministers of the first independent churches we hear of were merely one Brown and one Smith and one Robinson, while no doubt the congregations were largely of the same sort — persons of quite no account when you set them against the majesty of church and the throne.

The little band we have in our mind lived in what Leland had described many years before as “the mean townlet of Scrooby where he only saw two things worth mention, the church and a great manor house belonging to the Archbishop of York.” There was nothing else to note, indeed, except a few farm houses scattered over the green land, for the mulberry tree Wolsey planted and that was standing within the last century in the old court garden, had not begun to sprout in Leland’s day. William Brewster was tenant in this manor house under the Archbishop, postmaster and inn-keeper if it should please you to stay there. While holding a good office under government, and a good tenancy under my Lord of York, Brewster quietly ignored the risk he must run in defying them to their face and opened his great old manor house

for the meeting of these Independents, counting the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasure of the office and the farm; and as they gathered in from the angles of three countries which touch about there, and were poor folk in the main, he gave them good entertainment as well as house room free of all cost. It goes without the saying again that he lost his office and his house when the news got to the right ears of his contumacy, for there would be plenty ready to carry the news on the chance of getting the office then, as there would be now.

This was the nest of the Pilgrims, and from there they went as you know to Holland, where we cannot follow them, but must take them up as they cross the Bay from Clarke's Island, after that stormy passage on which they were sixty-six days out of sight of land, while it may well be doubted whether there was another vessel then anywhere between the old world and the new world of North America.

Very homely folks they were in the main, I said, and humble, who were to land that day, for the old truth had come to the front again we have to note so often in the most momentous things men can do, that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, and not many noble are called," as the world defines nobility. Still there was gentle blood among them when they left Holland, men of education and learning, and of the captain's heart and brain to order the battle

if the need came and to man the guns, but there was not a title from church or state to deck the little band with a single gleam of the glory on which the world set such store. Here is Brewster; he has lived at the Court as retainer to a person of consequence and could tell you how to behave before the king, though he had the poorest possible opinion of his majesty; he was one of those who said they would not trust him though he set a seal to his word as big as a house floor. Brewster stands there among the Pilgrims, they know his quality, and as they have no minister they beg that he will minister to them in holy things; so he preaches to them twice every Sunday and does his own stroke of work on week-days until a regular minister shall venture over. But he will only be their minister on his own terms, for while they set store on long prayers, Brewster's prayers are short and right to the point, because, as he says, it is neither wise nor good for them to stand so long as they do bending before God. Brewster holds this office four years, a working man as they all are and without the ordination which was then thought to be indispensable even among some of the Puritans. So he was unable to administer the sacrament or to baptize the children, but they had no choice. And when they got a minister to come over he turned out to be insane, or they were fain to adopt this theory and to send him home. Then Brewster had to take charge of the pulpit again and of the little church. The bed



rock truth therefore is this — that the Pilgrims had a schoolmaster at work before they had an ordained minister — which is a parable we can all lay to our heart.

Then you see Bradford in the little company; he comes from the neighborhood where the nest was, and is not yet nineteen, but is able to speak in six tongues. He is to be the historian of the adventure and for eighteen years the governor by common consent.

And Edward Winslow is there, a man of the finest nature and nurture, whose portrait is the only one I think which has come down to us from the Pilgrims, and is as far as possible from the likeness we might have imagined of a sour-faced, crop-haired Puritan, but clearly the man they say he was, of a sweet life and just conversation.

And Miles Standish, the stout little soldier, who knew all about standing guard and fighting when the time came, but could somehow never get religion in the good old fashion, or tell you whether he had any to speak of, so he was never taken into the church he guarded from the heathen with his brave heart and strong hand. He must stand before God and take his chance on that question and bear his burden. He could do that bravely, as he shows us when he has the sore heart about the maiden he would fain have made his wife, had she not already lost her heart or given it to John Alden, the cooper.

There is Samuel Fuller also, the doctor — a



godly man they say, but I think I see a merry twinkle in Samuel's eye on a certain day after this and a merry smile about his mouth. For some reason I cannot learn, Samuel is compelled to leave his wife behind him; she cannot come or she will not come — it is all in a mist to me — but Samuel insists on bringing over the cradle, and so it is as if we heard him say "My dear, you will come when you are ready, but you will follow this, I know you will," and she did follow it of course. And it was a good providence,—that wise thought of Samuel,—for who should come wailing into this world of ours in mid-ocean but Master Peregrine White (whose grandson of ever so many removes I have talked with about these matters) and who had such good right to the cradle as Master White? Some of you have seen it in the museum of the town of Plymouth, and when I see it I still imagine it is touched with the tender crowding thoughts that lay in a man's heart on *this* side the water, and a woman's heart on *that*, when he had fastened a golden chain one end to the rocker and the other about the wife's heart and hand, and said to himself, "This will draw her over the sea. I may have to wait, but she is sure to come."

Again, as we think of the Pilgrim fathers and watch them through the wintry lights in which they stand that day, we must not forget the Pilgrim mothers and maids, gentlewomen like Mary Brewster, Rose Standish and Elizabeth Winslow, and women of a strong, sturdy life like Elizabeth

Howland who lived to be eighty-one, and Mary Cushman who was ninety when she went to her rest, stanch women all of them, who held their hearts high against the tempest, the savage, and the wilderness, while there was a spark of life left in them. Then when some of them knew they must die and leave the husband and the little ones to fight it out alone, they did not quail and fall, but were borne above the sorrow, and died with the light in their eyes and a psalm in their hearts, trusting in God. "These were the forerunners," as one says finely, "of the stout-hearted women of these States who have gone forth with their husbands, their fathers and their brothers, casting aside home comforts, domestic enjoyments in freedom from fear and peril, that they might do their share in building up new homes and commonwealths all over the land." So the Pilgrim mothers stand there that day with the Pilgrim fathers, while if you had seen the fathers alone you would still guess the mothers must be somewhere about, because they are so clean and unlike men who have no women to see after them.

And this brings me to another incident over which I like to linger as I read their story.

They had come within the bend of the great protecting arm which reaches away out to Provincetown, and cast anchor. That day they were busy with the compact which is headed, "In the name of God, Amen," a document as noble in its way as Bacon's "Novum Organum," which was

published in this self-same year. The next day was Sunday, and that was held sacred for prayer, praise, and high discourse of God. But on the Monday, and a long while before it was day no doubt, you might have seen a movement on the little craft as when the bees are astir in the hive, when the Pilgrim maids and mothers came to the front, and their reason was this. They were the sort of women to whom cleanliness is next to godliness; they had been cooped up in their narrow quarters all this time with no chance at all to have things as they loved to see them, but here was their chance; the men must put them ashore that they might get to their washing. They went ashore, every woman, gentle and simple, and then no doubt the poor helpless men had to withdraw — as Bunyan would say — to some distance.

The historians say that Miles Standish with a fine soldierly impatience to know how the land lay, would wait no longer, but went off with certain comrades, but I think the women could have told us another story of his going. He found he was in the way, no doubt; it was a mystery into which no man of the northern shires must enter when there is a woman of the shires bound to fulfill her mission on washing day. So they got things first pure and then peaceable, then they themselves, no doubt, were easy to be entreated, and now this day has taken its place in the Puritan calendar the world over, while we are clean through the word which was spoken in the gray dawn of the eleventh

of November, 1620, "we must get to our washing on Monday."

So I love to linger over these hints of the gentle human life in the play of nature back and forth in the Pilgrims, because they touch the brighter side of the life they had to live with a finer grace and a lovelier color than we usually give them credit for. We can see, also, as we study their quality and attainment, that it is a great mistake to say the Pilgrims were of a low order or a sour spirit. Some were, perhaps, but even this does not appear. They were poor because they had made great sacrifices when they sold out and left their old home to go to Holland and lost what little they had left on the way. And there was a solemn strain in them, but this was one of the conditions of a faith which had fought its way through mutilation and martyrdom up to this wild coast line. This solemn strain is in those who in any time and place make a deep mark on their age, while it was entirely natural as it was most needful to the Pilgrims in their rugged and painful task.

Two expeditions had come liting over the sea to the sound of the lute and the viol. They had tried their fortunes far away to the south, where land and sun kissed each other for blessing and had come to naught. These Pilgrims had tried to win southward also, or to the Hudson where the sturdy Dutchman had got ashore and begun to fish and build. But the wind beat them north-

ward and the deep waters ran to shoal so that they could find no way. "In the name of God," they opened their grand compact and charter; "in the name of God" they had come, and I love to think that He ordered their way before them to that wild shore, on which, in the first three months, they lost half their number and might well have said "it is no use, let us return." But here the deep and awful beat of the heart set on God struck in, and held them fast. The solemn strain swept over the graves into heaven and caught the answers of the everlasting life. *They* also were on Patmos and saw new heavens and a new earth; so they buried their dead, sent their psalms ringing through the storm, saw to their weapons and stood to the fight, when the savage struck the first blow, and sent him a snake's skin full of powder and shot in return for his sheaf of arrows, because they had come to stay. They took his corn when they found it, and returned it with interest eight months after, because they had come to stay and knew they should not deserve to stay in robbery or repudiation. They built their stock-house, town-house, school-house and meeting-house all in one, and manned it with the soldier citizens, a schoolmaster and preacher who served them for "nothing a Sunday and find yourself," for these were the only terms Heaven would allow them.

They gathered round a pint of corn, as the tradition runs, and there were five grains to each man.

They established universal suffrage (for men) and each brother had a vote, including Brother Standish, who could not belong to the meetings but could hold his life cheap to defend it.

Yes, and I notice they could hold their hearts open to the sweet scents and sounds of the woods and meadows when the sun came back, and the little touches they have sent down to us of their joy read like Chaucer as he sings of the time

“When April with his showers sate,  
The drought of March has pierced to the rate,  
And the small fowls maken melody  
That sleeps all night long with open e’e.”

So they are Puritans, stanch and stern if you will, but there was a sunny and gentle heart under the russet and the steel which could sing to its fellows of good cheer after the use and wont of old England. They could croon over old rhymes about cradles with half a sense that they had better say a psalm. They could fall in love as Priscilla did and John, and manage to have their own way about it against the stout old captain. And then they could die, but they could not turn back on their election as the first handful of selected and sifted seed sown by the hand of the Eternal God.

It is a truth we may well lay to heart also, that these Pilgrims did not start out to make money as the great end of their life, but to serve God, to live as free Christian men and women and “join them-



selves into a church in the fellowship of the gospel, to walk in the ways God had made known or should make known " so that their covenant easily covers us also, and will as easily cover those we shall unchurch when we become the dominant power.

It is very touching to hear John Robinson tell them before they start that they are well weaned from the delicate milk of the mother land—he might have said sour milk in their case—were already inured to the difficulties of a strange country, and were not as men small things can discourage. They may have had their faults and failings, but these words must stand. The Pilgrims sought first to make the dream come true of a commonwealth of English-speaking folk who still loved England, whose grand idea should be holiness to the Lord, and they were so true to this and so right in it that a writer who lived twelve years among them and notes with a pardonable little frisk that he is held to be a very sociable man, says that in all this time he did not hear one oath, see one man drunk, or hear of more than three who had been guilty of gross sins.

This was what came at once of their simple God-like purpose, of the prayers and tears, of the living word and of their perpetual return to heaven for direction. The whole body of them fall on their knees on the frozen ground to ask God for direction before they can feel sure that this was the site of the town they were to build in His name, yes, and I warrant you not one of them was looking



out of the corner of his eye to see where he should select his corner lot.

And now this noble tongue they loved is spoken from ocean to ocean, while a larger religious freedom, and a sunnier and sweeter thought of God than they could have endured, is winning its way in the hearts and minds of their children; and the children who inherit our estate as we inherit theirs will see more and be more than we are by the measure of our time with theirs as they stood on that wild shore, if we are as faithful as they were to God and to our trust, for,

“ The word of the Lord by night  
To the watching Pilgrims came,  
As they sat by the seaside,  
And filled their hearts with flame.

“ God said, I am tired of kings,  
I suffer them no more;  
Up to my ear the morning brings  
The outrage of the poor.

“ I will have never a noble,  
No lineage counted great;  
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen  
Shall constitute a state.

“ Call the people together,  
The young men and the sires,  
The digger in the harvest field,  
Hireling and him that hires;

“ And here in a pine state-house  
They shall choose men to rule  
In every needful faculty,  
In church and state and school.

“ I break your bonds and masterships,  
And I unchain the slave:  
Free be his heart and hand henceforth  
As wind and wandering wave.

“ So the word of the Lord by night  
To the watching Pilgrims came,  
As they sat by the seaside,  
And filled their hearts with *flame*.”

## THE HUMAN GEORGE WASHINGTON

I SUPPOSE the most of you have noticed that the drift of our time is away from Washington the man toward Washington the myth, so that the real man as he lived has begun to grow dim to us, and a wonderful presence is taking his place, which only resembles Washington, as marble resembles flesh and blood.

And I think this is a great pity, because a good man is always more of a satisfaction to us than his ghost, though the ghost be ever so stately. We like the hand that will grasp ours as if it meant something, the sound of a foot which comes down strong and true, and a laugh which moves to laughter, but we miss all this in the Washington of our era, and are gradually forgetting it was ever there. And so I want to touch the human heart and life of him to-night in some poor fashion, and shall speak,

I. Of his family,

II. Of his early life,

III. Of his manhood, and

IV. Of his later age and end.

I. It is said of some families that they are like a hill of potatoes,—the best of them is underground,—but the Washington family grows as the oak grows, an acorn first and then a sapling,

a fair young tree, and then Washington the mighty oak, and there is nothing beside then except sticks. There is not much in the name for six hundred years.

If the king took a man's head off in the Middle Ages it was usually because he was either too great or too good to live, but no Washington that I know of was beheaded. If the people sang ballads about a man, that was their way of showing there was a salt of real worth in him above his fellows; there is no old ballad that I know of about a Washington. I conclude, therefore, that the family never made much of a figure in the Middle Ages.

One of them I notice was a monk and went stoutly into a fight for the rights of his abbey. Another of whom I have a very good opinion indeed lies buried in an old church in England with his wife and fifteen children all resting near him, while one was a cavalier and fought for Charles against Cromwell. And this is about all there is to tell. The name never rises into greatness until it comes to our Washington; but then it is never touched by a shadow of disgrace. There is no great meaning to the name until he gives it one, and then only that he gives it. He stands for himself like Homer, Shakespeare and Newton. The old motherland started the young tree well; but the mighty oak and the heart of oak, which will be just as sound in a thousand years as it is to-day, the Providence that shapes our ends wanted these for a new world and a nobler purpose.

II. I take this to be true again with respect to his early life, that Master George was very much like other children and not at all like the children in the good books, who die young. The young gentlemen at Harvard made a ballad once of which this was the burden, that to be as good a boy as Washington you must cut down a cherry tree and then tell your father that you cannot tell a lie. Well, the story of the cherry tree is the first of the myths. There is not the least authority for it in any record you can trust. Old Mr. Weems was the first to tell it, but those who knew him best, believed in him the least. And there is one thing in the story I should be very sorry indeed to believe was true, that is, where the father makes the boy incriminate himself. This is what we shrink from in a court of justice; it is what we should never do in the home. I have not the least doubt, that if the boy had cut down the cherry tree he would have told the truth, however, because he was his mother's boy; and of the few books that have come down to us from these early days the one belonging to his home and family, which is most worn, is a book on morals by that great pattern of the English integrity, Sir Matthew Hale, and the place where it is most dog-eared and frail from frequent use is a chapter on the great account we must all give of the deeds done in the body.

But I have no doubt that the little fellow could play his pranks, and get into a mischief very much as all boys do who make their mark afterward as

men of action. One incident of this sort is preserved. His mother had a young mare nobody could mount; she had beaten all the horse breakers that had taken her in hand. Well, Master George made up his mind he would break that mare. So he managed somehow to leap on her back and turn her head to the open, and away they went like the wind, and I suppose he felt he was in a fair way for breaking her in, when she broke her own neck.

He was fond of playing at soldiers, too, but then he always would be the captain, they say, and from what we know of boys he would have to earn his post in many a well fought battle. He was swift of foot also and could beat young Dade at last, who had kept the belt against all comers until Master George went in to take it from him. So this no doubt is the truth, that Washington as a boy was very much alive.

There was mischief in him but no meanness, and no cowardice. He was a good boy because he was a whole boy, and this is to me as good a thing as we can wish for.

Let the lad's life be in him fresh and full. The bounding ball of it! The white fire of it! The whole delight of it — and the splendid energy! He may be, then, as wild as a March hare, as mischievous as a monkey, as untameable as a fly. Up and down like the mercury in May, democrat and autocrat in one, asking questions doctors in divinity cannot answer, and answering questions they dare not ask. Give me such a boyhood, with the wisdom

and grace to guide it, and I will ask for no better gift in the shape of a boy for my son or grandson.

Washington fell in love before he was fifteen, but it is supposed the maiden can no more be identified than Junius. I remember coming to the conclusion that this must have been a mistake and there was no such maiden, because if there had been she would have told that other maiden, her dearest friend, and then we should all have known by this time also.

He wrote poetry about the maiden, and it is very deplorable poetry indeed. He never went to college, but then he was far too sensible a man to look down with the least disdain on a college graduate, and in this he might teach some graduates a lesson they need to learn. He was great at figures, however, and as you know had a very pretty turn for surveying land; so before he was sixteen he would sometimes earn twenty dollars a day. And this was the way he grew from boyhood to manhood, helping to work the great farm, and out in the wilderness, surveying; educating himself as well as he was able, when he could find time, but always very uncertain in his spelling.

What never seems to have occurred to him was that he had any time to dawdle about doing nothing, or to sow his wild oats, and take his chance at the crop when old age drew on. He was a whole boy, I said, and I venture to say also, that when his youth was over he was a whole man. It is well worth knowing also, that when he was a



man full grown, he stood six feet two in his stockings. It is also a comfort to some of us to know that he had probably the largest hands of any man in the thirteen colonies. Timothy Pickering used to say that his hands were the next in point of size, but he had never seen the man whose hand could match Washington's. How he managed about kid gloves, or how he felt when the young aristocrats of Virginia with their lovely little hands would look at him and wonder how he could exist with such paws, there is no record. It may be he had an idea that as God had given him these mighty hands he meant him to take a mighty grip on something before he was through, and so it was all right.

He had also great muscular arms and a vast deep chest and could hurl a rock with the momentum of a young giant.

And then I have found this out about him, that though as the events proved presently he was as brave as a lion, he was at the same time as bashful as a girl. The young maidens when he went into company would talk to him, and try to make him talk by those plots and surprises that are as old as Eden, and the young fellow would blush and stammer and try to answer them, and break down, and feel bad enough, no doubt. He never got over this bashfulness, try as he might, except when there was that to say there was a mighty need should be said; and when it was a question of life and death set the young man talking to the In-

dians, who were plotting to murder and scalp defenseless settlers, or to the agents of the great Louis, who were plotting for the mastery of the continent, or to shout ringing orders in the early frontier battles, then see whether he could talk without a blush or stammer! The only presence so far in which his heart sank and his voice failed him was the presence of these pure maidens, and the only artillery he was afraid of was the glance of their eyes.

So I love this blush and stammer in Washington, I love to watch it and to think of it always as one of the most beautiful qualities in his earlier manhood. It is a revelation of the perfect purity and grace of his own nature. Womanhood was to Washington what it should be to all young men,—as sacred as that of his own mother and sisters, as sacred as heaven and the angels that dwell in innocence forever.

III. He married when he was thirty years old; and in winning his wife he seems to have known what he was about, for beside her beauty and goodness Mrs. Martha Custis had a very great fortune. And this brings me to consider Washington's ability as a man of business.

There is a vague idea that great men despise money and cannot attend to business as common people do. Now this may be true of some great men, but I think it is not true of the greatest. Webster and Sir Walter Scott, Shelley and Byron were very poor business men; but Shakespeare and

Wordsworth, Washington and Lincoln were so good that in their own way there are no better. The gentlemen of Virginia in those days left the care of their estates to their stewards and knew very little about their management, but Washington keeps his own accounts perfectly, and sees to his weights and measures so carefully, that after his trade-mark was once well known a barrel of flour with the Washington brand on it went through any part in the West Indies without inspection.

And as he could not cheat, so he could not be cheated. He had some carpenters to work for him once, and thought they did not do a fair day's work when he was away from home, and was not watching them. So he sat down quietly in the shop one day and made notes of how long it took a man to get his saw ready, then how long it took him to think about the best way to do the job, then how long it took him to do it, if he worked fairly along, and after that they were kept up to a fair standard.

Again, he had a room that needed plastering and sent for a man from Baltimore, who agreed to do it for so much a foot. It was done in his absence; the clerk paid the man on his own estimate. Washington measured the room when he got home, and found the man had overcharged him about four dollars. He made a note of it and presently when the man died, and his widow married again and advertised for all claims and debts on the

estate, Washington sent in his claim and collected it.

He owned certain ferries also on the river. General Stone crossed at one of these one day and offered a gold piece for change. The ferryman said it was light and Washington would hold him for the difference. The General left six cents to cover the damage; it was found to be three cents short; Washington screwed the other three in a piece of paper and when the general crossed again the change was handed back to him,—three cents.

He was traveling with his servant in those days and stopped with the man for breakfast at a tavern. The landlord charged ninety-four cents for the master and seventy-five for the man. "But that is not fair," Washington said. "My man eats as much as I do; I must pay nineteen cents more," and he paid it.

He went in once with his blacksmith, Peter, to make a new plow of his own invention, and worked at it as a sort of helper to Peter until it was finished. "Now, Peter," he said, "I will go out and try the thing." So he tried it, and nearly ruined a splendid span of horses before he concluded he was not cut out for a plow maker and need not take out a patent for his invention.

Again a great storm came up one day, and his mill was in danger of going down the stream; he turned out with his men, took a shovel and wheelbarrow, went to work in the driving tempest, and

was allowed to have done more hard work than any other man on the job that day.

But then this is to be noticed,—that while Washington went everywhere and saw to everything on his great estate down to the jot and tittle, he never grew close and mean, but while he knew where every penny went he kept a state equal to his fortune and standing. He had liveries made in London for his servants, and silver trappings for his horses with the Washington Crest on them. He got also from London three scarlet and gold sword knots, three in blue and silver, and a gold laced hat of the first fashion for himself, and no doubt was very proud of his headgear. The truth is that in these things, as in so many other things, Washington was an *all-sided* man. He could take three half-pence and return the other three, wheel a barrow and calculate on a breakfast. But then there were reaches in his nature where money was no more to him than the clay on his boots if it stood in the way of his high duty.

Let Washington be remembered when we see how he could take care of his money, as the man who could give it also with a boundless generosity. He drew no pay so far as I know in the war of the Revolution and paid \$75,000 out of his own purse. Let every public servant in our day who shirks the work but always draws the salary hide his face in this majestic presence. Washington did freely, without pay, what such men make believe to do and are paid for, and in the most pinching times of



the war he would write from the camp to the good wife Martha: "Be sure my dear that no one is ever sent hungry from our door." So this is the best picture I can make for you of the man in his home and about his business, and now I must speak of him passing from his home and the care of his estate into the leadership in the Revolution of 1776.

And while it may startle you for a moment when I say this, I know that a moment's reflection will make my statement good, that Washington was not one of the men who inaugurated the Revolution, while it is very doubtful indeed whether there would have been one in that age if it had been left to men of his make to open the ball.

Take your map, stick a pin in New England first, then in Massachusetts, then in Boston, then in Faneuil Hall in the town of Boston, then hunt up Sam Adams and set him down in Faneuil Hall and there you have the roots, and the tap-root of the Revolution.

In Sam Adams, of all men, you find the bit of fierce white fire for freedom which struck into the dry tinder, and set the world afire. Washington was true to the land in every beat of his heart, from the first day to the last, let us be sure of that. But Adams was in danger of transportation as early as 1763 for his resistance to the encroachments of the crown, and ten years later he was down in a secret list of the men who were deemed traitors to the government.



But while Adams was down in this list, and in danger of his life, Washington was visiting and hunting with Lord Dunmore and was held in great esteem by that royal officer. When the battle of Lexington was fought Adams cried, "What a glorious day," but Washington wrote what a deplorable affair, and twenty days after Lexington, Washington joined with some other members of Congress in a humble and dutiful petition to the king, which John Adams denounced as an imbecile measure.

The truth is that the pioneers of freedom in New England were as untameable then as they always are, the first to feel the iron glove under the silken glove, to spring on the tyranny, get a good grip on it and hold on until the rest came up, and it was New England, not old Virginia, that made Washington commander in the fight, and Sam Adams saw that measure through; so I think that God put Adams in the front and Washington in the center and each was the predestined man for the place. Adams was a Puritan republican, Washington a Virginian gentleman; Adams wanted to see New England a sort of Christian Sparta with the meeting house added and the slave left out, Washington nourished the old loyalty toward everything deep-rooted, that had kept his family out of trouble all through the Middle Ages; but Adams was a prophet, and a prophecy of revolution tingled in the blood of those about him from 1620 to 1776, because that and that only could



make good the grand purpose, for which the Puritans came over the sea.

But this, when you look into it, is still most honorable to Washington. His heart was full of the hereditary loyalty to England. No man of that house had ever taken sides against the king. His dear old friend Bryan Lord Fairfax was a Tory to his heart's core — and these were the days that deceived the very elect.

Dr. Samuel Johnson thundered out “audacious malignity”; John Wesley cried, “The thought of such a conspiracy makes me shudder;” Whitfield thought the world was coming to an end, and was quite clear the Colonies were going headlong down to the pit of hell.

And no man in the Revolution, so far as I know, had to cut such cables of wealth and friendship for the good cause as George Washington. The wealth would all be lost if the king succeeded in whipping the Colonies back into submission again, and the friends must go with the first crash and the pride of a loyal house.

The father of Jefferson was a backwoods farmer. Patrick Henry had to go behind the counter when he was sixteen, because of his father's embarrassments. Sam Adams had to leave college before his education was finished, because his father was bankrupt. Young Hamilton's father was a bankrupt, and poor as a church mouse used to be before cake and coffee became a means of grace. John Adams was the son of a small farmer and shoemaker in

Braintree, and Franklin the son of a soap boiler in Boston. All honor to these men! Their poverty and obscurity only make their names shine all the brighter. But here is a man worth a quarter of a million dollars, who knows the worth of three cents, whose whole fortune must be forfeited if the revolution fails and the king proves master. A man also with no inbred liking for a revolution in his nature, but shrinking from it with a touch of dismay.

This man comes forward and casts all he has and all he is worth into the scale there trembling with the fortunes of the new born republic. He saw the star in the East, went where the new-born republic lay, offered it the gold of his possessions and the frankincense and myrrh of his sweet name, and then from that day he had no other purpose on the earth except to serve the good cause with his whole heart, and do what could be done at that time to establish freedom on a sure foundation in this New World.

IV. But once more we can never understand what a grand true man he was, until we get rid of the idea that he was a great general in the sense of winning battles and that his career in this respect was something like that of Cromwell. Lexington and Bunker Hill were fought before he came from the South to take the command. The first battle of great moment was Long Island; he lost it and had to give up New York. He lost Brandywine and had to retreat to Germantown, then he

lost Germantown and had to give up Philadelphia. Bennington was won by Stark, and Saratoga, which Creasy ranks among the fifteen decisive battles of the world, was won by Gates and Arnold, while Irving thinks that the safety of the army after Trenton came from the stupidity of the enemy. Trenton and Princeton were only moderate successes, and Yorktown, of all the battles Washington ever fought, resulted in a great victory.

But here again we find our man. It was not so much in his victories over the enemy, as in his grand courage and patience under defeat that we trace his greatness.

The oak I have taken for a type of his manhood strikes down new clumps and cables against the storm, and so did this man. Let it blow any sort of big guns; there he was holding on and growing stronger through all the tempests. He went into the Command with fourteen thousand men, of which nine thousand were from Massachusetts. He held on six months before Boston, almost without powder, and disbanded one army and collected another within musket shot of the enemy's outposts, — held on again after Long Island, when his men were leaving him by regiments, and when he believed that in ten days he would not have two thousand men to fight Lord Howe. He was steady as the Catskills through the cabals that rose all about him when the fierce white light of Saratoga shot over the gloom of Brandywine, and said, "If

the cause only is advanced I am glad, let the reason lie where it will." He went into Valley Forge and starved there and froze through the bitter winter, rather than quarter his troops in one of the rich country towns and leave the land open to the enemy. He held on there with near three thousand men disabled by hunger and exposure, poorly clad, without blankets, and without animal food for a week at a time. There was no end of good eating close at hand in Philadelphia, and parties and balls were going on at a great rate, and supplies are on the road only they do not come, while he appeals to Congress in vain and says, "My troops are sleeping under the frost and snow without clothes or blankets"; and in a private letter to a friend he says, "Our situation brings me many a sad hour when all beside are asleep. I have often thought how much happier I should have been if I could have shouldered a musket and gone into the ranks." And then he strikes the keynote in another letter when he says, "I think our affairs are brought to this sore crisis that the hand of *God* may be seen the more clearly in our deliverance, and the many remarkable interpositions of the divine government in the hours of our deepest distress have been far too striking to suffer me to doubt the final issue of this war."

And here I want to say a word about these remarkable interpositions in connection with Washington's own life. He never speaks about them or seems to think of them, but I think we can see

them now standing out in very clear relief. I said just now that he was the predestined man for the place and time. I believe in such men, and that when such a man comes into this world he has to stay until the work is done to which he was elected, shall I say, from the foundation of the world.

So Columbus could not be wiped out, as we say, while he was wandering over Europe seeking transport to this new world, or Luther be killed by a falling tree as he toddled about in the forest, or Cromwell tumble and break his neck, when he was in that peril as a boy, or Wesley be burnt up as a baby in the flaming parsonage, or Lincoln die of the croup or the measles as he ran wild in the wilderness down yonder southward.

Let us make up our mind, there is a divinity that shapes *such* ends and then see how this truth fits Washington.

When he was a youth he wanted to serve in the royal navy and was ready to go on shipboard, but his mother's heart failed her and she could not let him go. How could she let him go when unawares she had borne and nursed him for his great destiny? Nor could he die of smallpox in the Barbadoes, when he was seized with this fearful thing, and it was all but certain death to have it in such weather; or die of the cold if he escaped the accident when he plunged through an ice pack into ten feet of water in the Allegheny; or be shot by his Indian guide, when he turned on him and fired at fifteen paces; or at Braddock's defeat, when he

had four bullet holes through his coat, and two horses shot under him. Once for all we must allow that this mystery of a providence had encircled him all about, and the defense could not be broken until his work was done, and what is this but asking whether a great cause, and the only man who can carry it through, shall not be more than a match for what we call the doctrine of chances. I for one love to believe in such a providence about a man like Washington. Some things are set high above the accidents of life, and these are of that nature and number.

But, as I have said, a great personal destiny was the last thing Washington thought of, and so not a hint of it ever creeps into his letters or speeches from the time he enters public life to the rest and quietness I will not say of his old age, for while from February, 1732, to December, 1799, is very near the line of three score years and ten, I never notice anybody speaks of him as old Mr. Washington in those times. But now I must draw my story toward a conclusion. He was full of a sound and hearty human life to the last. He tells Louis Philippe, after he has retired from public life, that he always sleeps well because he has nothing on his conscience. Still there is a tradition that the good man was sometimes kept awake nights, for such a thing as a curtain lecture has come down to us among the traditions. We have to speak of such things with bated breath, but they do say that Martha had a temper and when things did not go



to suit her she was apt to give him a piece of her mind when the good man had put on his night cap; and that his usual reply was, "Well, well, my dear, I will see about it; let me go to sleep."

What I love above all things in Washington is his great, sound, loyal nature, passionate sometimes but never sullen, manful but never masterful except when manhood and mastery are one and the same, as they should be.

He could jump into the river after a fellow, a poacher who was drawing his trigger on him, pull him ashore in his own boat, give him a good thrashing and then let him go, and think no more about it. Leap into the midst of a mob at Cambridge that from snow-balling had taken to drawing blood, seize the ring-leaders by the throat, knock their heads well together and quell the fray. And he could kneel by the death bed of his small stepchild and moan out his heart that God would spare the child's life. And at the shameful stampede of some of his men in September, 1776, he could dash his hat on the ground in a grand rage, snap his pistols at them, and, if the truth must be told, swear like a very trooper.

And yet he was not profane, nor did he tolerate profanity in those about him, for in one of his general orders he says he is sorry this habit is growing and hopes that the officers by their example will do all they can to check it, for he says, there can be but little hope of God's blessing on our arms if we insult him by our impiety. He wept bitter tears



when he saw a number of his men bayoneted by the Black Hessians and could do nothing to save them, and laughed with a mighty laughter when he had sent Putnam to hunt down a dangerous spy and saw him return with the spy strapped on behind him on his horse in the shape of a wonderfully stout old lady, who could by no means be kept quiet but scolded to her heart's content.

He could flash out, too, with a touch of the humor common to great natures, yet not so common as to belittle them. He wanted to make a new camp once and rode out with his staff to select a site for it, when a trooper came shouting, "General, the British are in the old camp." "Then, gentlemen," Washington said, "it seems to me we have something else to do than select a new one."

He was even capable of a touch of slang. I went over a great pile of letters once written to General Ward and held by his family at Marietta in Ohio, and in one of them he says: "My dear General, put a new sentinel at such a point. The fellow we put there last night 'went it' and has joined the enemy."

And then he was so human that Elkanah Watson, that wonderful old gossip, tells us how, going on a visit to Mount Vernon once, as Washington's life was drawing to its close, and being taken in the night with a very sore cough, who should come into his room but the General, who said, "I know how to stop that cough, Watson," went downstairs and made him a big bowl of herb tea, and sat on

the bed in his nightgown until he drank the last drop of it, after which Elkanah says he was troubled no more, or if he was he took care to hide his head under the bed clothes, for fear he should have to take another dose of that tea.

Watson also tells us how he went with Washington, I think in his last summer, to an open air meeting at which a chair had been provided for the General, but he saw a poor woman holding a big baby in her arms, so he rose, insisted she should take the chair and stood until the services were over.

And here is a note written in the last year of his life, in answer to an invitation to a young people's party, where there was to be dancing: "Self and Mrs. Washington are honored by your invitation, but our dancing days are over. We wish, however, that all who relish so innocent and agreeable an amusement may enjoy all the pleasure it can afford them."

And so I love this revelation of the man so manly, so tender and so full of our human life far beyond the cold and dignified disguises in which it has pleased our age to clothe him, so that the real man is hidden under the mask.

And the end, when it came, was of a piece with all the rest. He died on the 14th of December, but on the 12th he was five hours in the saddle, yet he would not send his servant with the mail to Alexandria that day because it was too rough for

him to venture out. He was out again on the 13th marking trees to be cut down for the improvement of his estate, and so on the last whole day of his human life this man did a stroke of solid work in this world and then, when next day the end came, his last deed with those ever busy hands was to close his own eyes, and his last words were two little words of one syllable, I will not tell you what they were, because I want those who do not remember them to feel a little ashamed of that, they amount only to seven letters and a comma possibly, but he could not have said more, or better, because they are the sum and substance of his faith and hope.

And now may we hear in one word of four letters the watchword of his life. The watchword was: *Duty*,— not ambition, not pleasure, not ease and quiet, and not gain,— but *Duty!*

On the farm, in the wilderness, on the battlefield, and in the camp, and President of the republic, boy and man, yeoman and gentleman,— this was the watchword, Fortune, fame and life must all be given at the call from on high. And so he has won this supreme place in the hearts of men on all the earth —

“ So may *we* join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead, who live again  
In minds made better by their presence — live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,

In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
Of miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like  
stars."

## THE HUMAN HEART OF MARTIN LUTHER

THERE are very few lives indeed of so deep and pure an interest as the life of Martin Luther, the German peasant, priest, and prince in one. It is a life which abides fresh and fruitful to every generation, and, as the great ones only are, he is more truly a living person after all these years than the vast majority of us who are now on the earth. "Luther's life," Bunsen says, "is both the epos and the tragedy of his age. It is the epos because its first part presents a hero and a prophet who conquers apparently impregnable difficulties and opens a new world to the human mind without any power but that of the divine truth and a deep conviction, or any authority but that of undaunted and unselfish courage. Luther's life is also a tragedy — the tragedy of Germany as well as of her son who tried in vain to rescue his country from unholy oppression and to regenerate her from within by means of the gospel." Such is the judgment of one of the ablest men in modern Germany and no doubt it is true. But I have always felt that in the life of this great and good man there is a third element we never fairly remember or weigh, and that is, it was a human life through

and through, human in the sweetest and truest sense of that term; and no estimate of Luther can be true, or any portrait or picture, which does not give this human element a great and noble place. And so I have felt it would be of a real worth to us to touch this human heart of the man this evening and to speak, not of the hero or the reformer, but of the man, Martin Luther, and to see what his manhood had to do with the mighty movements of his time.

And I will begin by saying that it was in the year those hapless princes were done to death in the Tower of London and when Richard Crookback, who figures so balefully in English history, made his hasty and fatal clutch at the English crown, while Columbus was pondering over his problem and was still nine years from its solution, and when the art of printing was only forty-three years old, that Martin Luther was born. It was the custom then in Germany for the poor folks in country places to flock to the great fairs in the fall of the year to sell or barter away what they had gathered in the summer, and to procure what they must have for the winter in return. It seems that Margaret and John Luther had gone to Eisleben on this errand, and there the babe was born, and when they went away with their babe it was to a home as poor as decent poverty could well make it. "My parents were at first right poor," he tells us. "My father was a poor miner and my mother carried wood on her shoul-

ders and in this way they supported us, their children. It was hard and bitter work and no one has to work so hard now." He says also, "Let no one speak with contempt of the poor fellows who go from door to door singing and begging for bread, for I was once a beggar boy myself, singing and seeking for bread at people's doors." But it was counted no disgrace to sing a song for a crust then in Germany, as it was no disgrace to do this forty years ago in England, when nothing was more common in the hard times than for the poor weavers and spinners out of Lancashire to come singing through our little towns that lived by farming for their bread, and this saved them in our minds and their own also from mere tramphood and beggary.

And it was in one of these rather sad little concerts that a widow saw the child and had compassion on him, took him home — poor little fellow — and into her heart and gave him the best she had as long as she could keep him. And so by one means or another he made his way the best he could, for all this was not for mere bread, but also for an education on which he had early set his heart. He was a fair scholar at six years of age and at fourteen was able to enter college where he drank greedily at all the wells of learning, and beside this was wise enough to get hold of some mechanical arts, wood turning among the rest, so that if his head should fail he could fall back on his hands, and that is a hint young schol-



ars now would do well to heed. He found that his soul went out also toward music and was skillful on the flute, and as he grew up was a genuine German student, fond of frolic as they all are, and with a turn for swaggering about with his sword and dagger — one of your young roysterers who would not be counted a milksop — and so careless withal that he cut his foot one day with his dagger and might have died, as one imagines, for he was in very great danger; only we must believe that such men as Luther have to live until their work is done.

So the time came when he had to think of a profession and was urged to take to the law. But Luther never loved either the law or the lawyers and he would not be one of them, while his tastes led him toward music and the finer arts. He had felt no call as yet toward the grand work of his life, and you note, as you watch him now, that he may become a courtier and scholar, and may only live in human memory as a man of genius, wanting in the force perhaps which gives perfection to our human purpose. He seems bewildered and does not quite know what to make of the great seething brain and the strong jetting heart, and no more suspects than those about him that the question he finds so puzzling on the earth is quite settled in heaven.

But when he was about twenty-two, standing close to a comrade in a thunderstorm, his comrade was struck dead by the bolt and God was in

the thunder. The flames that were to burn up the dead brakes which were choking the new promise were kindled by that flash of the lightning, and the death of the one young man was the life of the other. In a great shock of fear and gratitude, Luther vowed on the instant he would be a monk, because to give yourself to God by wrenching yourself from man and to prepare for the world to come by backing out of this world was thought then to be the holiest thing a man could do.

In fourteen days from that time Luther took the first vows and went into monkery, as such a man must now go into anything he feels called to do, with a soul all on fire to reach its uttermost meaning and exhaust its uttermost duty. He used to say long after this that if St. Augustine went straight to heaven from a monastery he certainly ought to have done so too, if he had died a monk. Everything St. Augustine did he did and made himself so thoroughly sick with his prayers and mortifications and fastings that he seemed to be on the point of winning his crown of glory before he was twenty-five. When one wanted to turn monk in the Middle Ages and told his bishop what was in his mind the answer he got was, "If you are a man with a manly heart there is better work in the world for you than the toil of eternally doing nothing"; and the day came when Luther found this was true, for he quotes another wise old bishop's saying, that the human heart is like a mill-stone, put wheat under

it and it will make flour, put nothing under it and it will grind on until it is worn away, and "my heart," he says, "was like the mill stone in those days without the wheat." So the thing kept grinding until one morning he did not appear as usual at the prayers, and when his brethren broke into his cell he seemed to be dying; but with a fine wise instinct one of his companions took the flute from the table and played one of the airs Luther loved so, and then the poor soul came back from his flight far away toward the gates of light when he heard the melody and took up again the burden of monkish misery.

So that was altogether a terrible time. It was needful, I suppose, that he should go through with it, because he was the one man in all the world who must smite such things as these into the dust and he must know the best and the worst of the system. Everything useful a monk might do he did, and everything dutiful. He was door-keeper, and swept the cells, and wound up the great clock, and went out begging with a bag on his back, and went preaching to the shepherds, and said his prayers duly, and chanted his psalms, and then he found when all was done that the monk was a man still and would never be anything else.

It will not be within the scope of my discourse to-night, however, to touch the many reasons Luther found in his heart and in the conditions of his life for throwing off the monk's hood and

setting out afresh to serve God, so I will content myself by saying that, it seems to me, all the reasons which have usually been given for this step are inadequate when we fail to take into the account his mighty and abounding human nature and wonderful human heart. We cannot but believe that the doctrine of justification by faith on the one hand and of indulgence on the other were mighty and momentous forces, the positive and negative poles, shall I say, of his grand work. But we must take into the account this one thing more — that God made Luther a man and then the church made him a monk, and then the time came when the one confronted the other in a battle for his soul and the monk went down. So the monk said, “I must starve,” but the man said, “No, I must eat and drink.” The monk said, “I must shut my heart and bar it fast and firm against women and children,” but the man said, “No, I must marry and raise a family.” The monk said, “God is worshiped as though he needed something and this eternal round of self-denials and crucifixions is the way to win his favor,” but the man said, “No, this is not the way at all, but to serve your fellowmen is to serve God, and to love them is to love him.” If the monk could have slain the man, Luther would never have shaken Germany and Christendom out of their long slumber; but the monk was mortal and the man immortal, the monk was of the earth earthy, but the

man was of the Lord from heaven; and so it was that the man carried the day.

No estimate of Luther, I say then, can possibly be complete which leaves out his grand human heart as he takes this great step forward from the monk to the man and the full sweet tides of life which came to him from the peasant man and woman of Saxony. We know this in some way, indeed, as we would know the nature of a tree that had been planted in a tub and kept in a cellar and then taken out and set in the fair sweet sunshine of heaven. Let it be an apple and all the properties of such a tree are in the pale struggling plant which is trying to hold its own in the gloom. Let in the earth and the heavens to that plant and it will burst out at last into a glorious blossoming, and though it may grow gnarled and knotty and the worms may eat into it and the rains rot it, there shall be unspeakably more to it, when the whole tale of its life is told, than if it had stayed down there in the dark, pale and puny and spindling upward always toward the light but never finding its fullness and fruition. Luther was such a strong sapling set in the gloom of a monastery when such places were not at all what they are now, I trust, and if he could have been a monk to the end of the chapter it would still have been one of the grandest chapters in monkish history, because he was a preacher in ten thousand even then, and so able a man of affairs that even when he had to work with half a heart he would do more and

better work than those who gave up their whole heart to the business. He says of those times: "I am eleven monks in one. I am assessor and pleader; I take care of the fish ponds, and interpret Paul, and collect the psalms, and make remarks at the table, and direct the studies of the younger men, and fight the world, the flesh and the devil, and need two secretaries to keep up my correspondence." So he was a man of a mighty power, whether you set him in the sunlight or the shadows — one of those men who never move but the world moves with them, and always ready, when they have done their best and failed, to try again. It was in those days he was standing in the little church at Erfurt with a great crowd about him, when all at once the walls of the church gave way and that fearful panic-terror struck the people, so fatal in such a case. Luther stood steady as a pillar of granite stands on the solid earth. He arrested the multitude, calmed them down and saved them from crushing each other to death, and then he made them stay and hear his sermon through, because he said it was the devil who wanted to hinder the word and he should not by any means give in to him and let them lose that sermon.

It was in those days, too, that the plague came, taking the heart out of the bravest, who shouted as they fled, "Fly, brother, or it will have you too." "My God, no," Luther shouted back, "the world is not going to perish if a monk dies. I



shall stand at my post. I fear death but I expect the Lord will deliver me from fear." And so he stood fast and God delivered him. So what chance there was to be a man while he was only a monk Luther seized and held, and as much of a man as he could be he was, but then you see when he once breaks away what a manhood has smoldered in the cell.

When he went to Rome he found his brother monks there cared little for the rules of their order, but would eat and drink on a Friday as heedlessly and merrily as on a Saturday, and do many things that seemed shameful to the manful and sincere German. He gave them a piece of his mind on the subject and came near losing his life for his temerity. But when he had once cast off the fetters and become a man, you presently begin to notice what I would term the lowest element in his fine sturdy manhood, and this was his keen and handsome appetite. There was not much he could get to eat when he quit the monastery, but what there was he enjoyed like a man, or rather, one might say, like a great hungry schoolboy who has been kept on slim rations at a boarding school and then goes home for Christmas. When he goes into his deep seclusion at Wartburg to save his life, he mentions with a vast enjoyment what good things they gave him to eat, but says he would not take a mouthful if he thought his food was provided at the expense of the good man who was warden of the Castle. He feels sure it



is the Elector who provides and so he eats and drinks with an easy conscience, though by no means with an easy digestion, for by and by I notice he gets very miserable doing nothing but eat and drink, and gets the nightmare for his pains, and has the worst attack, as one might expect, after he has eaten a great lot of nuts a friend had sent him. So I think his confessions seem to point fairly to the truth that he takes more of everything up there in Wartburg than is good for him and should have had some wise friend to tell him — ignorant as he was — what was the matter, and how a man who would fight the world, the flesh and the devil, and especially the devil, who, as he believed, troubled him so very sore at this time that the black splash may still be seen on the wall of his cell where the inkstand went he threw at him — a man in this case ties one hand to his back, as it were, and Luther needed both. Still, you cannot but feel that with such light as he had, there is a very genuine honesty and downrightness in Luther's love first of all for meat and drink. He was in this, indeed, a genuine German, for when he made his great answer at Worms, the grandest passage in his whole grand life, he found a can of beer waiting for him when he went back to his lodgings. He was greatly exhausted and so presently was the can of beer, for I notice he drank it at one draught, and then said, "As the man who sent this has thought of me, may God one day think of him." I notice too that now and

then when he finds men complaining of weakness of body and darkness of mind, he tells them to adopt a more generous diet; he had an idea that good eating was one element in good living and a good life. So Luther was a man first of all and a man with a good appetite, and was what we should call a hearty man in this most material but never immaterial sense.

Then he was a hearty and human man in another sense. When he shook off the monk's hood, he shook off as much as he could of his gloom and began to believe in having a good time as one of the conditions of a good life. And so he used to say that one fine safeguard against temptation is to turn your thoughts to some pleasant subject. He would have those of a gloomy turn indulge in a joke if they were able to do so, and go with those who were given to laughter, and read bright stories, and hear or make cheerful music, because he said, "The devil is of a gloomy turn and cheerful music drives him away." He said to a young prince, also, "Innocent gayety and honorable courage are the best medicines for young men and for old men, too, against gloomy thought, so get on horseback and go hunting with your friends and join in all the innocent amusements they suggest to you." He went hunting once himself, but I think only once. He caught two hares, he tells us, and two little partridges, and then it all came over him that this is the way the devil takes to catch souls, and that spoiled his sport. He had

caught one hare and hidden it in his sleeve and when he saw a good chance, set it down hoping the poor thing might scud away, but the dogs got it after all, and then he said, "I have had enough of hunting."

Luther was a hearty human man in this again, that he entered heartily into the life about him. But he would have had a sore time with some of the brethren now, for he advocated going to the theater, and said if we stay away from these places because the pieces which are acted there often turn upon love, on the same principle we must refuse to read the Bible. He loved music also, as men with Luther's heart always must love it, and said, "Music is one of the most delightful presents God has given to man," and said also, "Singing is beyond all comparison the most delightful exercise of the soul." He wondered, too, how secular music could be so rich and fine, and spiritual music so poor and cold, and said, "If you despise music, I despise you." He loved painting also and especially Albert Durer's work, as was most natural, and he wrote to a friend: "I should like to see your house made more beautiful because we need these innocent gratifications to keep us from what is worse." He loved to see his own books prettily embellished also, and many of them in the original editions have designs made by his own hand; and Æsop's Fables among books was the delight of his life. "I have come to my Zion," he writes to Melanc-

thon once when he had fled from the enemy, "and I mean to raise on it three tabernacles, one to the psalmist, one to the prophets, and one to Æsop"; and he used to say that after the Bible he knew of no better books than Æsop's Fables and the works of Cato. And so in all these things that touch our life in a broad human fashion Luther was a hearty human man.

But beside all this, which can only stand for what it is worth after all, there is a quality unspeakably greater and more noble in Luther, and that is the revelation he has made to us of his heart. For it is not hard to find men who love good eating and drinking and theaters and music and pictures and all things else of this sort, but are earthly, sensual and devilish, after all, as men can be, because they make these things the mere ministers of their pleasure. Such men are mere sybarites. They belong to the order which wears purple and fine linen and fares sumptuously every day, and then they die and lift up their eyes being in torment and can find no fair ground for complaint.

But Luther had a great, noble, tender heart, which blossomed into infinite beauty when he got out of that shadow of the monastery into the light of life. And it was most natural that this finest revelation of the man, apart from the reformer, should open out toward a wife and children, because this is one of the loftiest ways, and the sweetest and purest, in which a man can prove he

has such a heart this side heaven. And so you can easily see that in his cell he had watched the workings and pondered the problem of a single life as well pleasing to God, and is clear in the conclusion he draws from it, that the miserable celibacy he sees all about him is a dreadful monstrosity of nature, and calls the condition of the women in the convents a cursed chastity, pronounces marriage eminently honorable and divine, and says if he had been struck with death before he came to the time when he could marry, he would have had a pious maiden brought to his bedside and married her before he departed out of this life.

And so when the burden was lifted a little, so that he could hold out his hand frankly to a woman, he married her, though he was so poor that he had to take to his old craft of wood-turning to earn his bread, to raise pumpkins also and melons in his bit of garden, to pawn his three goblets for fifty florins, and says he did think he would have to take to mending clocks. He seems to have cared nothing for the poverty; his heart was in his home and bloomed out into an infinite grace, and in a hundred ways he made the truth clear to those who watched him of the deepness and strength of the tides which set in forever toward this home and the treasures he had gathered there for the enriching of his life. And so he used to say, "It is no more possible for a man to get along well without a good wife than to live without eating and drinking; and to rise betimes in the morn-

ing and to marry young — these are things a man never repents of doing.”

And it was natural again, when God gave him children, that he should hold them in his heart and his arms — the rough heavy lion-like man — with a tenderness surpassing even that of their mother. When he came to death's door once, while his children were small, he had them brought to his bedside and sobbed out, “I have nothing to leave you, my bairns, but God is the father of orphans and widows,” and then he went to sleep, but not to death. When his daughter Magdalene was taken, it nearly broke his heart; he wept day and night and moaned of his love for the child and said he could not give her up. But then he had a dream and became quiet after that, and when they put her in the coffin he had one last great tempest of tears. “Poor dear little Madge,” he cried, “there thou art. Peace be with thee; thou shalt rise again, my child, and shine like a star, and so I am joyful in spirit, but oh, so sad also.” And then he says in a letter, “Have you heard of the new birth of my daughter into the kingdom of Christ? We cannot bear our loss yet without constant weeping. She is always before us, her features and pretty ways come back again and she is still with us, my darling, my good daughter.”

But once more this tenderness of the father and love of the husband could never break down the man within the man. When his children were



about him and his home was safe, a dear friend, Chaplain George, was struck down with the plague, something far more frightful, I take it, than our smallpox or yellow fever, and they all ran away and left him to die. Luther heard of it and went at once and brought him to his own house and kept him there until he was well; no danger of the plague striking those he loved better than his life could freeze the mighty heart and slay the man within the man. He could walk through the valley and shadow of death and fear no evil. And this was no mere Sunday talk; it was the faith of the heroes and the saints. The old deep abiding faith in God those Jewish women showed a few years ago in Heidelberg when the black fever broke out in a boarding house and every blessed Christian there was in the house cleared out, but these women who were merely of the Old Testament strain quietly turned themselves into nurses and saw the thing through.

It was most natural again that such a man should love nature and drink in her perpetual wonder and beauty. So Luther had a marvelous liking for the habits and instincts of birds, and would break out into ecstasies over a bough loaded with ripe cherries. (I always do that when I am the guest of the man who owns the orchard.) He was hail fellow also with the fishes in the pond and the river, and with the roses in a garden. He saw a bird one evening nestling down on a bough and said to a friend, "See that



little thing now, how he has chosen his spray and is going quietly to sleep. That bird is not troubled at all about where he shall rest to-morrow night; he closes his little wings in peace and leaves the rest to God." And when he saw two birds building in his garden sometime after — Tuesday in this week, for when I was a little mite of a child I remember it was settled that the birds all picked out their mates on Valentine day — Luther said to these birds, "Now, poor things, don't fly away. I wish you well with all my heart if you would but believe me"; and it is my private opinion that they took him at his word and did not fly away. "This thunder is not the work of the devil," he said again in a great storm. "It is a very bounteous and good thunder. It shakes the earth that the fruits may come forth and the flowers that bring sweet smells." And there is one passage in his letters about the clouds and a rainbow far nobler and more beautiful to my mind than anything I can find in Ruskin.

So I have tried to give you a little glimpse in this discourse of the personal side of Luther, and the substance of manhood from which God's hand and his own striving built him up. "When I was in Wartburg," Carlyle says, "in company with a person of great distinction, and he thought I was not watching, he stooped down and kissed the old oaken table where Luther had sat at his work, and then looked like lightning and rain all the morning after, with a visible moisture in those

sunlit eyes of his, and not a word to be drawn from him." So might we all kiss that table, thinking our thought of Martin Luther.

## SOME OLD UNITARIAN WORTHIES \*

THE paper I shall read to you this evening was suggested by a visit to a fine old library in London, founded by one of the worthies of our faith and a forefather, Dr. Williams, and endowed with some of the wealth which came to him through his marriage to two rich wives. The library was opened in 1729, contains now about 40,000 volumes and among these a Bible done with white ink on black paper for an old London merchant who was going blind, and another in shorthand done by a man more than two centuries ago who feared that the last of the Stuarts, then on the throne, was bent on burning all the Bibles printed in the English tongue that he might re-establish the Church of Rome. There is a great store of manuscripts also, which belong to the day-dawn of our faith in the motherland, and among them many from the hand of Richard Baxter who was on the Commission authorized to draw up the terms for the Westminster Confession and who, when his paper was read and they said to him, "But if we adopt these terms we shall have to let in the Socinians," answered, "Then so much the

\* Read before the Unitarian Club of New York.

better, gentlemen, and so much the fitter ”; and the paper was rejected.

You find there also many portraits of the great and good men of the Puritan Reformation — Flavel, Baxter, Howe, Watts, Milton, and many more whose names are growing dim now in the mists of time. These portraits from the life are replete with a living interest to us for many reasons. But this is what touches you especially as you glance at those who were nearest of kin to us in the old Presbyterian faith and order from which our churches sprang. There is a light in the eyes and a winsome look on the face which suggests the thought that their faith in God and man has been growing sweeter and more wholesome in their hearts, and are men after the pattern of pious and prayerful Mr. Perkins, of whom Fuller says that “in the earlier years of his ministry he would pronounce the word *damn* so that it left an echo in your ears for a good while after, and so expounded the ten commandments that your heart sank down and your hair stood up to hear him, but he became much milder as he grew older ” and said his *damn* with a difference. They are the portraits of men who have been walking more and more in the sunshine and less in the shadows of their time and are exchanging the fetters of the spirit for the budding forth of wings, or, as Lowell says, “beginning to twist the tough old iron of Calvin into love knots.” They seem to be well men and well-favored men, whose

faith appears to agree with them much better than the faith of many all about them, and to be indeed in fair measure the bread of life and the water or the wine.

I have thought of this again in glancing at the portraits of our own good divines in Salem and Boston and otherwheres in New England. There you may notice this change from the shadows toward the sunshine in the men who hold some gleams of radiance in the heart of them which can not be slain even by the deplorable portraiture of their day and generation. For as it was over in the motherland so it was over here. It was a long time by our human reckoning before the dawning light in their eyes and the more winsome look on the faces of these men found its way fairly into their Sunday sermons and their weekday speech and life, while for this, as it seems to me, there was good reason in men of their make and mold. The old Puritan manhood had done a mighty stroke of work after all on its black bread and waters of Marah, and there was plenty of iron and lime in these, or had been. Why, then, should they be in haste to change the well proven diet for another which might be the mother milk of all enervation to them and their people? The terms of their faith had been settled by the saints and seers who had subdued kingdoms and wrought righteousness, and their Saint John of Geneva had plowed those deep lines to the right and the left of God's eternal love. How then or

why should they overpass these lines or try to blot them out?

But as it was well said of the good Bishop Berkeley that "he proved by pure logic what no man in his right mind could believe," so this was what befell the fathers of our faith in New England. The time came when the things they had held for the truth of God against all comers could be held no longer in their grim integrity. It was not sun-up but the day was breaking, and then they could not preach the old doctrines as men like Edwards preached them, with such a deep conviction that once on a time his hearers clutched the pillars of the meeting house in solid affright lest their feet should slide down swift into hell. Notes of interrogation, as I think of them, would lurk in their eyes or gleam through their spectacles when they cited some dogma dedicated to despair, as Bacon says, and a pause would follow more eloquent than their speech, but that would be all they *didn't* say. Then on some happy Sunday there would be a sermon tender to tears, when the shadows would be to the light only as those you see sweep over the meadow grass and grain in the summer time, to be taken back perhaps in part on the next Sunday, and then another which would not be taken back, and then there would be an answering light in the eyes and on the faces of those in the pews who were waiting for the bugle to sound the morning's march away from the old dark dogmas, and forever.

I know their story because in some poor fashion it is my own. How they would try their wings in little flights toward the sweeter and clearer heavens and then settle down again in the old nest, strike a brighter note now and then, but return again to the minors and the thirds, and so sing their "psalm of degrees." Still there they were faithful to the light that shone for them as men who saw as in a glass, dimly as yet, the glory of the Lord and were changed into the same image from glory to glory in the ever growing light of the new morning.

So I have loved these many years to read the records of their lives which remain to us and have thought I might say some word about them which would stir up our minds by way of remembrance, and help us to see how well they are worth remembering — these men of the old tenor in the churches of New England — this by a broad glance at them in general, then in particular to say a word about some who dwell always in my heart.

And in the broader glance, to notice first what stalwart men they were as a rule, and what a staying power lay in them to hold on where they began and to grow better with the years to the hearts and minds of those who loved them, like those fine old wines one hears of — ministers and men who were by no means of the mind of Dr. Bethune, once of our city, who said that short pastorates were a merciful interposition of Providence on be-



half of the churches and that five years is about as long as a minister ought to stay for his own sake as for theirs. So I notice in the account of those who are counted among the forefathers between 1717 and the times of the Revolution, there is one whose ministry to the same church and people spanned the space of seventy years within three months from the time when he preached his first sermon. And there are three of sixty years or over, seven from fifty to fifty-six, and quite a lot from thirty-five up toward fifty, every man of them dying where he had lived so long and done his day's work for his church and town. Church and town I say, for you have to notice also how this strong life of the minister blended with the life all about him and was by no means like the great Rubens at Antwerp, only to be shown at High Mass on Sundays and the holy days. Their life mingled well with the week-day uses, which stood then as they do now at six to one.

And so while the traditions make this man of the old tenor a good deal of an autocrat, the most of these men were democrats also in the marrow of their bones, because they were of the people and from the people, with a man's red blood pulsing through their hearts, and had a man's work to do where they stood in their lot to the end of the days. So my minister of the old tenor managed his glebe, or taught his school, or both, when he must. And you could not laugh at his farming or his teaching. Went to town meeting, that

golden heart in the grain of our self-government, and spoke his mind as a man in the home-made Congress. Took his time fast days and Thanksgiving, especially, to speak on the burning questions that were forever aglow in the radical and restless commonwealth, and quit himself like a man in these things as surely as in what they called the deep things of God. Preached his good old sermons to new texts perhaps, now and then, when he was on the home stretch, while the people said "the old man grows better and better," or else was the fellow in this of good old Father Richardson of Hingham, who told me that when he had been preaching forty years and felt he had not another word to say and must quit, he toted every blessed sermon — two thousand or more — into his yard and burnt them up. Then he said when the old brakes were burnt, the new grass began to spring and he held on for some years more with great satisfaction. He was blind when he told me that good story. Then my grand old man of the New England brand closed his eyes, when the long day's work was done, in the faith of fine old Doctor Strong who said, "Death to me is only like going into the next room where the most of my friends have gone already, far more than are here," and was borne to his rest while the little Israel mourned for him as for a dear father many days.

So runs the story of these men of the long and strong ministry, who were by no means the idols we imagine to be kept in a shrine. They were not

seldom of those who did their share to raise finer grass and grain, and better apples in the orchards from which they made good sound cider. They also said, "I go a-fishing," if they lived by the sea and knew how to handle a boat. Said they were strangers and sojourners on the earth, but, as Mather says of the great lady, "took New England on the way to heaven," and held on to this world with a strong grip to the end of their tether, not quite so ready to go as glad to stay while they could be of any use.

They were men who liked to have their own way also, as strong men do, and would be apt to get it as the reverend ancestor of the Appletons did. He wanted a very noble woman for his wife — and small blame to him — but another young divine wanted her also. And so, noticing his rival's horse was tied to the fence as he rode toward the house one day, he loosed the creature, gave him a sly stroke with his whip, went in and said to his innocent rival, "Your horse is running away, sir, as hard as he can scour." So he must needs run after it, and lo, when he came back with the horse, the rogue had won the maiden.

Shall I tell you of Cutler, in this swift glance, who printed a pamphlet in 1787 in which he said many then living would see our great Western waters navigated by steam, and in fifty years there would be more people in the Northwest than in all New England? And Ely, of the serpent's wisdom, who in a fevered time was charged with

preaching politics? But it was found he had only prayed politics, when his accusers were brought to book, while this was the sentence in his prayer which made the trouble: "Though hand join in hand, yet the wicked shall not go unpunished." Or a man of such girth that no doctrinal tape line could measure him, like Osgood of Medford, who, when he went abroad on an exchange, was charged in one town with leaning too far toward Arminianism and in another town of leaning too far toward Calvinism, but it was the same sermon he preached word for word? So you will see how much of our preaching lies in your hearing. Men again who were able to find the right weapon for their purpose, like Dr. Burnet. He came to us from the Presbyterian fold, and had a very sore time of it for some years, but found he must go, and on his farewell Sunday gave out the lines: —

"Hard lot is mine, my days are cast  
 Among the sons of strife,  
 Whose never ceasing quarrels waste  
 My golden hours of life."

And they sang them. "Good reason may be appeared in the garb of wit," Barrow says, and may pass then where else it might never arrive; and when the brethren labored with Dr. South for the salted sprinklings of wit he would have in speech and sermon, he said, "The truth is, I cannot help it, brethren, and if God Almighty

had been pleased to endow you with wit, what would *you* do? ”

So you begin to see gleams of humor in the eyes of these men and hear ripples of laughter at some stroke of wit, as they are aware of the incoming light. Dr. Hitchcock was one of these men who sprinkled his speech with the attic salt and when a rather stupid brother in a company remarked that he might say just as good things as Brother Hitchcock was saying but they would pass unnoticed, the Doctor only answered, “*Try.*” And when Dr. Chauncy said he had prayed that God would never make him an orator, a brother remarked, “Then I know of one prayer which has most surely been answered.” Then there was Dr. West, who kept one little jokelet for his weddings. His wife’s name was Experience. She was very tall, and so the Doctor would say, “A good wife is a great blessing to a man. I know that from my long Experience.” Dr. West looms up large. He also was a man of vision, was especially strong in the prophecies and said in 1777, starting from Ezekiel and Daniel, “From these I understand that the Russians are to conquer the Turks, but before that the Greeks and many other subjects of the Turkish empire will fight themselves free.”

This is the way they impress you — these fore-elders of our faith and life in the time — as strong men who stood square on their feet and were just about as good for week-day use as for Sundays. They were unique men, and units with but very few

ciphers, and men who made the promise good in the blended church and parish, "thou shalt be the head and not the tail,"—men of our mankind and, all the more for that reason, men of God. They could commune with the smith in his forge, the farmer at his plow, with the Most High and his Christ, and the saints and angels. And while they sprang from a faith of severe and stern limitations, this was as the stones are in the foundations of some grand structure and from these they builded upward through faith in the living God.

I said we would glance at some men, especially, who dwell always in my heart, and I must begin with the white patriarch whose ministry to the First Church in Hingham spanned three score and nine years and nine months, Ebenezer Gay, who was born in 1696 and died in 1787. That fine old man who burnt all his old sermons was settled over the same church in 1806. I am not sure that Dr. Gay baptized him, but he may easily have done this, and I like to believe it was so. Well, Dr. Gay was running about in Dedham, where a woman lived who was running about her home in England, a child of seven they say, when the Mayflower came over and was a mother of children when Marston Moor was fought, so that since my hair was gray I have touched the hand of a man on whose head Dr. Gay's hand may well have been laid for benediction, and on his head the hand of the old saint who was living when Shakespeare died. Dr. Gay died 107 years ago



the 8th day of this March. It was a Sunday morning and he was preparing for the services in the church, which is still standing — the oldest church building in North America, as is most fitting — and before he could have been through with the services he had gone to his rest. And I find no trace of the complaint of the Psalmist that if men live to four score years, yet is their strength, labor and sorrow, for when the true time had come, he preached his famous sermon, “I am this day four score and five years old,” a bright and sunny sermon, in which he says, “You have not been given to change, nor with itching ears have you heaped to yourselves teachers, while you have been only kind to me, for of injuries I remember none, while I have reaped your carnal things to my comfortable subsistence,” which I noticed, when I was mousing through their church books once, usually included four barrels each year of that good sound cider. Dr. Sprague counts him as the first forefather of our faith in New England, but his forefathering lay mainly in this, that he would be a free man of God in his ministry and said in an ordination sermon, “It is a pity that any man at his entrance into the ministry should get a snare to his soul by subscribing to or engaging to preach by any rule of faith, creed or confession, which is merely of human prescription and imposition.” He had one trouble through which he found his way by gentleness; he did not ring quite true when the bells struck



for the Revolution; so they thought and so, no doubt, it was. They did not know quite where to find him, but he knew where to find them, for when the great Thanksgiving drew near in one of the dismal years and the house-mothers thereaway were at their wits' end for raisins and currants, a storm blew some English vessels on the coast laden with these dainties, which were captured and brought to Boston. And then in his Thanksgiving prayer he said, "Oh, Lord, who rulest the winds and the waves, we thank thee for the gracious interposition of thy Providence in wafting to our shores so many rich bounties to make glad the dwellings of thy people," of which prayer Sam Adams said, "Well, that is trimming with the Almighty." And I see that gleam of humor about his mouth and in his eyes, for when he wanted a well in his dooryard and had told them he must have one and even mentioned it by clear inference in his prayers, still they put him off with promises, until on a Sunday he preaches from the text, "Then Israel sang, spring up, O well. See *ye* unto it," and got his well. When brother Joseph Green was ordained and he must bless him, he said, "The Lord make Joseph a fruitful bough by a well, grafted into the tree of life and always *green*." And when he must preach at the installation of Ezra Carpenter away up in Keene, his text was, "I lift up mine eyes and look and behold a man with a measuring line in his hand."

He was missing his hay once and set his own watch with a dark lantern. Then when the rogue came out with all he could carry on his back, stole behind him, whipped out the candle and set it afire. The man ran away from his burden in great terror. The doctor kept his secret, saying no word even to his own family. The poor fellow came to confession and told him how he had stolen the hay but God had sent fire from heaven and set it blazing on his back. So he was forgiven, but he must never steal any more hay.

“Above all the men I remember in sixty years,” John Adams said, “Dr. Gay was a Unitarian.” His good wife, who was of the line of Governor Bradford, bore him five sons and six daughters, exactly to my mind the right proportion, and there he stands to me now with the dawning light on his good old face, the first of the fore-elders we know of in New England.

Another man, but of sterner stuff, was Dr. Jonathan Mayhew, raised on Martha’s Vineyard from a root of grace running to the good fruit of the ministry which had been growing there eighty years in the fine old orthodox garden; but when the slip came to the bearing, and they looked that it should bring forth grapes in our Zion on the Bay, it brought forth wild grapes to their thinking. Mayhew was the Theodore Parker in the ministry of his time in Boston — and does not look unlike him if he

would take off his wig — the first Unitarian, Dr. Freeman tells us, who said so out in meeting, and a man who would say things when he was so minded that jarred the dozing churches like the shock of an earthquake. One of the men who came not to bring peace, but a sword, and of a delicate make and mold. Yet no other man could bend his bow, while so keen and far flying were his arrows that some of them struck the Archbishop of Canterbury in his palace, and Dr. Johnson in his den, and so roused their wrath that they must needs shoot back in printed screeds that were meant to settle his business, but it was not settled. They came down on him here, but it was the same story — said he preached too much on politics. His answer was to preach more. Many called the King, Charles I, even in Boston, “that blessed martyr,” and kept the day holy when, as the elder Boswell said, “we garred kings ken that they had a joint in their neck.” Mayhew took the day to prove that the “blessed martyr” was an unblest tyrant, false to his friends, to his oath, and to the constitution, and the true king was Cromwell.

He was in the heart of the movement which resulted in the Revolution, and gave birth to the winged idea that the strength of the Colonies must lie in their federation for resistance and victory. The thought came to him as he woke out of his sleep, he says, on a Sunday morning: It

is the germ of the United States of America. John Adams calls him one of the master spirits of his day as an eminent patriot and a liberal divine. They heard about him all the way to Aberdeen in Scotland and sent him the degree of Doctor in Divinity, while over here they had only done this, as Parker said of himself, "with two small d's and a hyphen." He stood out against the Stamp Act and was the one man in the pulpits down there whose words told like a park of artillery. "We have sixty thousand fighting men," he said, when things were growing desperate, "let England beware what she is doing." He could not approve of the Boston riot, but when the governor ordered the arrest of the rioters he said, "What's the use, the prisons cannot hold them," and the next Sunday preached from the text, "Brethren, I would that they were cut off that trouble you, for ye have been called unto liberty." I said the great thought of the federation of the Colonies came to him on a Sunday morning. It was his last Sunday in the pulpit of his good West Church. Death came with a swift rush on him through a cold caught when he was about the Master's business, in his full prime of forty-six. "He died of overwork," Bancroft says, "in the unblemished beauty of his manhood, consumed by his fiery zeal, and whoever would tell the true story of the Revolution must reckon with John Mayhew." He was a burning and a shining light, one of the

"Old heroes who could grandly do,  
 As they could greatly dare.  
 A vesture very glorious,  
 Their shining spirits wear.  
 God give us grace  
 That we may see them face to face,  
 In the great day which comes apace."

Then there is Dr. James Freeman, of King's Chapel in Boston, who says, "Dr. Mayhew was the first of our fore-elders who got fairly out of the woods," while it is usually believed that Freeman was the first. He drew his own portrait in his old age for a young man who plumed himself on always saying what he thought, "There is no need to say *all* you think, for if some one was introduced to me and should say, 'Dr. Freeman, what a little old spindle-shanked gentleman you are,' that no doubt would be in his mind, but he need not say it." He was settled over King's Chapel in 1782 (it was then within the Episcopal fold) but found he could not use the prayer book as it stood and proposed to resign. He objected to the Athanasian creed, for instance. Someone asked Dr. Fisher how he could use that creed when he did not believe it and he answered, "Well, I read it as if I *didn't* believe it." And when Brother Pyle was ordered to read it by his Bishop under the threat of pains and penalties, he prefaced the reading by the remark, "This is said to be the creed of St. Athanasius, but God

forbid that it should be yours or mine." Dr. Freeman could not run round the haystack in any such fashion. His word must be Yea and Amen or it was no use. So he would throw up his hands. But they said, "No, you must alter the prayer book to suit yourself." Someone asked Dr. Bellows once if the King's Chapel prayer book was not the dear old English Liturgy watered. "No," he answered with that flashing wit in which he was such a master, "*washed*." He was the second to take the brand and speak out in meeting so that there could be no doubt where he stood and what he stood for, and his people followed him in heart and vote. But they did not steal the meeting-house or try to, for they said to the handful who must leave, "We will buy you out," and this they did in full quittance. But true to his faith, he disliked bigotry, orthodox or Unitarian no matter, and used to say "the cant of liberality is the worst cant I know of. My neighbor entertains me of an evening by abusing the orthodox and boasts all the time over his own liberality."

Dr. Freeman for forty years always finished his sermon on Friday evening and took Saturday for recreation. I would that his mantle had fallen on one man I know. His grandson in the spirit drew his portrait for me once as he saw him sitting in his beautiful old age or walking in the garden waiting for the angel of release. So he stays with me as he looked to our dear friend,



and I hear him say with a smile on his sweet old face, "I am growing very thin you see. Some people use handkerchiefs to wipe away the tears they do not shed. I wear clothes to hide the limbs I do not possess."

The last man we have the time for is Dr. Ripley, minister of the church at Concord for sixty-two years, so frail when he was called that one vote was cast against him on the ground that he would soon die on their hands and they would have to hunt up another man. But he was called, and at the end of fifty years he said he must have a colleague—he was no longer able to do the work as it should be done. They called a meeting to see about it and pass the vote. One vote was cast "agin" the proposition. It was cast by the selfsame man, who insisted that the Doctor was hale and strong yet, so what was the good of a colleague. You will find his portrait in your Emerson. Turn it up to save time and shortcoming. He was one of the old line who fought shy of

"Much wrangling in things needless to be known," a good man in the pulpit, the parish and the old manse, and especially good at fire, rushing forth when the fire bell rang with his fire bucket and his bag.

He was also one of the grand old line who, when they prayed, expected an answer and meant to have it. The master tells how he was helping



with the hay once when a thunder gust came up, and how he made the rake travel, saying, "We are in the Lord's hand," in a way which seemed to mean, You know me; this field is mine, Dr. Ripley's. And of a time when someone must pray for rain — everything was burning in the fervent heat! This the colleague was preparing to do, but "No," the old man seemed to say, "this is no time for you young Cambridge tyros; I must see to it myself." And now I must tell the tale as it was told to me by a man still living, honored of us all, who knew him and loved him. He was a boy then and was there in the old meeting house to hear that prayer. It was the afternoon service and the young man was ready standing in his place. But the old veteran rose and waived him back, took his place and — well now, I do wish the dear old judge was here to tell the story — but the prayer was somewhat in this wise. "Oh thou that rulest in the heavens and on the earth and maketh the clouds thy chariots, we want rain here in Concord. The grass is burning up in the meadows, the pastures are bare, the corn is withering; the dumb creatures are thine; they are ready to die; and we are fainting in the draught. Open thou the windows of heaven and send down the rain." So the old man went on as if the prayer was also a command. It was a demand beyond all question by the time he got through. The old man had lost himself in the mighty throb of a heart fixed on God. The

people were dismissed, looking toward each other in wonder. What answer would come to the cry of their Elijah in this sore stress? When the church was sealed and they stood ready to go home a cloud was gathering right over Concord, and before they got home who had far to go the rain was pouring down on them, but on the region round about there was no rain that day. Dr. Ripley had only prayed for Concord. Do I believe it? Yes, I do, because my old friend said so. He is the very soul of truth and he was right there.

This, so far as I can tell it now, is the story of some old Unitarian worthies, the heralds of the new day. I have touched it because I love to read the records of their life and work. They were men who answered in their time to the dawn and the dayspring from on high, forerunners of the nobler and fairer faith in God and man. Let their names be held in honor by us and their memory be fragrant. We reap from their sowing as others will reap from ours, while we can sing as they could not,

“Surely the day is on our side,  
 And heaven, and the sacred sun,  
 Surely the stars, and the bright  
 Immortal inscrutable night.  
 Yea the darkness, because of the light,  
 Is no darkness at all, but blooms as a bower side  
 When the winter is over and done.”

## THEOPHILUS LINDSEY

THERE is a small place called Catterick in my native County of York in England, where the Romans built a fortress, and held it almost to the close of their stay in the kingdom, and where Paulinus came to preach and baptize in the year 627,—the first missionary sent from Rome to the rude tribes in the Yorkshire dales. He won the queen of Edwin, our king, to the faith, and she won Edwin after some trouble and delay, and then he ordered his subjects to follow him, and be baptized in the small bright river close at hand. The people and the high priest of the old religion hurled down the great idol at a place not far away, because, as he said, the old gods had left him poor after many years of good service, and he was quite ready to try the new.

Edwin built a church, also, within the old Roman station, as we guess, and a man was made vicar of this church eleven hundred and thirty-six years after the advent of Paulinus and the conversion of the tribe, such as it was, the story of whose life I want to touch this morning. This was Theophilus Lindsey, a fast friend of Franklin, and of our Republic, new born then and passing through her darkest days.

His mother was a cousin to these Marlbor-

oughs we know of here in New York. She lived in the family of the Huntingdons, earls of degree, and of whom Selina, the countess of Huntingdon, was the fast friend of Wesley and Whitfield, and a woman of such sterling worth that it is reported when Chesterfield heard some persons of quality sneering at her for her piety, he said he should like to take his chance at getting into heaven, holding on her gown. Mr. Lindsey's father was a Scotchman, and married his wife for pure love of her, I trust; but it was a great alliance for the canny Scot into the bargain, and it is clear he knew as well what he was about in this respect, as any man of his nation who ever crossed the border. And so little Master Lindsey was named Theophilus in honor of a lord of that name among the Huntingdons, and perhaps, for the further reason, which prompts you to name your son Theophilus when you have a relative of that name who has oceans of money and power. Because if you can get those noble people to stand sponsor to your son over there in England, if you design him for the church, and they have rich livings in their gift,—as these Huntingdons had,—you may go to sleep with the restful feeling of a man who so far has done his whole duty. Then there were the Hastings, also, with whom the newly-wedded wife was intimate, two maiden ladies with plenty of money, and very warm hearts; and they took charge of the boy's education, sent him to a good grammar school, thence

to St. John's College in Cambridge, and kept their eye on him to such good purpose, that when a great bishop wanted a tutor for his son, they got him the place, and added another string to his bow, so that if the Huntingdons had no living ready, when the young man was ready to take orders, the bishop would be sure to have one, and then he would be provided for beyond all question for the rest of his life. So when he was ordained, there was a living ready for him in London, by the grace of Lady Anne Hastings, one of the good maiden sisters. Then the Huntingdons took hold and gave him a lift also.

The Duke of Somerset wanted a chaplain, and needed one. They got Lindsey the post, and then in no long time, the Duke died in his chaplain's arms. His grandson was the Duke of Northumberland, a boy of nine, in very delicate health. He went abroad with this lad and traveled with him a couple of years, and when they came home, he was presented to a living of very great value. For you must understand that these livings are just as much the property of those who have the good fortune to own them, as a horse is, or a ten acre lot. They can give them to whom they will, or sell them to the highest bidder, subject to the life of the incumbent in possession; so that within my memory, you could read scores of advertisements like this; "To be sold, a living worth so many hundred pounds a year, in a pleasant neighborhood, age of the present incum-

bent, say 85." You buy such a living, enter on it at the old man's death, turn his old wife and daughters out on the world—and that is the state church of England.

Well, Lindsey was just warming his new nest when the Huntingdons took hold again, and presented him with a much richer living in the west of England, so he went there and began again. Then my Lord Duke of Northumberland took a turn at him once more. He was to go to Ireland as viceroy of that hapless kingdom, wanted young Lindsey to go with him, and it was on the cards that he should be presently made a bishop; but here the man made a stand against this perpetual downpour of good fortune.

He would not go to Ireland; he was well content to be vicar of a rich parish in Dorset; he would have no more promotion, he had got enough.

And well you may be content to be vicar of a good parish in a pleasant English county.

First of all, your parsonage is apt to be a perfect wonder of comfort and convenience. It fronts south as a rule, and is backed by an orchard and a garden. The old walls of the garden are covered with cherries, plums, and apricots, and in the south they even try to grow peaches; getting with infinite pains about the sort of peach we see here in early June, and avoid as we avoid the plague. But with this very slight drawback touching the peach, and the grape let us say, I know of no spot under the sun more exquisite than



your old English vicarage and its garden. In the garden you are sure to find all the old fruits and flowers, and the fruit is as safe as if it was in Eden, for I never heard of the boy who could even imagine a raid on the vicar's fruit; while you have to guess at the age of the vicar's house, covered as it is with vines and roses, trained about the ancient mullioned windows, or invaded by honeysuckle and sweetbriar when you open the casement, that has to be braided gently back when you close it, as a maiden braids back her hair. Then your vicar's income also, is, or was, as safe as the Bank of England. It had known nothing since the days of Queen Anne of hard times, or panics, or revolutions. The king may lose his throne and become a beggar with the Stuarts, but your vicar sits in his chair and draws his income with a quiet regularity, which sets the seasons themselves, one would think, on edge with envy, so steadily comes the day when your money is paid down on the nail. We trace the vicars of the church where I was baptized in 1824. The man who baptized me was fifty-two years vicar, and I doubt whether a poorer preacher ever stood in the old oaken pulpit, but that made no matter; keeping the church between yourself and what might befall you when you got through, was the main matter, and then the parson might hunt, or shoot, or fish to his heart's content, and no man say him nay.

Well, Mr. Lindsey was now the vicar of one



of these fine old parishes, and if he had been content to be this and no more, I should not care to touch the story of his life, but he was not content. It came out in no long time that the man had struck a great trouble.

He had found somehow that while these people had given him the livings, each better than the other, God had also given him a conscience, and a certain solemn insight of this human life of ours, which would not let him rest. Everything in the world had been done for him, but this was not enough; he found now that he must do something for himself, and for the Most High; so this undid all the doing of the Huntingdons, the Somersets, the Hastings, and the Northumberlands, who had stood to him up to this time in God's stead.

The first sign he made that he was not to be one of the old easy-going sort, was a move to exchange his living in the pleasant southwest, for one in the bleak and barren north, this eleven hundred years old church at Catterick.

It was a hard place with a much poorer income, but a man was wanted there who would be a second Bernard Gilpin, and put his whole soul into the work of winning the people from something like paganism to God, and as it turned out he was the man.

Then there was another reason. He had read that word of Paul, I Corinthians VIII and 6th verse, "there is but *one* God the Father." This

word had sunk into his heart, and haunted him so that he had to ponder its meaning, and try to find for his own soul's sake the truth of the Trinity or the Unity of God. There in the north, also, he had heard of men who would talk with him frankly on these high matters. He was of too great a heart to do as thousands do now, who, not believing one word about a Trinity of deities, keep this all to themselves and make as if they believed it, all for reasons I will not venture to explore.

He was not clear yet about this truth of the Unity of God. He was only seeking for light, but meanwhile, as he was now Vicar of Catterick, he went bravely to work to do his best, and did it grandly. He fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, started ever so many schools, and helped to maintain them out of his diminished income. He was a sort of rough and ready doctor, also, carrying such simple medicines as he could prescribe along with his Bible and prayer book. Living with his brave good wife on a very small part of his income, giving away all the rest, and never saving a sixpence, he was in a word what thousands of "good parsones of a towne" have always been in England. Still the good parson felt this was not all he must be and do. These thoughts would still haunt him of the Trinity, and whether it was a truth taught in the Bible or a dogma of the church.

He was a man of excellent learning, and the

most absolute sincerity. He would play no tricks with his soul for the sake of his living. His friends, almost to a man, were in the old mother church; his social position was lost if he left it. The Hastings, Huntingdons, and Northumberlands would all go back on him if he became a Unitarian, but if he stuck to the church, they would help him on again, if he did but give them a sign; and he still might no doubt be a bishop, if he would only hold his tongue, and strike for a bishopric. He had a friend high in the church, who thought just as he did, when they talked these things over, but this man gave no sign of distress when he had to read the Trinitarian formulas in the prayer book.

There was no such easy-going way open to my good vicar. He said when he was through with the fight, and had come out square for the truth. "It appeared to me at last to be a real duplicity, that while I knew I was praying in my heart to the one God the Father, my people were led by the language I used, to address themselves to two other persons; and as one great design of Christ's mission, was to promote the worship of the Father, as he himself tells us, I could not think it right to do what I was doing, for the simple-minded people who worshiped God with me." Then he had a severe fit of sickness, which brought him face to face with death, and demanded whether he could face the eternal world in this mask he was wearing, while as he was getting well he happened

on an old book, written by a man who had given up his living a hundred years before for the sake of his conscience, and the man said these words to him, as it were, out of the eternities, "When thou canst no longer continue in thy work, without dishonor to God, discredit to religion, the loss of thine own integrity, the wounding of thy conscience, the spoiling of thy peace, and the risking of thy soul, then thou must believe that God will turn the laying aside of thy work to the advancement of his gospel."

It took him ten years to fight that battle; he would have got through more speedily, but there was a movement in Parliament to soften down the ancient dogmas, and make it easier for men like Lindsey to say the prayers of the church. But nothing came of it; you must say the prayers and creeds just as they stood or quit. So at last Mr. Lindsey prepared with his good wife to give up his living at Catterick, and go out into the world, not knowing whither they went, trusting in God. They did a noble stroke of work in the last year of their residence. The smallpox was making great havoc in the parish. It was still a matter of most painful debate whether people should be inoculated for this dire disease or left to die; and I think it was in this very year, that the Vicar of St. Andrews in London, preached a sermon from the text: "The Lord smote Job with sore boils," arguing that these were in some sort synonymous with the smallpox, and so as

these sore boils of the modern day were also from the Lord, it would be rank blasphemy to try to prevent them by inoculation. "Not so," said the Lindseys. They had every child in the parish inoculated; the good wife saw them through the crisis without the least harm to any of them, and then with their whole means used up in this work, they prepared to leave, after the good vicar had sold his library, to save them from mere beggary, when they turned away from the dear old place.

This was in November, 1773. Mr. Lindsey had a number of small chapels in his great rambling parish, as well as the ancient mother church, so he went to them all to say his last words, and the simple-hearted folks wept like children, when he told them they would see his face no more.

They were small farmers and day laborers, they had no time or chance to search into these questions of the Trinity or Unity of God; it was as strange as if a Hindoo had talked to them of the mysteries of the Rig Vedas.

But there was one book they could read to a better purpose even than their Bible, and that was the good parson's life through these ten years. That was as good to them as fine wheat, and as sweet as the heather on the moors, so their souls clave unto him, and they pleaded with him, and cried: "Nōa, nōa, parson, ye munnot leeave us, ye mun steāāy and tak care of us, and of these bairns of ōōrs. Why parson, if you be a Unitarian, so be we, dunnot leeave us, parson, we

will believe just what ye tell us, just stēay, just stēay, that's all we want, just stēay."

It was not the first time a man had to tear his heart to bleeding for the sake of his conscience, and it could not be the last. All the paths his feet had worn were closed to him, except this that led out into the wilderness, and if it should please God to the rest that remains. He got about \$200 for his library, it was all they had in the world, and then the long stern fight was over, and he was a free man.

You will find many papers about it all, in the old magazines, for the step made a great commotion.

They all speak of Mr. Lindsey with pure respect, no matter where they stand, if they do not happen to be religious magazines; and his bishop in parting with him said: "I have lost the best man I had in my whole diocese."

He went with his wife to London to see what might be waiting for them there. This faith in the unity of the divine nature, this central truth to us, was winning its way then in London, as it was in Boston, but in the one city it was hidden away rather than revealed in the Presbyterian churches, as in the other it was hidden away in the Puritan churches. Men like Priestley and Lardner, Rees and Kippis on that side of the water were beyond all question Unitarians, as men like Mayhew and Chauncey were on this side, and John Milton for that matter, and John Locke,



with a great line of men of the most excellent genius, learning, and holiness, only they were very much like some in our time, they were not what we call "come outers," and whispered their secret, as it were, to the winds. But my good old vicar had no such trouble as this; he had found what he believed to be the simple and abiding truth, and if there was but one man of that conviction in the whole world, he would be that one man. He had bought his freedom with a great price, and it was dear to him as his life, to be just what he was, a confessor of the truth, that there is one God, our Father. He could lose his living and his old friends, and what some call caste, but he could preach the truth as it had come to him, and this is what he did very soon after he got to London.

He took a room, began to preach, and soon found the place crowded, so that they began to talk about a new chapel, and as a good many persons of wealth had gathered about him, this was easily done; Franklin was one of those who helped to build that chapel, and to maintain the good Confessor.

It was still standing in Essex Street a few years ago, close to the Strand, and while we should not think it was a very imposing place, I have no doubt that for those days it was considered quite splendid. I preached there in 1871, and there were a few present like Sir John Bowring who remembered the fine old man; so it seemed to me a



very sacred place, as I thought of this man with the best there was in England at his back, "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," turning away from that, enduring as seeing Him who is invisible, and for the sake of a good conscience, content to be what he became, the first Unitarian minister, so called by this name, in the City of London.

This is the story of the good vicar, and the lesson from his life to me lies in his steadfast purpose to be honest and true to the light that shone for him, and then to make his life true to this light at the sacrifice of wealth and ease, place and position, and of friendships that reached away back into his cradle. And this is my conclusion, that no matter where we belong in the great church of God, we should be honest and sincere, as this man was, and tolerate no double dealing in these things that touch the soul's life, because they lie at the very root of morals and of character. The most sacred ideals are hidden within our faith in God's truth, and the finest powers we can use in our life are molded and made fine through such believing. Nor can I doubt, that when a man will consent to say one thing while he believes another, it must be to the lowering of all his standards, and the debasing in some subtle way of his whole life beside.

When men and women in our church, or in any other, say what they do not believe, it is as when people get hold of a bank note they do not

believe in, and pass it quietly on to the next man who will take it, so that in time the whole currency of God's realm, God's truth, comes at last to be suspected and breaks down.

In the great central citadel of the old castles in England, as I remember them, there is almost sure to be a well of living water, sunk deep down in the foundations, and this was counted a most momentous matter; they could store up provisions for a siege, but the well of living water springing down there in the deeps, stored and sprang of its own sweet will, and gave them everduring strength to defend the place. So have I thought of this honest and sincere conviction of God's truth in a man's life. It is as a well of living water in the central citadel of his power, while the mere make-believe is as the tanks we fill, to find the water grow turbid and fail when we need it most.

My good old vicar found the well. It was hard work and cost him about all he had in the world, but he found the well, and from that day he drank of the waters of the everlasting life.

And so I know of no nobler truth than this to tell,

“To thine own self be true.

And it shall follow as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

## WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

THE subject of my discourse this evening is William Ellery Channing, the foremost Apostle in this new world of our faith, but so broad and sweet in his sympathy and fellowship that a good Roman Catholic said: "I hug to my heart such a Unitarian as he was, because he was a *Liberal* Christian, and as he grew older, grew wiser in his charity and wider in his sympathy for those who were not of his own mind." And Theodore Parker said, when he heard of his death: "No man in America has left a sphere of such wide influence, and no man since Washington has done so much to elevate his country." And in touching for you the story of his noble and beautiful life I shall endeavor to answer two questions:

I. Who he was, and

II. What he was.

And may I say at once, we find small help in seeking for an answer to my first question from what we can find in the old mother land; the more's the pity, because grapes do not grow on thorns, so they must have been vines of a fine promise which could give us such a cluster in the fullness of time; and I have no doubt that, if we could trace the Channings, and the Ellerys, through the far-reach-

ing ages, we should find men and women of a rare virtue in their humble lot, and light on many a story in their lives well worth the telling. Still, as we have the grapes we can leave the vine where the eternal providence has left it and go on to notice that we do know of those who have to answer the question for us: "Who was William Ellery Channing?"

The mother side of the line makes its first clear mark in the Revolution, when grandsire Ellery signs the Declaration of Independence. It was a great regret to this good man, when he stood on the summit of four-score years and ten, that he had not made more of his life, and we must allow the regret to stand, because he felt he had in him to do some one thing supremely well, but like so many young men in our own day he would not endure the hardness we must endure to win a good rank in anything, and so he let his life slip away, as he thought, to no great purpose. But there was a real worth in the man far beyond what he gave himself credit for, which is also to his credit. He durst sign that Declaration, when for aught he knew it was a hanging matter, and from all that we can learn he did fairly well whatever he took in hand, while, like so many more, he seems to have owed a good deal of the worth that was in him to his wife.

He was fond of what is called good company, which in those days meant spending your evenings at a tavern. The young wife saw the peril of this

habit, but being a wise woman she did not fret and scold. She had a pretty turn for confiding her troubles and her joys to a little diary she kept, and one day she told it how glad she was that the evening before her husband had sat with her and the children in their home. It may be also that she left the book where she felt pretty sure he would find it, and who shall blame her for the innocent little plot; find it he did, read the tender secret and said not a word about it, but went that evening to the tavern to say he should never come again; so that peril was cleared forever from his life.

The Channings came from Dorset in 1712, a county in southwestern England, and I venture the guess that they fled from the shadow of a great, sad tragedy. Richard Channing, of Dorchester, married Mary Brookes about 1704, and her people urged on the match, but it was a great mistake. The result was that Mary poisoned her husband, was tried for the murder and was hung on the 21st of March, 1705, being then only 19 years of age, and after she was dead her body was burnt in the old Roman amphitheater at Maumbury in the presence of 10,000 people. Now, when your Englishman in humble life strikes a sorrow like this he moves away, so my guess is that John Channing left Dorset simply because he could not live so near the scene of this great sorrow, to have people whisper wherever he went, his brother's wife was burnt in Maumbury. Be

this as it may, when we find them here there is no shadow on their life.

Grandsire Channing is a merchant in Newport, who falls on evil days, lays down the burden of his life, and then his wife takes it up, keeps a little store, but is still every inch a lady, and makes the truth good that "we cannot call him fatherless who has God and his mother," for she raised her children well, William among the rest of them, who took to the law, rose to some eminence and married Lucy Ellery, one of the little tribe about whom the mother told her joy to the diary, and from these twain sprang William Ellery Channing. He was a good man, this elder William, but he died when he was forty-two, and left their mother, a delicate little woman, with nine children. So *she* took up the burden and bore it bravely and beautifully, with the grand silent pride of our people. They are all good, then, these American ancestors, so far as we can trace them, and this answers the first question, "Who was Channing?" He sprang from wholesome people, but, as might be expected, when we want to find the reason on our human side for such a man as this, the mother side is the best.

My second question, "What was Channing?" brings us to the boy first, and then the man. He was a lovely little fellow, they say, with great gray eyes that grew deep and luminous when his soul began to look through them, the eyes of a prophet and a seer. A boy with a splendid over-

plus of life in him, also a capital wrestler, when he began to find his thews and sinews, fond of pitching quoits, of climbing to the masthead of any handy vessel too, and then coming down swiftly by the ropes, and of splashing about in that delicious turmoil of salt water down there by Newport, able also to thrash the usual bigger boy, and doing it, not on his own account, but because the tyrant had imposed on a weaker child, a boy, as I guess also, with a genuine appetite, for his first idea of heaven's glory was an old black cook. Full of life, but slow at his books, like Burns and Scott and others one might name, who have won a great place, and especially at fault in the dead tongues, that ugly incubus of the schools in those days, but tugging away at whatever he took in hand, doing his best. "Come, Bill," a young clerk cries, "they say you are a fool, but I know better, I can teach you Latin," and it was so, because no doubt the kindly young fellow touched the nerve of true teaching, which is not the pedagogue and pupil, but the elder helping the younger along the rugged way, as Arnold of Rugby did with such a wonderful success.

It is related of Lessing, that when he was to sit, as a child, for his portrait, they wanted him to be taken with a bird-cage in his hand: "No," said the child, "you must paint me with a great pile of books." There is some such prophetic touch in this picture of the boy I am trying to sketch; he lisped in sermons, for the sermons came, called



in his congregation by drumming on an old warming-pan — and what a dim old world that is in which we elder folks find the warming-pan!

One of his texts is remembered, that pathetic cry of the child in the wheat field, "Father, my head, my head," and surely there is the stuff for a preacher in the boy who can find such a text, no matter about the sermon. There he stands on his stool, the little fellow, with the beautiful gray eyes and sunny, flowing hair. *He* wist not that he was about his Father's business, any more than his father and mother did; but like Mary, his mother kept all these sayings in her heart for the day when that stool would grow to be the loftiest and broadest pulpit on the earth, and the gray eyes would see heaven.

There is one more touch to this picture of the boy, who came to be called the little minister, opening toward the old truth that the child is father of the man. His father went one day to hear a famous preacher, and took the boy with him. It was a sermon in which the only light that shone came from the lurid fires of the pit, and cast a red glare on all things God has done, so that the boy's soul was shaken to its center. "Sound doctrine, sir," a neighbor said to Mr. Channing as they came out of church, and then the boy said in his affrighted heart, it is all true. But as they rode home his father began to whistle. "How can he do that?" the boy wondered, "the only thing to do now, is to hasten home and tell

mother about those fires," but what the good man did was to tilt his feet to the cheery blaze on his own hearthstone and begin to read his paper. Then from that day the boy made up his mind about the worth of such sermons. How could he believe in them and not end by being an utter atheist, the tender-hearted, sensitive little fellow, who saw some rats in a cage one day and was so smitten by their distress, that he opened the door forthwith and let them go, the little Newport Buddha. So this is Channing the boy, bright, strong, active and full of life, revealing by hints and flashes the coming man.

Once more the youth and earliest manhood is true to this promise. The father dies when Channing is still a boy of thirteen, leaves the delicate wife with nine children, as I said, and then we see what we see so often in such a case. The boys close in about the mother, a day has made them men, a tender brooding love is in their hearts. The Ellerys and Channings close up the ranks also, with the silent pride in them of our people; the mother and family become God's legacy to them. There is no wild cry of, "God help them, what will they do," or "What can we do for them," — this is now their trust. Mene Tekel is not to be written on the walls of their living rooms, the children must not lose their rank because they have lost their father, and William is sent to Harvard. Harvard, however, was an evil place in those days, fair morals were at a discount, for

the youths had taken the bit in their teeth. The foundations of society were shaken by the human earthquake over there in France, and boys, hardly better fitted to grapple with the vast deep mysteries of life than a fly running across the page is to understand "Hamlet," thought they had solved all the problems, and could look down with a fine patronage even on the eternal verities, while so blind were those who had the oversight of the ancient seat of learning that to cure all this, the best they could do, was to make a present to every young man of Watson's "Apology For The Bible." "Apology For The Bible!" old King George cried, when he heard of the book, "why, the Bible needs no apology;" and certainly the young men of Harvard did not need such a book as that. But Channing went through Harvard without harm, because sunshine takes no taint from the gutter, and in him was light. He would not drink wine or strong drink and so anticipate the fine powers of his manhood, or undermine them by an indulgence which in this fervid sky of ours cuts a youth like steel and burns like fire, so he came through nobly, and took the first honor. The Kentuckian, when he saw him in later life, cried, "Why, is that Doctor Channing? I thought he must be six feet tall." He was a very little man when he had come to his growth, the marrow of his mother. He gave a friend of mine a coat about 1840, and it was given to me in 1862. It is lost now with so many of our treas-

ures except as much as goes to a sermon cover. That coat would be a fair fit for a smallish boy. But he came out of Harvard with all the promise made good; strong as finely tempered steel, with a rare ringing laugh in him, free of his tongue also, but with a perfect instinct for clean thoughts and pure words, blunt and abrupt, and, as might be expected of such rare wine in fermentation, with thoughts and emotions in a cloud of eager unrest. "You are a baby in your emotions," his brother Francis said, and so he was. He could weep over Rogers, the poet, and a sonnet of Southey's even, a thing as helpless to draw tears from human eyes now as a bundle of dry sticks. He thought Mary Watstancroft the greatest woman of her age. He admired the genius of Rousseau and of William Goodwin, but balked at their unbelief, and dreamed at one time of joining a sort of Scotch Commune.

The truth is, the young man was as fine a radical in those days as one wants to see, and for that reason at his age as fine a man.

Miss Lucy Osgood told me once she heard him preach his first sermon, in her father's church at Medford, and what an impression it made on her, and how her father said, "That young man will one day be the greatest preacher in these States"; so the stool in the nursery had made good its prophecy, and Channing struck his election, shall I say, through his honest and intolerable revolt

at the scorn and contempt which was poured on the Christian faith all about him. The story of his preparation for the pulpit I have no time to tell, but one grand factor in this preparation it would be fatal to leave out. It is the habit of our liberal faith to make light of what our orthodox brethren call a change of heart, conversion, and the new birth; but I say that, once truly apprehended, this change of heart, this conversion, this new birth, is the most essential human experience of which I have any knowledge, and of all men in the world it is most essential to the man who is called to be an apostle separated unto the gospel of God.

It is that point in the history of human souls at which we pass from the first man of the earth earthy, to the second man, which is the Lord from heaven — the day which may come once for all, or once and again when the solemn lights of the eternal life rise on the soul, and she passes from her own self-seeking and the fret and worry of it into that grand calm rest in God which was in his Christ. Conversion, a change of heart, the new birth! It lifted Wesley out of his posturing and pondering over himself into the front rank among apostles; made a new man of Thomas Chalmers, kindling mighty fires in him that set Scotland afire; and taught Thomas Guthrie to teach ragged schools. And so, sweet as he was, and pure, and true, Channing had to go through this travail of the new birth before he could begin to live his life

and do his work; he had to give himself utterly to God, to count moral attainment secondary, and supreme love to the Supreme Love the end of all striving. So what was Channing as he stood up to preach that day in Medford? I answer, he was a man who had passed through this deep experience and found the new life. The solemn lights of the eternal world smote him, as they smote Paul, and he is one in this with all the great apostles from Paul's day to our own. That's Methodism, you say; well, it will be a long day before I deride this element in Methodism, fairly and truly understood. I believe in it with my whole heart, and can most heartily sympathize with another saying of that same old King George, when they told him Whitfield was mad with his doctrine of conversion; he said, "Then I wish he would bite some of my Bishops!"

But when the young man stands up to preach that sermon he has struck a great trouble. The fine vigor has gone out of him, and with forty years of work before him he is a broken man. It is the old sad story of a soul of fire in a body of glass; he could not suspect he was in any great danger, and there is a very beautiful motive within his ruthlessness. He was earning money as a tutor in the South, and would scrape and save for the mother and children he had left in the North, for he was in God's stead as a father to the little flock. The mother and his kinsfolk knew nothing about it. They had taken care he should



go warm, and live not over hardly, but he did not heed them. If there is a sin therefore *for* the Holy Ghost, for which there is no condemnation either in this world or in that which is to come, William Channing committed that sin. He faced the bitter weather with scant clothing, injured the delicate frame like one of the old anchorites, and so it was that after eighteen months he came home the mere ghost of the splendid young fellow we have seen.

He said once, "I feel as if I wanted several lives to do what I have to do," but he must get along in this world now with the fitful powers of one. He must watch how the winds blow, consult the thermometer, creep out into the sun when he can, be anxious about the draughts, sit dolefully in his study watching the weather vane, and wondering how it can point due east so long in one instance we hear of, until a friend happens in and tells him that the thing has rusted on its pivot, and the sweet, soft winds have been blowing many a day.

So it is a sick man we have to watch henceforth, but a man so mighty through the indwelling spirit of God, that I doubt whether the strongest man in New England did a better stroke of work apart from the things that belong to his distinct genius.

The church to which they called him was a forlorn hope, a small gathering of humble people of no particular brand; he built it up to its great-



ness, not alone through his preaching, but through that steady loyalty to the whole detail of a true ministry, which is, in the long run, quite as essential as our preaching. He must know his people as well as see them, go from house to house, gather the children about him as well as the elders, be a minister as well as a preacher, and so far as I can make out that work was never better done than in the Federal Street parish, while his strength held out. They were long sermons, almost an hour, and two of these each Sunday, with utter prostration, as if you were sinking through the earth Monday and Tuesday; but there he was on the track again by Wednesday, diligent as ever, a workman that needed not to be ashamed, even had all his powers kept their first perfection. He made the dear old mother mistress of his house, and the children the father had left his family. No bachelor hall for him, and no wife, until this most sacred duty was done, and this loving longing satisfied; sweet Ruth Gibbs must not interfere with this one cherished purpose. While as we see him, a little dimly to be sure, we have to guess that the mother is more than a little fretful, the long strain has told on her, but she is as the saints to her son, who plots and lays little mines of generous surprise for her and for the family, and will insist on it that they shall count fair, which means that he shall be simply counted one, just as he was when he had not a dollar to bring into the treasury, no masterhood, no sign of it, only the divine

word of his Christ and ours, "He that will be greatest among you, let him serve."

Some young men who are moved to preach, Baxter says, are like young tadpoles, the one half is moved, while the other half is mud; but when Master Osgood of Medford said, "that young man will be the foremost preacher in America," he spoke by the book. There was the voice, musical, they say, as the ideals of the greatest composers. There was the fine fruit of the lesson he had learned as he rode home with his father, that when you talk of these great mysteries of life and the life to come, you shall not talk so that your hearers will whistle as they go home and take up their paper with their feet to the fire. He took Euclid once for his summer diversion when he was a youth; I think it was a hint of the coming man, who would say no word which was not as true to him as geometry. Then there was another quality. "You used to be a son of thunder," one said to a minister once, "but how is it you are now so gentle?" "I will tell you," the old man answered, "I used to think it was the thunder that did the work; I find now it is the lightning." So Channing found at the first, yet it was seldom as the lightning that shivers with a bolt, it was as this subtle and wonderful fluid rather which floods the universe with tides of life, and can whisper loving or sad messages clean round the world. But the bolt was there, the gentlest man could be the sternest, and most fatal of

stroke, and no hand was so mighty to slay, when through long brooding over some intolerable wrong the forces of the spirit had gathered themselves to the storm. It was this stripling who slew Napoleon; his revelation of the real nature and purpose of the man was a prophecy all the years make good. He had turned France into a Golgotha in his lust for power, and women and children were weeping for their dead all over the civilized world. The freedom for which France had fought with such a blind desperation was taking the form and pressure of a new tyranny, and her tyrant was also her idol. Channing saw through the mask; this was to him the devil who had got loose, and there were those in Boston of his mind; the old Puritan spirit could not be cheated into admiration of imperialism, so it must thank God when the idol fell.

You elders know the story; I tell it to the new generation. The people crowded into the old King's Chapel, Dr. Freeman read the lessons, and the sentences seemed to have been written for the time. "Babylon the great has fallen, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord," the old man shouted, as his frame lifted and his eyes kindled to the grand conclusion, and burst into tears, and the people sprang to their feet and shouted, "Praise ye the Lord."

Then this small, slender person rises and looks on them, with those great, luminous eyes. Those who heard his sermon said it is not on the paper.

It was as one of the old prophets come again with a burden, the lightning was abroad, smiting through the rains of tender pity for the slain. "Who will not rejoice?" he cries. "Who will not catch and repeat the acclamation, the oppressor is fallen, the world is free,"—and again the people rose and shouted, "The world is free." He towered high, they say, for that instant. It was the spirit that towered; here was the great angel again standing in the sun; mortality was swallowed up of life.

Of Channing's doctrines, genius and character I have no time to speak; what I wanted to do was to afford some glimpse of the man, and even here I must fail in part, for who shall put a girdle round such a life in forty minutes? But in a word, here was New England, burnt over by the ancient orthodoxy, shorn of its utter sincerity; men were whistling and taking up their papers after listening to the most terrible sermons all over the land. The old deep streams had run dry, and there was no rain. The word must be made sincere again, and men must be won, not through fear but love. Channing poured out those marvelous sermons, his soul went out with them, and there was a new spring.

Slavery came up as the one burning question. Garrison had organized his society; some think Channing lingered a moment too long before he threw the weight of his influence into the scale. He said the slaveholder to him was an abstrac-

tion. "But he isn't an abstraction to the slave," Garrison answered, and the shot went home. "We need you, sir," Samuel J. May said, and he saw his duty then, once for all. They were not with him in his church; they refused him the use of it for an anti-slavery meeting. Those far-looking eyes may have foreseen also what we have seen, and Channing's very soul revolted at war; so if there was a pause, and I am not here to worship an idol, but to look at a man, think how the sensitive spirit was held by these ties, and then remember he did give his whole soul and strength in the great debate.

But I should be sorry, in one last word, if you have got the impression that by reason of his feebleness Channing's life for forty years lay mainly in the shadow. I think it was a very pleasant and cheery life, not as the babbling brook, but as the deep, pure river. God gave him his best gift, a good wife, quiet, sweet and restful, and children that stayed and children that just brushed his home with the wings of their angelhood and then were translated, that they should not see death. The summer home at Newport used to overflow with people, so that often they had to sleep somewhere else, and choice souls communed with him from far and wide.

When he went abroad, men like Coleridge and Wordsworth welcomed him, and he rode once with the poet in a country cart, but that was not poetry, even with the lakes and mountains all about

him. The old hilarity died in the south, but he could prance with the children still, and tell them stories out of his own head, and quite forget the moral. A touch of humor also would flash out now and then. "Sent your wife to Newport, have you, because you don't like to go to get the house ready?" hearty old Tuckerman cried, "I would not send my wife to do what I didn't like to do myself." "Nor would your wife go if you did send her," Channing answered, for they were both fond of such swift fence.

A little maid who went to the summer house one day said, "Ah! this is heaven," and little maids don't say that of a dismal place. It is among the traditions that he had that secret of charming a wild horse by touch and whisper, the charm of some of the elder saints, but while he could stop a horse, he could not make one go. The creatures soon got to know him and to take their own time; perhaps among themselves these creatures can pass the news along, and those rats may have whispered, "He is quite harmless; don't mind *him*."

"I have received many messages from the spirit," he whispered, as the last moment drew on, and then, on a Sunday evening, in the splendor of Autumn, just as the sun set, while the light was flooding the worn face, the spirit was set free from its tabernacle of clay, the last message had come. Channing had gone home, mortality was swallowed up of life.



## JAMES MARTINEAU

SINCE the news was flashed over to us,\* that James Martineau was dead, I have thought that I would love to say some word about his life, and life's work, so noble to me, and beautiful as it must be to thousands in the old world and the new, who have known him as a man, or through the books he published, which hold the choicest treasure of his life and genius, which in such a man are essentially one and the same. And touching his life, three memories return to me which I will dwell on for a few moments. One is from the life of his eminent sister, and two are my own.

His sister says: "I remember when I was under three years of age, that I was in our best chamber one day, where the curtains were drawn, and the blinds let down, so that I was afraid. But the nurse was there also, who set me down in a tiny chair, and laid something on my lap wrapped in soft flannel, and unfolding the wrapping I saw the little red face of a baby." It was the face of her brother James, one day old, the man child, whose life was to be prolonged so far beyond the three score years and ten set down in the ancient psalm as the fair limit of our human life, and so

\* Delivered at the Church of the Messiah, New York City, on March 4, 1900, after the death of Martineau.



free from the labor and sorrow the seer says will fall to the lot of those, who by reason of their strength come to four score years.

No such penalty was laid on him as this the old seer thought of, to the end of almost four score and fifteen years, when his lovers and friends in the great city looked for the last time on the face his small sister saw for the first time, on the twenty-first of April in the year 1805.

Then my own memory belongs to a time twenty-eight years ago last summer, when I was invited to preach the sermon at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association in London, and there for the first time I saw the face and heard the voice of our "James, a servant of God,"—the voice so soft and clear, but by no means loud, reminding you of the voice of our own Orville Dewey. I was his guest also in the home where he died just now, and preached in his chapel on a Sunday when he took the printed services, and sat with him one sunny morning in his Library through some happy hours,—happy, that is, to me. I remember also saying with regret, when we parted, "I would so love to hear you preach, sir, but shall not be able." "Well," he answered, "we will do the next best thing, or perhaps the better; I will give you a sermon I have not printed." The sermon was burnt in the great fire in Chicago a month after we came home, with most of my own.

This was the first time I came in touch with our

great and good apostle, and the memory is as clear, almost, as when I left him that day. He was then well turned the sixty years of age, but his eyes were not dim, or his natural strength abated; they were the seer's eyes, blue shot through with gray, keen some moments as the glance of an eagle, and steadfast as the stars, a man still in the fair latter summer of our life.

My second memory is of a day in the summer before last, when I was in London, and a message came that he would be glad to see me for half an hour. He was in his ninety-fourth year then, and greatly changed since I saw him before. The silver cord of life was loosed, but the golden bowl was not broken. The good old hand shook now, which had clasped mine in that warm, strong clasp so many years ago, but he braced himself when we sat down, and then it lay quite still on his knee. I have noticed that when we attain to such an age, or say, beyond the four score, we are rather given to speak of it with a touch of pride, if we are well still, and strong, but if we are touched by the penalty we have heard of in the psalm, we dwell on our complaints and perhaps augment them by complaining. No word of this on either hand fell from his lips of self felicitation or regret. He took the third option, and began presently to tell me of his youth and early manhood, when he was a student in the fine old city of York preparing for the ministry, and how the small band of

students would go out from the city on Sunday afternoons to hold services in the villages, how thoroughly he enjoyed those services they held in the cottages and farmhouses, and how glad he had been to hear within no long time that there was still a flowering in some of those villages from the seed they had planted so long ago in the Yorkshire wolds.

He said, "Our dear tutor, Mr. Wellbeloved, was quite anxious about this, that we should always preach from a manuscript; so we took one with us, but would be so eager to say what was in our hearts, but not on the paper, that we would brush that aside, and pour out the word, fresh from the fountain; but we did not tell the master, and I think he did not ask us."

The good patriarch grew almost hilarious over these memories; there was a joy in them which held no grain of sadness. He had returned, for the moment, to the days of his youth, and the scripture for him was fulfilled. So we said good-bye presently, and I saw his face no more.

Shall I mention another memory, which touches my own life? My dear mother was a little maiden of seven years, in the same old city of Norwich, when James Martineau was born, and I wonder whether she may have peered through the gate on some pleasant summer's day, in the early years and seen the child playing there among the plants and flowers. The pretty home and garden were there thirty years ago,—and may be still, but I

am not sure,—an English home down to the ground, and the picture of a simple elegance.

The father and mother were Presbyterians by name, and Calvinists by tradition rather than by conviction, as so many are now, and worshiped in the octagon chapel still there, built midway in the last century, of which good John Wesley writes in his *Journal*: “I was shewn Dr. Taylor’s new meeting house, perhaps the most elegant in Europe. It is eight square, and built of the finest brick. The inside is finished in the finest taste, and is as clean as any nobleman’s saloon, the very latches on the doors are polished brass. How can it be thought that the homely old gospel should find admission here?” I wonder what the old saint would say, if he could return and see some churches here of his own denomination.

I said they were Presbyterians by name and only Calvinists by tradition, for the leaven of the faith we hold and maintain was in the heart of the church, which is Unitarian now, and has been more than eighty years. Indeed the story of the change is very much the same as that of the Puritan churches in New England, which became Unitarian by name early in this century, as they had been by growth in grace and the knowledge of the truth long before they took the name.

And as the church was, so was the home, free from the iron-clad dogma and the barbed “fine points,” and sister Harriet says the Sundays were pleasant days for the children,—a good report

of the home, for over there, as in our New England then, the Sabbath was so sore a burden, so full of gloom and burdensome, that John Ruskin tells us he began to be afraid of the next Sunday, when he was a boy, by Wednesday.

I may note also, before I pass on, that when the boy James was about eight years old, this old Presbyterian church came out into the open and adopted our name, called a meeting of delegates from the other churches of our faith in eastern England, organized a missionary society and held the first annual meeting in the octagon chapel.

And now if there was time we might glance at the schools through which the boy passed, but I can only mention one. When he was sixteen the careful father had made up his mind that James should be an engineer, a good and noble calling then and always. So he was placed in a machine shop to learn the craft, but at the end of about a year, he threw up his hands, and said, "I cannot be an engineer. I must study for the ministry." He had been to a school in Bristol under the care of Dr. Carpenter, the minister of our chapel, a devout man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and had caught the holy fire from him which was to burn to so grand a purpose, while the death of a dear kinsman had also turned his heart toward the ministry as the true work of his life. The good father was troubled, and, being what we call a man of the world, he said, "My son, to study for the ministry is the way to poverty," with more to

the same purpose, but the youth held his own, and so was sent to our small college in York, about which he told me the bright story, as we sat together those moments in his home. He must not be an engineer but an evangelist, and so the mystery of foreordination and election flashes out for a moment, so I love to believe, as he stands there at the parting of the ways.

May I linger for a few moments over his early life? It was a college course of five years in York, completed when he was twenty-two years of age; then he taught the school in Bristol for Dr. Carpenter, and at twenty-three was ordained by the Presbyterian brotherhood and called to be the assistant minister of the old church of that name in Dublin, which was partly supported by a gift from the Crown, so called, of an old date, but really it was mainly, as he found, wrung from the hapless Roman Catholics, and this was a grain of flint in the eye of the young man's soul. The church would not refuse the tainted gift, no matter how he pleaded. He refused to take the money, and got pupils to eke out his poor stipend. He was married two months after his ordination, and two children had blessed the home; the careful father's words seemed to be coming true, that the ministry was the open way to poverty, but James Martineau could not pawn his soul for that hundred pounds a year or the wealth of a kingdom, so he threw up his ministry and prepared to go out, not knowing whither he went.



But there was a strong church in Liverpool, wanting just such a man. They had heard of him, some had heard him, so they opened their arms and their hearts in a warm welcome. Their beloved pastor of the many years was no longer able to bear the whole burden and do the work, so they must take hold together, as father and son, and here was the open door, through which he passed about sixty-eight years ago, to win his most eminent place in our ministry as "James, a servant of God." And here is a pen portrait of the young apostle, as he stood there in the pulpit, for the first time, by his life-long friend, Charles Wicksteed:

"A tall young man, thin, but of a vigorous and muscular frame, with dark hair, pale but not delicate complexion, a countenance in repose full of thought, and in animation of intelligence and enthusiasm. Features of no regular type or order of beauty, yet giving you the impression of very high beauty, and a voice so sweet and clear, yet not loud, that it held the inspiration without any of the art or intention. When this young man, with the background of his honor and courage rose to speak of the inspiration that was not in the letter, but in the soul, a bold stand to take at that time, we were all taken captive."

A bold stand to take in that first sermon, and the very soul of his teaching from that time to the end of his noble life! The stand our own great apostle Channing takes when he says,



“Jesus came, not to shut us up in a book, but to open the universe, as the school of our spiritual education”; and again, “We cannot comprehend God aright if we do not go beyond revelation and learn in religion from all that we observe.” And he says, “Channing was the inspirer of my youth; he led the young men fully to realize what was meant by freedom of the spirit, and the religion of the inward life, and that the foundations of Christian truth were in the soul, and must not be left to any proof of miracles, and the human soul is called to a direct personal communion with God.”

But our young apostle soon found that Liverpool, apart from our churches, three all told, was a hornet’s nest,—a stronghold of the most conservative orthodoxy. Her ministers sounded the alarm we have heard so often in this century; the church was in danger, and the faith once delivered to the saints. These three men must be answered, and silenced,—John Hamilton Thom, Henry Giles and James Martineau!

Thirteen ministers of the orthodox faith and order challenged them to the battle,—thirteen to three,—and they took the odds gladly. Martineau answered them on his part in five lectures:—The Bible, What it is, and What it is not; The Dogma that Christ is God proven to be false from the Bible; The Scheme of Vicarious Redemption Inconsistent with itself, and with the Christian Idea of Salvation; The Christian View of Moral Evil;

and Christianity without Priest and without Ritual.

The lectures were printed, and Channing writes to his sister: "I have read all your brother's lectures; they seem to me to be among the noblest efforts of our time; they have quickened and instructed me; indeed, these and Mr. Thom's give me a new hope for the cause of truth in England." And all we know beside is this, that while no doubt the champions of the old faith felt sure they had won the day, no challenge to another combat has ever been given in Liverpool from that side, and I need hardly say, none has been given from ours, save in the steadfast preaching of our gospel by the noble lives of men who succeeded Dr. Martineau in the Hope Street church and the sister churches in that city.

An eminent minister in this city said some years ago that he thought short pastorates are a providential arrangement for the relief of sorely tried congregations, while we know it was not true of men like Henry Bellows, James Freeman Clark, Cyrus Bartol, or, in all the long pastorates of those we have known and loved, that of my dear Father Furness, a ministry of seventy-two years all told. And it was not true of our "James, a servant of God," whose ministry in the church in Liverpool clasped twenty-five years to its heart, and was still sweet and welcome as the flowers in May, when he must needs leave them, to take charge of our college in London, and also of a

church. Their sorrow, when he must leave them, is not to be told. The elder members would speak of it to me fourteen years after, when I preached there the first time, and so far as I remember have never failed to do this on any visit since then to my mother land, nor can I do better here than to cite his own words to them in a sermon, preached at the close of sixteen years, for evidence of its worth.

“Nothing has been nearer my heart,” he says, “than to substitute among you the religion of consciousness for the religion of custom. And it is a truth too plain to miss, that it is the business of religion to preside over our inner world, to rule the thoughts, to quiet the passions and to elevate the will. It is also true that the condition of the inner world and life itself determines our religion, and as the affections are pure and deep, the conscience clear and strong, and the mind familiar with great and beautiful examples, are the heavenly realities discerned, while in the mind barren with selfishness the very roots are withered from which the blossoms of holy hope must spring. And until the soul attains some loftiness, by the free and faithful activity of her best powers, faith is not possible; but when she has come to this spirit and temper, misgivings will trouble her no more. Men rise then into the truth of God, as into a vision denied to the lower level and the sluggish soul. They must lift their feet upon the mountains, make them feel the wing

of the upland air, and pass the cloud-belt that floats between earth and heaven; then they will discern the palace of the Infinite and feel the silence of the Eternal."

Again, when the cornerstone of the noble new church was laid, nine years before he left them, he said: "This structure is not destined to interpose between the soul and God, but to bring them into intimate personal communion. We build a place, not for the high altar, but for the humble heart, where the worship will not be *for* the people, but *by* them; a place where the minister comes as a man among men, conscious of their frailties, their sorrows, their aspirations, and only through his partnership in these is he able to help them in preaching, and acknowledge them without pretense in prayer, by the sympathy of mind with mind, and of heart to heart."

This is the keynote of his ministry through these twenty-five years, and then through all the years to the end, while to my own mind and heart, the volumes entitled "Endeavors after the Christian Life," and "Hours of Thought on Sacred Things," contain the finest essence of his purely religious teaching, of which it has been well said: "In these sermons nothing repels you or divides. The appeal is to the deepest within us and springs from a spiritual confidence in which we too confide. We do not question; we receive. The healing influence steals on us like the salt breath of the sea. We say this man knows our needs, spirit

speaks to spirit, while at the same time he is manly and healthy, and in perfect harmony with human reason." And "England will be likely to see another Gladstone, Tennyson, Ruskin or Arnold before she sees another Martineau." When he left Liverpool for London, he said to his old friends and his flock: "Gain does not tempt me, for I go to a poorer life; or ambition, for I retire to one less conspicuous; or ease, for I commit myself to unsparing labor. And of the unbounded freedom and confidence you have so nobly given me here, it is no secret to me that I must expect less, even though I should deserve more. But none of these things move me from the feeling that the work proposed to me is of all things that which I can best fulfill, and that in being humanly offered, it is also providentially arranged."

And this was true; the old chapel, where he ministered through fourteen years, is hardly equal, as some of you know, to a New England meeting-house of the old tenor in a third-rate country town, while the church he must leave is one of the finest in Liverpool of any name. There, Longfellow says in 1864, "I went to hear Martineau; he is refined and agreeable, and there is no great show of carriages at the door." This is all our good poet says, and the absence of carriages may be explained in part by a saying current among our people over there, that when Unitarian families rise in the world and grow rich, the third generation is very apt to turn the heads of their

carriage horses toward the doors of the Episcopal church.

It was a small chapel, and, as I have been told, seldom full.

Frances Power Cobbe, a noble woman, as you know, and constant hearer, speaking of his ministry in London, says: "People, to our wonder, would come once or twice, and then no more. They expected, I think, to hear a sermon which would chime in with their own ideas, and went away sorrowful, for they had great *pre*-possessions. This was my own case for a time. We did not, of course, expect sermons like those of which Tennyson's Farmer Old Style says: 'I thowt a said what a owt to a said an' I coomed awaay.' We expected a later Luther, a soldier priest, a reformer, whose work was to sweep away old errors like the sands of Egypt and reveal a temple on the rock below. Dr. Martineau never seemed to want to win us to repeat any shibboleth after him, or to forswear those of any other man or of any church. Sometimes we even imagined that he read us an old sermon without remembering to bring its theology up-to-date — the dear, good hearers! But by degrees those of us who remained put aside our expectations of a teacher whose lessons could be formulated in a catechism, and then we found a companion like Bunyan's Great Heart for the celestial way, one with whose mind it was a joy and benediction to come into contact even for an hour, and returning home



from such sermons the home and the daily life fell into their true place. Care was minified, Duty magnified, and Affection strengthened and ennobled by a sympathy we felt to be divine and deathless. It was only when these sermons came to a sudden ending, that we knew how much they had counted for us in our life. A window in our house was closed, like the window in the House Beautiful, and it looked toward the sun rising."

And so, as you read these sermons, and listen to this testimony from one of the noblest women of our time, you may well ask how it was that the small chapel in a by-street could hold his hearers through those fourteen years. To be sure, he was a branded heretic, but no such sermons had been heard in London since the times of Jeremy Taylor, nor do I think that even those of "the Shakespeare of divines" can match them in "the beauty of order, the nobility of tone, the chastened enthusiasm, and the charm of sincerity"—I cite again from a secular journal.

And as the magnet to the pole star, they are true to the stand he takes in Liverpool, in his first sermon there, that the soul is the supreme seat of authority in religious truth.

And now "James, a servant of God," is no more, but humanly speaking these sermons are for evermore, and I will not leave those out in which the theology seemed to be not quite up-to-date, to be perhaps of the day before yesterday, and not as



Israel gathered the manna pearled with the dew of that morning.

The living soul of the man is hidden in their heart, and I doubt not at all that if we could gather into one congregation, on some one Sunday, those that hold them among their choicest treasures in this kind, and not alone of our own faith, but from the whole church of the living God on the earth, there would be no temple built with hands ample enough to hold them.

But his ministry in the chapel was only one chapter in the life of our servant of God in London. The college we glanced at in York, with the small band of students, was moved to Manchester, and thence in the course of time to the metropolis, and there he must teach as he had been taught. So we must glance for a moment at his work as the head of the college, which, like the church, so far as you count heads, was also of kin to the day of small things,—so small, indeed, that it gave birth one day to a gleam of humor, rather rare, as I guess, in Dr. Martineau. When reading in Plato the passage where Socrates speaks of having spent his life talking philosophy to two or three boys in a corner, he remarked: “This must have been written with a pre-vision of our college.” His students also remember gleams of wit and humor, when they brought their “efforts” for the master’s judgment, and he said of one: “The whole duty of man in twenty minutes”; of another, in which the student had wandered away from his

theme, "Very good, but I was waiting for the sermon"; and compared another to a Diorana, which moved very fast, but had nobody to explain it; while another student said of the master, "He is a bad lecturer, for he makes you feel he is always right, but it stands to reason that he can't be *always*."

A small college, I said, but a peerless teacher, who won the hearts of the students, and then held them close to his own. My dear friend, Brooke Herford, who won and held such an eminent place in Boston, says that in his first student's year in Manchester he would often walk half way to the town for a good look at the master's face, as he came to the college in the morning, and then turn into a side street and run ahead for another look, — there was such an uplifting in that pure and noble countenance, and that strong confidence in the religion of the spirit, which the face alike and the word expressed. While many years after this Jowett says: "I met Martineau, a noble face that might have been worn by some mediæval monk."

Mr. Herford has paid a lovely tribute to his beloved master in a sermon you may have seen, and Mr. Cuckson, who succeeded Mr. Herford as minister of the eminent church in Boston, says: "Do you wonder that we revered and loved him? He helped us to understand the reality of God. He enabled us to find the rich deposit of truth in human nature, and led

us to trust in our faculties as the appointed revealers of the truth and right. We welcomed with a deep gladness the teachings of one who clothed the essential truths of religion with a new power, established morality on no shifting basis, but on the immutable will of God, and harmonized Christianity with science and philosophy. His face never lost the upward look. He had the eye of a prophet, and the inspiration of a poet, and his profound reverence for Jesus Christ was striking as it was beautiful."

But I must hasten to a close. The great books which hold the living soul of the man for us down here went out to the ends of the earth. The masters in science, in philosophy, and in religious teaching, found in them a master, who must be heard and heeded. I can only mention this because I have no fitness to enter into the story of the grand debate reaching through the many years, but a word from his pen in his last great book touches, as I think, the marrow of the truth, when he says: "Who could ever have imagined that religion could be hurt by the discoveries of science, had not Christianity been bound up in the physics of Moses and Paul, and, looking with fresh eyes at the reality, who would not own that we live in a more glorious universe than they, that we live environed in a sublimer nature, are conscious of a more sacred humanity, and own a wider providence in human history than was opened to our forefathers. Who would demand of a Darwin, blot

out your geologic time and take us home again to the easy limits of 6000 years? And in the very hour of midnight prayer, who would wish to look into heavens less deep or be near a God whose presence was the living chain of fewer ages?"

He said once in a public speech: "The man who is a Unitarian and dare not say so is a coward and a sneak," and the faith which was only budding forth in the chapel and the home, when he was born, came to its blossom and fruitage in his life, so far prolonged; and his fame had gone out so far and wide, that on his eighty-third birthday an address was presented to him, signed by six hundred representative men in England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, Holland and America. And in the list you find Tennyson, Browning, Jowett, Renan, Phillips Brooks, Max Muller, Lecky, Lowell, Lubbock, with many more, together with bishops of the Episcopal church in England, eminent Scotch Presbyterians, and sound English Nonconformists, a noble address, of which these are in part the words:—

"We desire to express to you on this birthday the reverence and affection entertained toward you, not only by your own communion, but by members of other Christian churches, who are acquainted with your character and works, and by many workers in other spheres than that to which your life has been devoted. You have taught your generation that there are truths above party, which cannot be overthrown, for their foundations

are in the heart of man ; you have shown that there may be an inward unity transcending the divisions of the Christian world, and that the charity and sympathy of Christians are not to be limited to those who bear the name of Christ."

This was the man with whom I sat for the space of half an hour in the summer before last, when his long day's work as " James, a servant of God," was done, and he was waiting in his Beulah until the shining ones came to bid him home. While I am so glad of the memory, as he was of the youth time, when he would leave the city with the living word in his heart for those who were waiting in the cottages to hear him, and so clasp in his happy remembrance for me the ministry of all the years!

## ROBERT BURNS

IT has been finely said that whatever may be our ancestry, we are all proud of Scotland; but because we are men, we love Robert Burns, and I think it may be said with equal truth that no man beside has done so much to make us proud of Scotland as this peasant-poet, born of its blood and nursed at its breast. Some now here will remember how the heart of our Anglo-Saxon race was stirred when a hundred years had come and gone since he was born, and what hosts came together then to think of him and sing of him and recall the story of his life. It was about a dozen years after this that they celebrated the hundred years since the birthday of Scott, the one Scottish man of genius we name in the same breath. I was in Scotland that summer, and noticed what endeavor was made to bring forth something of an equal significance, and the significance was there, but it took another meaning, even in Edinboro', where the traditions of Scott are at their best. The radiance resting on Abbotsford burnt low and pale in the light that rested on the "auld clay biggin" in Ayrshire, and the poet of feudalism could command no such homage as the poet of freedom. The man who, as our Emerson says, "has endeared the

farmhouse and cottage with their patches and poverty, and who stood so high that no man could look down on him,"—we could look down on the sky more easily!

It is of Robert Burns I am to speak to you, and I will begin by saying that when this century came in, in the churchyard of St. Michael's at Dumfries, in Scotland, we should have found a grave all set about with thistles, but should have seen at a glance they had not been left to grow there by a worthless sexton, because they stood like the plants in a garden, separate and clean, And while in St. Michael's Church the minister would tell you on a Sunday that the thistle is for a sign that a curse came once upon the world, just there outdoors you would notice these thistles were as tenderly cared for as if they were so many slips from the Rose of Sharon. That was the grave of Robert Burns. They laid him there in what should have been the full, fair prime of his days, to the music of the "Dead March in Saul," and as the sounds went sobbing back into his home, they met the wail of a babe just entering the world its father had left. There were five little children in the home and hardly a sixpence to buy a pound of meal and a bowl of milk to feed them; while if death had not taken their father, the sheriff wanted him for debt, and the grave would have been his only refuge from the jail, but for a small sum sent him by a friend in answer to his pitiful cry. Englishmen and Scotch-



men of that day were voting vast sums in pensions and salaries to no end of people because they were descended from the bastard of Charles II, and for equally delectable reasons, while that royal person, Wellington,—spoken of once as the finest gentleman in Europe for about four hours in each day, and the greatest blackguard in Europe for the other twenty,—this man was drawing over half a million dollars a year for being a great deal meaner and more stupid than his father, your friend George III, of blessed memory. They had made Burns a gauger on a salary of about fifty pounds a year, with some twenty more if he could pick it up among the smugglers, and for all this he had to travel about 200 miles a week on horseback, in all sorts of weather and on all sorts of ways, and when he got sick and could not attend to the business, they would have reduced his salary by one half, had not another man done his work for love's sake and pity. His name was Stobie. It falls no more musically on the ear, you will notice, than Smith or Collyer; but if we should ever meet a Stobie and a Douglas together, let us take off our hats to Stobie.

And when they had laid Burns under the green-sward, it seemed not unlikely he would be presently forgotten. They did not think it worth their while to mark the spot then with a stone. The thistles were the only gravestones, until out of her poor living, his widow — Bonnie Jean — put up a small headstone with his name on it and the

days of his birth and death. The truth is that his last years were woven of trouble and shame. He died of a cold caught when he was drunk, and the drink had slain the stamina to fight the cold long before this, while there was shame, also, and sin of another sort,—more than I shall stop to tell; and so they thought, no doubt, it was better he should be buried with all his belongings and forgotten in a level grave.

But there was something, still, about this man which could not be buried any more than you can bury all the sunshine, or all the daisies, or all the birds that sing under the blue arches of Heaven.

Noblemen and gentlemen had subscribed for one or more books he had printed, and put them, probably, where we put ours in such a case. But plowmen and milkmaids had spared to buy their winter coats and comforters that they might buy these books, and as an old man told me once, what his father had told him, they had hid them in haymows and other unco' places for fear of the wrath of the ministers and elders, if it should be known they read such wicked books. Then in no long time he began to be heard of far and wide. He went where the Bible went, and Bunyan, and Shakespeare, among the men of our race; and then, at the end of the hundred years, we gathered to celebrate his name hundreds of thousands strong all round the world. And when the question was asked of an eminent old book-

seller in New York, a good many years ago,—Mr. McGowan, I believe, on Nassau Street —“Of what poet do you sell the most copies?” he answered, “Of Burns, beyond all comparison, of Burns —more than all the rest put together.” And so the sins and shames of him might be buried, let us hope, and their sepulcher be lost as his was who was buried over against Beth-peor in Moab; but never what makes him so dear to the great human heart —the songs that enter as intimately into the heart of a mouse as of a hero, and the psalms such as no man has sung beside about the grace and beauty which belongs to the life of the rank and file. Burns, to my mind, touched a chord nearer to the common heart and truer to it than any man who has ever felt after its music of our Saxon stock. How then could we let him vanish out of our life like a candle burnt down to the snuff? It is as natural that he should be so near to us, and dear, as that the grass should grow in the meadows.

And touching his life first of all. He was born in what we should call a shanty, and as he says, “a blast o’ Janwar win’ blew hansel in on Robin” to such a purpose, that the place was like to come down on them, and they had to run with him to another house for safety and shelter.

His father was a farmer in a small way, and his mother was a poet in this one thing,—she could sing the old ballads of Scotland so that, as we used to say in the north, “they would fetch a

duck out of the water" to hear her. It is told of Robert, also, that as he grew up he was rather stupid and backward at his books, which was a great comfort to another Robert many years ago. And old Murdock, the Scotch schoolmaster, used to say it was "Gilbert Burns and no' Robert that was the boy to make his mark." Yes, and Gilbert could make poems in those days, when Robert found it hard to make pot-hooks; "and hoo Robert cam to be a poet and Gilbert just nae-body by compareeson with Robert was mair than even a schoolmaster could tell ye." And Robert knew no more about it than old Murdock, and no more than Will Shakespeare, the Stratford black sheep. There he was, the handsome black-eyed boy eating his parrich and his kail, and tugging at his books and chores, with the mither to cosset him and call him "my bonnie laddie," and his father, who could tell him all about thistles and daisies and mice and sheep, and always came up to him on the hill when he was minding the sheep, especially when the thunder was abroad in the heavens, and so Burns came in his manhood to love the thunder.

Then the time came to the boy of 17 which comes to us all, soon or late. It came when he was working in a field one day among the reapers, a maid and a youth taking the ridge between them as the custom was then. So as they went over the land together, the maid began to sing an old Scotch ballad, and the boy blushed

and said he thought he could write a ballad if she would sing it, and then she blushed and said she would try. So the ballad was made, and I think this was the first flash out of the dark where it lay of this matchless gem of genius in Burns. Then the time came when he began to be mastered by this genius, and to come under the spell he could no more resist than we can resist the roll of the planet, while it was when these spells were on him the things were done we hold closest in our hearts. One incident of this sort must stand for my instance of the way the spell would hold him.

He was plowing with four horses one bitter day, with John Blanc for his driver, as John used to tell the story sixty years after. The boy, turning his head, saw a mouse torn out, nest and all, by the share, and tossed into the wide desolation. Well, John, with a boy's instinct, "went for the mouse," as we say; but with a swift leap (and a curse, I believe), Burns caught him and shook him back to the head of the team, and then the old man used to tell how "he was-na himsel ony mair that day, but just gaed aboot as if he was in a dream," and next morning his sister found this in his drawer in the garret:

"Wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
Thou need na start awa sae hasty  
Wi' bickerin' brattle!

I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,  
Wi' murderin' pattle!

"I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
Has broken Nature's social union,  
And justifies that ill opinion  
Which makes thee startle  
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion  
An' fellow-mortal!

"I doot na, whyles, but thou may thieve;  
What then? puir beastie, thou maun live  
A daimen icker in a thrave  
'S a sma' request;  
I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,  
An' never miss 't!

"Thy wee-bit hoosie, too, in ruin!  
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!  
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,  
O' foggage green!  
An' Bleak December's win's ensuin,  
Baith snell an' keen!

"But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,  
In proving foresight may be vain:  
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men  
Gang aft agley,  
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,  
For promis'd joy!

“ Still thoo art blest, compared wi’ me!  
The present only toucheth thee:  
But och! I backward cast my e’e  
On prospects drear!  
And forward, though I canna see,  
I guess an’ fear!”

I may add just here that this noble passion of tenderness toward all the things that run and fly was no mere spasm, born of that winter day. Burns could never bear to hunt or shoot anything; the only thing he could do of this sort was now and then to go a-fishing, but then, I presume he felt as all good anglers do,—that this was just as good fun for the fish as the fisher.

Then the times grew very hard for the family. The boys had to work hard and live on the poorest fare to make up the rent. The young man’s head went down and his strong shoulders went up, while that fiend took possession of him we call dyspepsia. We find it here under the pie crust; Burns found it on the bare platter. And yet in not much over a year this picture covers of the dead-lock with the wolf, the things were done (with a few fine exceptions) that make him the great poet of the people’s heart. They were printed in a book; the book carried the poet to Edinboro’.

Scotland in those times had fallen on evil days. Her strong life was like strong land turned back into the wilderness, when you have to guess its qual-



ity by the splendor of the weeds. When Burns went there, he went where the weeds grew thickest for a man of his makeup and his genius.

“Oh, man,” old Girdwood said, the sexton of Grayfriars Church, as he tossed a skull out of a new-made grave one day, “this was the grandest preacher, once, in the toon of Edinboro’; he would drink glass for glass until the hail company were under the table deed drunk; and then he would gang intil anither room and call the sairvants to prayers and discourse to them as if he had na had a drop. Oh! he was a gran’ preacher.”

This was the sort of society which was to receive Burns in Edinboro’. He was the best man there who could drink all the other men blind; and they called it gallantry to seduce women and make them almost as base as they were themselves. There had always been a broad and open way between Edinboro’ and Paris since the days of the hapless Queen Mary, or before this, and the Scottish life there had caught the taint without the polish of the greater capital.

Burns never got over that visit to Edinboro’, if I may judge from all I have heard and read. In what he did before this time, I think, the folly was more than the sin; but in what he did after, the sin was more than the folly. Before he went to Edinboro’ he was still capable of repentance, but after he came home the thought touches me that he was only capable of remorse. As I follow him up to this time, I think there is a certain delicate bloom

on his life, as well as on the world he lives in and on men and women, "the glory and the freshness of a dream," something like the round-eyed wonder of a child; but after this the bloom is lost and the curse of knowingness is on him, one of the worst poisons in the pharmacy of the pit.

And then he married Jeanie, too late for mense, as he used to say, but too soon for love, got a home of his own, and rented a farm on fair terms, and the children came apace about his knees. But still we hear how he would eat only the simplest food there in the home or anywhere else, and would never drink under his own roof; how he taught the children also, after his day's work was done, and kept up the good old Scottish custom of reading to them out of the Bible; also how his elder son said long after that no man could read the Bible as his father read it, and he would always sob over that matchless threnody, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down." And again, how he was never in the least disturbed when he wrote the poems of this later time by the noises of the children about him, and he would always talk to them, also, in good broad Scotch, and would forgive them anything in the world except a lie.

Let us turn now to the light and have done with the poor broken lantern. Burns sang for Scotland. And starting here, or ending here, the genius of Burns always flows at its best from the heart of the Scottish peasant and the son of the soil, the man of the people who makes the people's

life his own. The man who struck his harp to sing of his own native land as the Scottish people loved her and clung to her and were proud of her grand traditions, when those who were of the rank which is only the guinea stamp were doing all they could to merge her into the vaster, and in some sense, the richer, life of England,—to learn her tongue and forget their own, and blot out those great traditions as if they were, on the whole, not worth minding. This was the feeling far and wide among the so-called upper classes in Scotland when Burns was growing to his manhood, while still the folks on the land and in the workshops held on to their old pride and glory in Scotland, and were quite of the mind of one of their number who fell into a dispute once on the eternal question whether England or Scotland could show you the greatest man, so to close the question the Englishman said: "Was Shakespeare one of your breed? Was he a Scotchman?" The canny Scot answered promptly, "I dinna feel quite sure aboot that, sir; but his talents might weel warrant the inference." While another Englishman, who was speaking proudly of the Battle of the Nile, said: "Do you mind what Nelson said — 'England expects every man to do his duty,' but he does not mention Scotland." "An' there was na' need," was the quick answer, "for he weel knew that Scotland would do her duty an' no need to be told." The spirit also the poor laborer showed, who went with an

Englishman over the battlefield of Bannockburn, where they routed us Englishmen root and branch, and when the gentleman would have given him half-a-crown for his pains,—and Scotchmen dearly love half-crowns,—he said, “Nay, nay, sir, I winna tak’ it; Bannockburn has cost your English folks enough already.” “Scotland is a place where no Englishman would stay,” another said to one of these peasants. “Weel, sir,” was the quick answer, as the Scot pointed to the great mounds where our dead lie at Sterling, “it may be sae, but there are 30,000 English doon there an’ not one o’ them has wanted to gang back these 500 years.” Or another, who went to England and heard a nightingale sing, and when an Englishman said, “You hear no such singing-bird as that in Scotland,” he answered, “I wadna gie the whistle of a Scotch curlew for all the nightingales ye can find.” The whistle of a Scotch curlew, by the way, is a sort of cross between a very aggravating note on the Scotch bagpipes and the hoot of a bad boy. Or still one more, who had wandered away from Peebles to Paris, and when he got home again, said: “Paris is weel enough, but gie me Peebles for pleesur.”

This was the sort of Scotchman we are looking for,—hard-headed and warm-hearted, cautious and cannie, douce and braw, pawkie and auldfarrant, dowe and thrawn, as the humor might take him, and quite ready to agree not sel-

dom with one who said to his son, as the old man was leaving this world: "John, I bid ye be honest, because honesty's the best policy. I ken that weel, for I have tried baith." A man, proud of his kirk, also, and ready enough to say hard things about her, but always ready to take up the gauntlet if an outsider said such things in his hearing, and nourishing a certain respect for his "meenister," as he called him, but always ready to rake him over the coals if he saw his fair chance; as, when one of them, who had a very hard grip on this world, preached a wonderful sermon about Heaven, with her golden streets and gates all pearl, and then one of his hearers remarked, when they were going home: "I never knew a man so deed sure of Heaven as our meenister and so unwilling to gang there himsel'." Or, when another, who had got a boil on his conscience that would not let him eat an apple, said so once to another of them, his answer was, "'Deed, sir, it's a pity ye had not leaved in the gairden of Eden instead o' Adam, it wad hae saved us a sight o' trouble." Or still another, who, when the minister asked him what kind of man Adam was, answered: "Weel, sir, as near as I can mak' oot he was about like Joe Simpson, the horse trader; naebody got ony-thing by him, an' a great mony lost."

Well, it was to this heart, I say, of the very noblest peasantry the world has ever known, that Burns had to sing, and through theirs to the heart of the world. They gave him a noble hearing

and a great welcome; went to the kirk all the same, but came home after the kirk scaled to read Burns as the truer sermon and psalm. They filled the little street on the day when he died in Dumfries, workingmen on a week-day, many of them weeping, and when a stranger said in wonder: "What's the matter?" answered: "Robbie Burns is deein', sir," and then a wail went up from them all. It was because he loved Scotland that they loved him and wept for him, who had so nobly sung of his love in strains like this:

"I mind it weel, in early date,  
When I was beardless, young, and blate,  
And first could thrash the barn,  
Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh,  
An' theugh forfoughten sair eneugh,  
Yet unco proud to learn —  
Even then, a wish — I mind its power,—  
A wish that to my latest hour  
Shall strongly heave my breast,  
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake  
Some usefu' plan or book could make,  
Or sing a sang at least.  
The rough burr-thistle spreading wide  
Among the bearded bear,  
I turned the weeder-clips aside,  
And spared the symbol dear.  
No nation, no station  
My envy e'er could raise;  
A Scot still, but *blot* still,  
I knew nae higher praise."



He let the thistle grow among the barley because it was the symbol on the grand old Scotch banner that had gone through so many battles for the nation's freedom from the English thrall. The nobility and gentry were willing to see Scotland the tail, shall I say, of England's kite, but the Scotchmen to whom Burns sang said: "No! not if it is all to do all over again, we are ready for the trial." And so this is the first grand stroke, to me, his genius has made. The thing that burns and glows in "Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled," and touches his noblest psalm of the Scottish life with a matchless beauty and grace, as he sings:

"O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!  
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil

Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!

And O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent

From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!

Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the while,

And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle."

It was this love, again, that made Burns sing of all things Scotch and in Scotland as the best and bonniest anywhere:

"The blackbird strong, the lint white clear,  
The mavis mild and mellow,



The robin's pensive autumn cheer,  
Through all her locks of yellow,  
The little hare-bells on the lea,  
The stately fox-glove, fair to see,  
And the woodbines hanging merrily."

The poem to a haggis so caught my own imagination, that, when a fine old Scotch farmer, hearing I was to cross the sea in 1871, wrote me to come to Scotland and be his guest, I answered: "I will come, and will you not whisper to the guid wife that I should dearly like to eat a haggis."

Well, it was on the table on the day I got there, and it was duly eaten, but I have thought since that there can hardly be found a more splendid proof of the genius of Robert Burns than this which lies in his power to so glorify a haggis. Yet it was one of the elementary longings to glorify Scotland that even so deplorable a dish should be thought worthy to be set before a king, as the compound with that name, a haggis.

So it is always. He is sure to be at his best when he touches Scotland and sings to us, as he talked to his children, in guid braid Scotch: "The wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnily" in the "Cotter's Saturday Night"; Hallowe'en, with its eternal charm of laughter, pranks and plays in the sheen of the pungent peat fire, and with the great Mother Nature clasping all things in the dark world to her breast; and Tam O'Shanter;

“When Chapman billies leave the street  
And drouthy neebors meet,” etc.

It is the grand secret of his genius and its key. He loved Scotland with his whole heart, and thought her peerless fair; loved the life from which he sprang, so strong, and tender, and true at its best; and loved the poor in their poverty deeper even than his own. The gowan on the brae he loved, and the heather on the moor, the wild things that run and fly, and the very beggars at their revels. He held them all in his great and most hospitable heart; yes, and the noblemen with them, who were noble indeed; and the gentlemen, who were gentle indeed; and the men of my calling who were worthy to wear the sacred robes. He honored them all, cast over them all the mantle of his genius, and made them immortal for all time.

Let me touch now the life Robert Burns has left with its lessons for us all, and see, as we must, how it was blended of the noble and the base, the ruined and the risen, the life which could never come to anything but sorrow and shame, and that which will reach up through the ages always toward the noblest and the best.

And of the ruined life, first I would say this for love's sake, that, hard on him, and bitter as the circumstances were, there were circumstances, as I would love to believe, stronger than these in the man that would have saved him from the sin and shame if he had used them as he might; but he let

his will run to willfulness as we may let a fair garden run to weeds. He was the man who could have said “*No*” to every devil that tempted him; but the nobler heart in him called, and he refused; stretched out her hands and he would not hearken; and then the time came, as he tells us so truly, when she wept at his calamity and could help him no more, when the need was sorest.

Robert Burns says to us, out of it all, he could have died with “honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,” and with the blessed sun shining on his face lighted with the light that is not of the sun; but he *himself* made the bed that was so desolate, on which he went to sleep. Robert Burns, at his best, never tries to lay his sin and shame to the circumstances that were so hard on him, but is it wrong for me to say what he would not try to say, — that this was a battle in which we can greatly pity if we cannot quite vindicate the vanquished man? I have done that as I touched the life he lived; you have seen what a wretched lot it was he was born to and what temptation there was to rush out of it into the fool’s paradise of strong drink.

But there is another thing one has to notice, and that is, there was a good deal more strictness than could be good for such a boy and young man as Burns was, in his home. There never was a kinder father, after his own fashion, than William Burns, but he was a natural born Deacon, very grave and a little gloomy, and he wanted his boys

to be just like himself, sort of infant Deacons in good standing, as soon as they began to run. It seemed all wrong that they should have much pleasure, because he never wanted much himself. And so that is to be added to the sum. Gilbert Burns could stand it; Robert could not, or would not, and so he crept away, as such boys will, to where pleasure was going on, and got it without the guardianship of his home, the approval of his father, and the sweet smile of his mother upon him, and then the boy felt guilty, no doubt, in doing what he knew his father would disapprove of, though it was not wrong in itself, as yet, and this led him, at last, entirely wrong.

That *was* the way and that *is* the way now, with some of the best fathers to be found, in their own way of being good.

Yet I know not, as I speak to you, that we can spare anything out of Burns but this sin and shame. The great heart got such mighty things out of his death-grip with poverty, for all poor men and women to take to theirs — he sang such songs of the worth of the poorest if they be but honest and true, that it is to me like our grand Declaration, set to a music which makes all poor men who hear and feel it hold up their heads and step out with a surer tread in the upward march of humanity.

But far above all that is sinful and shameful in Robert Burns, there shines a genius that is becoming finer and purer to every new generation. And

so I will presume to question the canon in his case of the greatest of all his brothers, how

“The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good is oft interred with their bones,”

because it is the good of Burns which lives now, and the bad is dying from the feet upwards, a line at a time.

I remember things I read as a boy which I find no more in the new editions of his poems; and there were other things, dead by that time, he had written and buried in level graves. For this is the truth about Burns,—that whatever comes out of his pure genius and manhood, as he would stand transfigured, touched by the anguish of the divine fire, this is ours and always *will be*, while the baser things are turning to dust and ashes.

That great altar-piece, “The Cotter’s Saturday Night,” is a picture such as Shakespeare never dreamed,—of lifting a poor, mean home into a light sweeter than ever decked a palace. And so I might touch, one by one, these perfect flowers of genius which stand so thick and flame so sweetly in this rustic peasant’s garden, but you should know them all as well as I do. How fresh they are, as bluebells pearly with dew, and bright and breezy, like the shaggy woods of Bonnie Scotland in a fresh June wind. How strong they are, also, wrestling with you and mastering you so that we weep where Burns wept, and are glad in

his gladness and tender in his tenderness. We take the mouse to our heart and the limping hare, the auld mare, Maggie Maillie with her lamb, and with these the great human family, because he was so grand, so true a man, and sang so nobly of the common things, the common callings and the life of the common people. A playwright, a hundred years before Burns, said: "I weigh the man, not the title. It is not the king's stamp can make the metal better, for your lord may be mere dross." But Burns caught the idea fresh, as I think, from the fountain, and his song stirs the heart like the sound of a trumpet and sets us marching, as I said, heads up and feet firm, as the answer to the music:

"Is there for honest poverty  
That hings his head, an' a' that?  
The coward slave, we pass him by —  
We dare be poor for a' that!  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Our toils obscure, an' a' that,  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

"What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that?  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine —  
A man's a man for a' that!  
For a' that an' a' that,  
Their tinsel show, an' a' that,

The honest man, though e'er so poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that.

“ A prince can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, an' a' that!  
But an honest man's aboon his might —  
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Their dignities, an' a' that,  
The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth,  
Are higher rank than a' that.

“ Then let us pray that come it may,  
(As come it will for a' that),  
That Sense and Worth o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree an' a' that!  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
It's comin' yet for a' that,  
That man to man the world o'er  
Shall brithers be for a' that.”

Burns was born in a land and a time when to think freely and tell your thought in religion was atheism, and in politics, treason, but the bands that lay so heavy on his free soul quickened and kindled his genius into some of the grandest strains for freedom that ever rang round the world. He was taught from his cradle that our human nature is utterly depraved, but God's angels trust not each other with a nobler trust in our



humankind than that which filled his soul, and loving as few men have loved, fewer still have told us what a true love may do to lift us toward the highest and the best.

A peasant man by birth and nurture, deplorably poor, he has made the world, and Scotland especially, richer beyond all price by his genius, and, born into the lap of that grim, forbidding time, he has made the time glorious by his advent. His nobler manhood makes good men long to grow better and bad men in their better moments be clean from the sin and shame; and dying, broken down by poverty, he has risen again, led captivity captive and received gifts for men. Sectarian antagonisms grow sweeter as we hear him plead for the human brotherhood, and the atheist gulps down his sneer as he ponders his words that

“When in life we’re tempest driven  
And conscience but a canker,  
A correspondence fixed wi’ heaven  
Is sure a noble anchor.”

And now may we hear our own noble singer, our good Quaker poet, as my last and best word for Burns:

“No more these simple flowers belong  
To Scottish maid and lover;  
Sown in the common soil of song,  
They bloom the wide world over.

“ In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,  
The minstrel and the heather,  
The deathless singer, and the flowers  
He sang of live together.

“ Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns!  
The moorland flower and peasant!  
How, at their mention, memory turns  
Her pages old and pleasant.

“ With clearer eyes we see the worth  
Of life among the lowly;  
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth  
Has made our own more holy.

“ And if at times an evil strain  
To lawless love appealing,  
Broke in upon the sweet refrain  
Of pure and healthful feeling,

“ Still think, while falls the shade between  
The erring one and Heaven,  
That he who loved like Magdalene,  
Like her, may be forgiven.

“ And who his human heart has laid  
To Nature's bosom nearer?  
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid  
To love a tribute dearer?

“ Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,  
So ‘ Bonnie Doon ’ but tarry;  
Beat out the Epic's stately rhyme,  
But spare his Highland Mary!”

## CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

### A TRUE STORY

I WANT to say something to you this evening about the life of Charles Lamb; and to begin by saying, that such a theme must be its own apology to those who only know the man through a few jests everybody repeats, but which are by no means of the deep and searching sort Hazlitt had in his mind, when he said, "Lamb's jests scald like tears." These jestlings, as he would have called them, were the first thing I heard or read from him in my youth, and might have been the last, had not a gentleman, whose sight was failing, asked me to read for him as I found the time; and one of the books he loved best was the "Essays of Elia." So I read the essays, I remember, with no idea at all of their sweet and subtle charm, and wondered how any man could care for such things as those. But two or three years after I had closed the book for ever, as I thought, some seeds it had sown began to quicken in my mind, from here and there an essay, and especially those on "Chimney-Sweeps" and the "Decay of Beggars," and made me long to see the book again, after it had vanished with its owner, I knew not where. And so when I began to rise in the world, and was earning as much as eight dollars a month and

“found,” about the first money I could spare went for a copy of “Elia,” which is now in a farmhouse away out in Colorado; and from that time “Elia” has been one of my choicest companions, and so dear to me that I can quite understand the feeling of as honest and good a man as I ever knew, who said to me once, “I love ‘Elia’ so well, that I feel tempted to carry off every copy I lay my hands on.” I would not like to say quite so much as that about my own feeling, and indeed do not think I can love “Elia” so well as my good old friend does; for I notice my own temptation seldom strays beyond the desire to borrow every copy I find in the hands of my friends, and never take it home again.

But loving the book so well as this even, you will not wonder that one should want to know all about the author, and find out, as near as may be, how that answers to the picture he draws of himself in these essays.

For you are presently aware, as you read them, that the man is holding what one might call an experience meeting with you, and that no word comes out of his heart blended with laughter and tears which has not gone into it first through some experience as close as life and death. And I found this to be the truth when I came to read the story of his life. Here was the man Charles Lamb, behind the mask of Elia, not unclothed but clothed upon. A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, called to take the noblest part in as

deep and sad a tragedy as was ever done, and failing in no line or accent from the moment when the curtain rises to the time it is rung down by the hand of death. A man with a few faults, and more failings he could confess to with as deep a contrition as you will find in the Psalms of David. A warning if you will, as Burns was; but, like Burns also, a grand and sweet ensample, and whose very vices, as one said who knew and loved him, were nobler than some men's virtues. The man one thinks of in reading how Luther said once to his friend, "Go get drunk, and then you can tell me what such sins mean when you have felt their teeth in your soul"; and he of whom Landor sung when he was dead,—

"Cordial old man, what youth was in thy years,  
What wisdom in thy levity, what truth  
In every utterance of that purest soul!  
Few are the spirits of the glorified,  
I'd spring to earlier, at the gate of heaven."

Charles Lamb died in 1834, as the year was closing, at Edmonton by London, a place known to you and me through the diverting history of John Gilpin. And if we could have gone there in the fall of that year, the chances are we should have seen Mr. Lamb, as the neighbors called him, wandering along the lanes while the leaves were turning brown on the trees and the mists were falling far and wide; for the splendid pillars of golden fire our maples rear against the azure here

are not seen in the mother-land, and if you had the maples there, you would not have the azure in which ours are framed. A man who looks feeble before his time, for he is not yet threescore; and with that pathetic student's stoop in the shoulders he has not caught, I think, from bending over the old folios which were so dear to him, but from bending over the great ledgers, rather, in the India House, for thirty-three years. He called these his "works," these vast folios of profit and loss; and a friend of mine told me how he went to look at these ledgers a great many years ago, which were shown him with a fine courtesy, and how the porter who took them down for him, and dusted them, said, "We have had gentlemen from America before, sir, who wanted to see these ledgers, so you will excuse me, sir, for asking if Mr. Lamb was an American?"

A short and slender person you would have seen in those lanes, with what Thomas Hood called a pair of immaterial legs; a head of wonderful beauty, if you could see it bare, well set on the bent shoulders, with black curly hair in plenty, threaded through with gray; eyes of a soft brown, like that you see in some gentle animals, but not quite the same color,—odd eyes, you would call them; and a face of the finest Hebrew type rather than the Saxon. "But who shall describe his face," an old friend says, "or catch its quivering sweetness? Deep thought, shot through with humor, and lines of suffering wreathed with

mirth." He would be dressed in black, also of an old fashion, though the time was when he favored a decent gray; and when a friend asked him once why he wore such queer old clothes, he answered very simply, "Because they are all I have, my boy."

He would have a dog with him, also; a creature which answered, or rather did *not* answer, to the name of Dash, and would rush away wherever his wayward fancy led him, while he who should have been his master would stand still in deep dismay, calling to him, fearing he would get lost, and resolving to teach him better manners; only when the rogue did return in an hour or so, his victim would be so glad he could not bear even to scold him, and so he had to send him away at last in sheer despair.

So the gentle old man would walk about the lanes in those days, with Dash to torment him; turn in, perhaps, to the Bell, where John Gilpin should have dined, for a glass of ale; and then go home to the lodgings where he lived with his sister.

This sister depended on her brother, so that he said very tenderly to her one day when he came home, "You must die first, Mary"; and she answered with a cheerful little laugh, "Yes, Charles, I must die first." But on a day not long after, as I make out, he fell, as he was walking alone, and was much bruised and shaken. He had said in a letter, not very long before, "God help me when I come to put off these snug relations, and



get abroad in the world to come." And long before, "a new state of things staggers me. Sun, sky, and breeze, solitary walks and summer holidays, the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, society and its good cheer, candle-light and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities and jests, and irony itself,—do we lose these with life? Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides? And you, my folios, must I part with you? Must knowledge come to me, if it comes at all, by some awkward turn of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading? Shall I enjoy friendship there, wanting the smiles and the faces I know, and the sweet assurance of a look?"

So he lived, this gentle and sensitive spirit, all his life subject to bondage and the fear of death, as we have known others live of his noble and delicate mold. But after he got his hurt he did not know what had befallen him, and was only dreaming pleasant dreams of old friends and of some little festival he had in his mind; and so he passed away, and did not see death, for God took him, while the sister who was to have gone first survived him almost twelve years.

He was born in London, as your fathers were blowing at the fires which flamed up at Lexington and on Bunker Hill.

His father was a lawyer's clerk in the Temple, where the boy passed the first seven years of his life close to the great tides that set in, as he tells

us, from the east and west, in the very heart of the great city he came to love so well that he told Wordsworth once his mountains and lakes might hang for all he cared, and, when at last he went to look at them, found he was composing his mind and staying his heart, not at all on their glory and beauty, but on a famous ham and beef shop he knew of in the Strand.

He has drawn a portrait of his father as a man of "an incorruptible and losing honesty," and not only clerk to the old lawyer, but his good servant, dresser, friend, guide, stop-watch, and treasurer. The liveliest little fellow breathing, he says, with a face as gay as Garrick's; a man Isaac Walton would have loved to go with a-fishing, and clever with his hands though he was small. For once when he saw a man of quality, so-called, insulting a woman, and came to her rescue, and the brute drew his sword on him, the little fellow wrenched the sword out of his hand, and mauled him soundly with the hilt.

They were very poor, these Lambs; and the undercurrent of rumor, which may go for what it is worth, is, that the children were neglected. But no word of this comes from Lamb, like those we have from another fine humorist, who shames himself and his genius by telling the story of his own hard lot as a child, and then draws the portrait of his father in Micawber very much after the manner of one in the Scriptures who mocked at his father's weakness and shame.

He went to a sort of charity school for his education, Christ's Hospital, so called, a place in those days of the old brutal British type, where they never spared the rod to spoil the child; staid there seven years, learning what they used to call the humanities; and had for his dear friends and companions Coleridge and Jem White, noble boys both of them, and dear friends all their lives. Jem wrote a book when he grew to be a man, which Lamb always said was full of genius. Yet nobody would buy it, or read it if they had even a' dictionary to read instead. But Lamb could never understand why the whole world of London did not rush right away to buy that book; and whenever he found a copy in after years on an old book stall would buy it for sixpence,—all the man had the heart to ask,—and give it to some friend in the hope of making one convert at the least to the genius and grace of his old friend, Jem White.

Coleridge, the inspired charity boy as he calls him, had the wine in him which needs no bush, and was dear to his heart as Jonathan was to David's. He says, to be sure, that Coleridge taught him all the corruption he ever knew which had not come by nature, likens him to an archangel a little damaged, and often wreaks on him the humor that scalds like tears. Still their love to the end was the fair rose which holds no worm i' the bud, but is perfect and entire.

When Lamb was about fourteen they could afford to keep him at school no longer; so he had

to turn out, and help make the living, for the years had brought no release from the bitter pinch of poverty.

There was a brother much older than Charles, who was doing well in the world and had only himself to care for; so he only cared for himself, being a man of fine tastes, and left the family to its doom.

So he found work to do, the boy of fourteen, and became presently the head of the household, and its staff and stay. Then in the course of time he saw the maid he could dream of as his wife and worship from afar until it should please God to open the way to his great desire. And then, when he was just coming of age, a great tragedy opened, and changed the whole plan and purpose of his life. They were living in a poor little place, to which they had moved for poverty's sake,—the old father who was passing into his second childhood, the mother who was an invalid, and helpless also, and the sister Mary who was ten years older than Charles. Mary was so burdened with the care and sorrow of it all, that one day, in a sudden fit of insanity, she clutched a knife, and, before the brother could reach her, stabbed her mother to the heart, wounded the poor old father also, and then was secured at a great risk of the brother's own life. It was insanity, the jury said at once at the inquest; and they knew this better than the jury, for Lamb himself had been touched by it not long before, and shut up in an asylum.

So Mary was sent there for her life, if it must be so, but it was found presently that these fits were fitful, coming and going with a certain premonition, when you came to understand them. And so she need not stay there, if those to whom she belonged would take her home and take care of her. The elder brother, who was thirty or so then, and well to do, with no one to care for still but himself, stood aloof. The youth rising toward twenty-one, and earning about a hundred pounds a year, stepped quietly to the front, and said, "I will take care of my sister. Let me have her home."

So she came home; and the boy turned away from the shy, sweet dream of Alice, which had nestled in his heart, and took up the burden he was to bear for thirty-eight years to come, and wrote presently to a friend, "If Mary and the rest of us cannot live on what we have, we deserve to burn at a slow fire; and I almost would sooner do that than let her go back to the asylum."

So they lived on what they had, until more came through the young man's steady striving, and the better berth he got in that India House. For he says, "I am jealous of human helps and leaning-places; and small treasures, as good John Woolman hath it, are enough to a contented mind." He burned the journal he had kept about his sweet, shy love, and the poems he had written to his divinity but had never sent.

The poor old man, his father, needed to be

amused; and so he gave up the company of Coleridge of evenings, to amuse him,—the choicest company to Lamb in all the world; yet did not think it was a great thing to do, for this poor old dotard was his father. “And indeed,” the young man says when he begins to be a bit cheerful again, “the wind is tempered beautifully to the shorn Lambs.”

And twenty years after this he says, speaking of Mary and himself, “We two house together, old bachelor and old maid, in a sort of singleness; while I, for one, find no disposition to go out upon the mountains with the king’s rash offspring, to bewail my celibacy. And we agree very well, too; but once when I spoke to her in a kinder voice than usual, she burst into tears, and said I was much altered (for the worse). I read my old Burton, and she reads stories with plenty of life in them, good and bad. She hath also been much cast among free thinkers; but that which was good and venerable to her in her childhood she loves still, and will play no tricks with her understanding or her heart.”

So it came to pass, when the old father and Hester, the servant, were dead, and they were left alone, that the cross would change now and then into a crown, and joy take the place of the deep sorrow, which indeed was hidden away by those who knew of it and loved them, and was never mentioned again until they were both dead. Mary Lamb also was a woman of rare and beautiful



gifts. Hazlitt says she was the only woman he ever met who knew how to reason; but Hazlitt's experience of women was not fortunate. Wordsworth, with a finer ear, says, "I dwell not only on her genius, but on her rare delicacy and refinement."

They kept house together, and knew how to do this on a little, until more came to hand, as I said; and Mary knew what her brother loved to eat, and how he liked to have it done. And Coleridge — the archangel more than somewhat damaged by this time — clung to the brother and the sister, and they to him; so did Jem White, whose death, Lamb says, took half the fun out of the world and the sunshine.

George Dyer also, simple as a child, to whom Lamb once whispered the great secret that as likely a man as the prince regent was the author of the Waverley stories, and George went and told Leigh Hunt also as a great secret; for in these freaks of humor, Lamb, who was the very soul of truth and honor, used to say, "I am not a matter of f-fact man, but a matter of l-lie man," and argued once that the truth was too good to be thrown away on everybody.

And Bowles was their dear friend, who presented a Bible once to another friend with the inscription, "From the author, with his kind regards." And a schoolmaster, of whose school Lamb took charge once when the pedagogue had to go away and did not know what in the world he



should do for a teacher. Lamb did not know what he should do *as* a teacher when he had got into the desk, so he gave the boys a whole holiday to their vast delight. And an artist, who had to get out a series of portraits of great admirals for a magazine, but could not afford to hire a sitter; so Lamb sat for the whole lot, which are still to be found with faces more or less of the Hebrew type. And a poor fellow, to whom Lamb said with a blush, when he was getting to be easy about money, "Do you know, my boy, I have made my will, and put you down for so much, so I might just as well pay it now." Barry Cornwall also, a young man then, and not over well-to-do, was very dear to him. He was looking much cast down one day; and Lamb, suspecting it was money, or rather the lack of it, which troubled him, said, "Barry, my desk is all a maze of things I don't want, and there's a hundred pounds among 'em. Do take it, my boy, and relieve me of the care."

All the men he met, who had a queer twist in life or mind or fortune, went into his heart, and staid there; and all the men he heard or read of, no one else would entertain with so much as the crumbs of their sympathy. He had a good word for Judas Iscariot, and pity for the man in the great sermon who built his house upon the sand, and for the five foolish virgins; but did not care much for the man who built his house on the rock, because it was clear he knew how to take care of

himself, or for the five wise virgins who went in merrily to the supper, and left their companions weeping outside in the dark; while he was not quite clear that there was not a certain grain of nobility in Guy Fawkes, that arch-traitor who would have blown up king, lords, and commons at one stroke; and had great pity also for a man he read of in the papers, who was taken up for sheep-stealing, because the sheep was taken too, and so the poor man lost his first and last chance at a mutton-pie. And Lamb imagined, moreover, what a fearful thing it would be, if, when his grace of Clarence had made his choice to be drowned in a butt of malmsey, it should not turn out to be that after all, but some other sort of wine.

One who was his friend and is ours sings:

“There is no music in the life  
That sounds with empty laughter wholly;  
There’s not a string attuned to mirth,  
But has its chord in melancholy.”

Well, this is the secret of the humor which scalds like tears. The wind was tempered to the shorn Lambs, but now and then it smote them very sore. Mary was never cured from that awful threat of insanity which went and came, while the shadow staid always on their house and life. So he could not leave her when he would take a holiday; it was so shameful, he said, to leave her, and go off and enjoy himself alone. So Mary would pack her trunk and go with him, and always

packed her strait-waistcoat to be ready for what might happen. And if they were at home they knew when the shadows began to deepen; and like those children in the story we have all wept over in our day, it would befall, that

“When they saw the darksome night,  
They sat them down and cried.”

Then the brother would busk himself up bravely in his best, put on airs as of one who was on pleasure bent, and ask for a holiday; and I think they were delicate with him, and wise, and asked no questions. Then he would go home to Mary, and friends say they have met them stealing along by-paths toward the asylum, hand in hand, and weeping both of them, while Charles would be carrying the strait-jacket, and sometimes Mary would urge him to a run on those small immaterial legs, for she was aware that it might be midnight madness in a few moments, and so they would come to the doors quite out of breath. Then Mary would get well again, come home, and begin her housekeeping as if nothing had befallen. And in the Temple once, when they had taken rooms there, they lighted on a bit of rare good fortune Lamb would enjoy above all men. It was a small place and cheap; and mousing round they found a blind door, locked fast, managed to open the door, and then found some rooms beyond, nobody had ever heard of or suspected, took possession of these also, and so lived in great state, and were never able to

pay any rent for them because they could not find any landlord to take it.

This is the story of Charles and Mary Lamb, until at last on a day we see the old man in the lanes by Edmonton with his dog Dash, and then sitting by the fire of an evening, listening to his old host who always told the same old story of the way he rode into Salisbury in his rash youth on a *mad* horse; as grand and touching a story — not as I tell it, but as the brother and sister lived it — as was ever written with a pen; the story of the boy and man,—

“Whom neither shape of danger could dismay,  
Nor dream of tender happiness betray;  
Who, doomed to walk in company with pain,  
Turned the necessity to glorious gain.”

I may say something to you on another occasion about good books; I name Charles Lamb's essays and letters, and the story of his life, now, among the best. You may not be of my mind at once, about the essays, as I was not of my friend's mind. But if once you catch his secret, and wander with him wherever the humor takes him, watching the life he touches with a sympathy something like his own, a life which never breaks forth into the bluff and hearty freedom you find here and there in Shakespeare, when laughter is lord of the day; and is never “dipped in baths of hissing tears, or riven with the shocks of doom,” for this would be barking too near his own experience, but is re-

plete with quaint humor and wisdom, deep as the deepness of life,—if you can do this, you will read Charles Lamb to your heart's delight; not now in your youth alone, but in your old age.

## CHARLES LAMB: GENIUS AND HUMOR

IN my lecture last Sunday evening I tried to touch the life of Charles Lamb from his cradle in the Temple Court in London to his grave in the old Church Yard at Edmonton, and to dwell with some minuteness on the terrible tragedy which struck his forlorn little home as he was just reaching his manhood and dreaming a young man's happy dreams of a home of his own in no long time, with Alice Winn, if we may guess at her full name, for his wife—the girl whose blue eyes and golden hair of the true wind flower, as I take it, he would see now and then in some rare picture and speak of with a delicate safeguard cast about his secret, when he was drawing on toward old age; a home of his own with Alice for his helpmeet, and those children he would dream of who were never born because of the great tragedy, but lived all the same in his heart and peopled the little parlor hung round with prints by Hogarth, and the den, smelling so strong of tobacco, and the old folios he would kiss now and then and tell you what rare bargains they were when he bought them; or, if he could not afford the outlay when he was poor, would

tell some friend where to find the treasure because, as he says, "the next pleasure to buying a bargain for one's self is persuading a friend to buy it. It tickles one with the image of an imprudence without the penalty."

They were never born, but in twenty-five years after he had given up his hope of a home like that, and was living with his poor sister, as we heard, in a sort of double singleness, he would fall into a reverie and see them sitting there — two dream children, Alice again, and John, named after his brother. "They crept about me the other evening," he says, "to hear about their great grandmother who lived in Norfolk in a great house and knew all the psalter by heart and a deal of the New Testament, and was the best dancer in the county. How I would go to see her when I was a little boy and slept in the very same chamber where the babes slept the bad uncle left in the woods to die, and how they used to walk down the great staircase hand in hand — two little ghosts the servants said, but I never saw them myself. And then I noticed my boy, who had been somewhat scared, expanded all his eyebrows and put on a look of courage. And about my brother who died and how I missed his kindness and missed his crossness and wished he were alive again that I might quarrel with him rather than not have him back. And then, because they wanted to hear about their dear dead mother I told them how I had courted her seven long years,



and, as much as they could understand, what coyness and denial meant in maidens, when turning to Alice the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representment that I became in doubt which of them stood before me or whose that bright hair was. And while I sat gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, and I heard no speech but only the effects of speech whispering to me: 'We are not of Alice nor of thee, we are not children at all. We are only what might have been.' And so awaking I found myself seated in my batchelor armchair with the faithful Bridget sitting unchanged by my side."

There is a companion picture to this we have all read also who read Elia, in which one of these child angels, as he calls them, is born. But whence it came or how it came or who bid it come, or whether it came purely of its own head, no one knows. Nor were there wanting bowls of that cheering nectar mortals call caudle when the child angel was born, or the faces of women well stricken in years, so dexterous were the angels to counterfeit the kindly similitudes of earth. And the babe did not taste death because it was an angel, but it was to know weakness and reliance, and as it grew up it went with a lame gait; and pity sprang up in angelic bosoms and yearning like the human touched them at the sight of the little one who was lame.

We were watching the young man last Sun-

day evening standing face to face with the great tragedy and saying to himself, "The happy dream is over and I must take care now of my poor sister and my old father while he lives, burn the journal to Alice, and the pretty sonnets, and be as a root out of a dry ground." I want to say now that we can never understand what such a resolution cost him except as we read between the lines of these papers in *Elia*, *Dream Children* and *The Child Angel*, that I am glad to touch also for proof of his sweeter and more subtle genius. They are the children who might have come to him in his home but for the great woe that fell on his fair youth.

It makes some men coarse and hard again to give up the happy dreams of their youth and present their bodies, as Paul says, a living sacrifice, but you have to notice how it makes Charles Lamb more tender and gracious and so wide in his sympathy and charity that his best friends were at a loss what to make of him, and would shake their wise heads and wonder what he would say or do next.

It was Lamb who first said that searching thing so many get the credit for now, as he walked through an old churchyard when he was a child and read the epitaphs, "Mary, where are all the bad people buried?" It was about as hard for him when he began to feel his way into our life to find out where the bad people *lived* and the bad things. Burns, among the poets, he tells us, was

in those days the God of his idolatry — he did not like Byron — and touched as we have all been by the beautiful sympathy he found in the poet of his choice with the dumb creatures about us, he says he would like to try his hand at such work himself and write poems on toads and things of that sort everybody hated, and would set the lobster talking of his experience to the cook, and round up the series with a poem on snakes which should end with an apology for their poison, made, of course, by the snake himself, who must be his own best advocate. And friends remember also how there was a nice bit of lawn on their little place at Enfield, at which the donkeys who had to live on the very short commons of the Commons outside would look wistfully wagging their poor ears back and forth and sideways, as if they were saying, “It’s so sad to let ‘I dare not wait upon I would, like the cat i’ the adage.’” And how Charles, sitting at dinner with them one day, saw a pair of these eloquent ears over the gate, sat up and went out, lifted the latch and let the donkey into paradise, and then came back to finish his dinner and his talk.

And as it was with the dumb things and evil, as we count them, so it was again with our human kind. We can see now what they did not quite see then who loved him best, that there was no company on the earth too good for so rare a spirit. He did not think of this at all, as it seems to me, but opened his heart wide, made the

whole world welcome and then found none too bad for his sympathy or his pity.

It is told by Hazlitt that on an evening when there was a noble conversation on persons one would wish to have seen, and Shakespeare's name of course stood first, Lamb stammered out when the rest were through, with a mist in his wonderful eyes, "There — is — one — m-man — more. If Shakespeare was to come into the room we should all arise — to — meet — him. But if That Person — should — come — into it, we shall all fall down and k-kiss the hem of his garment." It was the same great heart of pity and sympathy for the meanest and least He nourished which was in this Lamb of the new age. When a young lady was staying with them once and was making some clothes for the babe of a poor Gypsy whose husband was under sentence for sheep stealing, he begged she would go and see her too, and take the things herself, for fear the poor fellow's wife might imagine she had heard of her misfortune and was ashamed to go near her, and added with his good smile, "I feel a good deal of sympathy for a sheep stealer." He heard some friends telling of a very decent young fellow who had run off with a girl a good way above his station and how her father would not forgive her; so they had gone to keep a tavern near by and drew the inference that it served them right. "Where's the tavern?" Lamb said. "We will buy our beer of 'em." He saw a lot of very poor and very

hungry children one day looking into a cake shop as if they would like to lick the window panes, went in, loaded himself with cakes and came out, stuttering, "Here we are, who speaks first?" They all spoke first when the shock of wonder was over, and he distributed his load.

He was in company the evening after Fauntleroy was hung, whose crime and execution had made a great noise in London, and they were talking about this advertisement they had seen in a morning paper: "All good Christians pray for the rest of the soul of Fauntleroy." What did such a thing mean in Protestant England? Was the man a Roman Catholic? and so on. "Do you know anything about it, Charles?" Coleridge said at last. "I should think I do," Lamb answered, "I paid s-s-seven and s-s-sixpence to put it in."

He says the greatest pleasure in life is to do good by stealth and then get found out, but those who knew him best had only a faint idea after all of his wide and far more than royal charities. A good friend of mine said once, "The Lord has tried me fairly, as I think, with poverty and knows just about what I can do in that direction. Now if he would only try me with riches he would know what I can do all round." He was never tried with riches — this rare man we are looking at — but he had enough at last and to spare, yet spared still for this noble spending. And when they smiled at his old coat and said, "Charles, why do you wear it?", he was making it do six

months longer that he might get an old friend out of trouble. The mean poor who found him out stuck to him like the mother of the horse leeches and were forever crying "Give, Give"; and his friends would say "Charles, why do you give them your money that way?" He only answered, "What will they do if I give them up?", and never found the answer to that question. He knew all the sights of London by heart, too, and when he got the time would trot away in a vast delight with the children of his old friends to see the sights, and when at last they lighted on master Punch, the bravest show of all, would sit down on a doorstep with them, pay the man to begin at the very beginning and work the play out to the very end. And so it must have been through the impulse to laugh he felt so like crying that when the good woman was praising her children, as good women will now and then, and men not so good their grandchildren, and she said, "Mr. Lamb, do you not like the children?" he answered, "B-boiled, ma'm." And through the great heart in him, that would have none so good as to make the rest seem bad by contrast, that when another woman was belauding her minister to the skies — bless him — Lamb stuttered, "Well, I say —," using quite another word I will not repeat, "I say — at a venture." And when one day he was saying all sorts of hard things about a man he had heard of and a friend said, "Charles, how can you talk so? You never met the man in



your life," answered "that's just the reason. If I had met him it would be all over with me and I should like him right away."

And this is to me the grand secret of the genius of Charles Lamb. This deep and whole sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men and things the most of us dislike or deplore put a touch of regret into the fact that he should be ashamed to look at a monkey because he was such a very poor relation, he said, and brought up queer images of what other dumb creatures might be taught to do in time, such as that of an elephant checking his own trunk. He said once, "In this age of widespread infidelity, when we imagine everything going wrong, I love to hear the omnibus men shouting, 'All right,' as the people get out and in. They mean more than they think; it is a wisdom crying out in the streets, as it were. I like to hear that cry."

Which brings up the love he nourished for London and that made it the one matchless town in all the world to him and indeed the one matchless place. "I have a mind," he said, "which loves to be at home in crowds. London's lamps lit o' nights, her goldsmiths, print shops, toy shops, and pastry cooks, St. Paul's churchyard and the Strand. The man must have a rare recipe for melancholy who can be dull in Fleet Street. Often when I have felt a weariness and distaste at home I have rushed out into the Strand," he says, "and fed my humour till the tears have wet-



ted my cheeks for unutterable sympathies with the multitudinous and moving picture she never fails to present at all hours. Her very deformities," he cries, "do not displease me; I gladly behold every appetite supplied with its proper food; I perceive urbanity where other men discern meanness; I love the very smoke of London; all her streets are paved with gold to me, or else I know of an alchemy which can turn her very mud into that fine metal. I like to meet a chimney sweep," he says, "not an old sweep, but one of those tender novices with maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek; I have a kindly yearning towards these dim specks and innocent blacknesses, these young Africans of our own growth, these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption, and from their little pulpits, the tops of chimneys, in the nipping air of a December morning preach their lesson of patience to mankind. Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy morning rambles, it is good to give him a penny; it is better to give him two pence. I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts, yet I can endure the jocularity of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside, a treacherous slide brought me down on my back. I scrambled up with pain enough, trying to look as if nothing had happened, when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me, and there he stands still in my mind

with a maximum of glee and a minimum of mischief in his mirth, so that I could have been content, if the honor of a gentleman might endure it, to see him laugh till midnight." And then he tells the story of the rare supper Jem White gave all the young sweeps once, the one lovely idyll of their sad dark life. And his complaint of the decay of beggars in London I have no room to quote from but only to commend to those who have no knowledge of its wonderful deep charity, and the humor which lurks in almost every line, and many an essay beside is full of this large and beautiful insight into this life of ours in great cities and the good which abides forever in the heart of the evil. It is twofold, therefore, this genius of Charles Lamb — sympathy, first with our human life, and second, with the great city where he found that life most potent and imperial, both for good and evil. And so if I may slip in a moral just here, it is this, that I know of no man in modern times — no man since Shakespeare indeed — whose genius holds a finer treasure than the "Essays of Elia" for the dwellers in great cities who would nourish noble thoughts of them rather than the mean thoughts so many do nourish, and that charity toward our fellows who make us sore now and then by overclose contact, that charity which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, and never faileth.

His story I told in part last Sunday night. It

must now be finished, or rather, shall I say, filled in. He began to write the letters we all love who know him, first, and then in no long time to try his hand at bits of poetry which grew pale in the radiance of his matchless prose and can never be more than the shadow to its light. And like most men of the rarest gifts he had to wait for his audience and indeed had to die before the world was half aware of the worth of what he had done. So you must not be disheartened whose very bones ache to be heard of men but find few to hear you. Our own Willis says he met Lamb when his best work, as I make out, was done, and told him how he had bought a copy of *Elia* the last day he was in America. "And what did you give for it?" Lamb said. "Seven and sixpence," was the answer, and then Lamb began to count out the money on the table, begging Willis to take it, because he never wrote anything yet that would sell. "My last poem," he stuttered, "won't sell a copy. Have you seen it, Mr. Willis?" "No," was the answer. "Well, now, it's only eighteen pence and I will give you six pence toward the price if you will buy it."

He wrote the little play you have all heard of, and was delighted beyond measure when it was accepted. It must be good because the managers were the best judges and it would not do for the author to affect a false modesty and so he wondered how he would have the tickets printed he wanted to give to his friends through the long suc-

cession of nights it would be sure to run. He got good front seats for himself and Mary to enjoy the splendid oration, joined with the crowd in insisting on the first encore, and waited for the audience to begin to applaud in good earnest, found before very long they were beginning to hiss and hoot, and then, when that grew fast and furious, turned in, with Mary to help him, and hissed and hooted his own play with the utmost fervor, because if he didn't they might think he was a friend of the author, and then told the story with such a wealth of humor that you feel always like thanking the gods in the galleries for turning the playhouse that evening into a "Bedlam."

There were two shadows beside those I have touched, crossing the light that shone for him when the sad days would pass away with Mary's recovery. He was so delicate that a very little drink was too much, but he could not give it up, or would not, and liked also his pipe of tobacco, or rather too many pipes, and would smoke with such a cloud about him that when Dr. Parr, who was also a diligent smoker, said, "Mr. Lamb, how can you do it?" he answered, "I toil after it, Doctor, as some men toil after virtue." He said in his better moments, "Smoking stands in its own light," and felt he could write a poem on its virtue if it did not give him such a headache, and wants to know Coleridge's average noonday opinion about it, not his morning opinion, because he always makes up his mind in a morning not to

smoke, or his evening opinion because he always feels he must smoke then and thinks his friend will be of the same mind. It is not so with the drink. This he deplores, and tells young men of its curse in a strain so deep and solemn that I do not know where to look for so strong and tender a sermon on this theme as you will find in his confessions of a drunkard.

But in spite of this there was no such man in London for thirty years as Charles Lamb, to my own mind. No man so wide in his sympathy, so pure and sweet in his charity, so simple of heart and gentle, so steadfast in his purpose to forget himself for others, and professing no faith after he drifted away in some sense from ours, no man who would bow down in his heart more sweetly and kiss the hem of the garment of That Person he was shy of naming otherwise, who said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." And in those thirty years there was no place in London where you would be apt to find such good company or to hear noble conversation flashing and gleaming with wit as in his shabby little rooms in which he would say that they were contented with little but wishing for more. Those say who lived down to our own time, and one or two who are still living, that no report could ever be made of those evenings when their host was free from the burden and would back some bright thing by the remark, "Ben Jonson said worse things than that, my boy, and b-better," or plead with Man-

ning not to go among the savages on the ground that they would probably eat him and add to their cruelty the cool malignity of pepper and vinegar.

The talk cannot be reported and the genius and humor which lie in his essays and letters cannot be dissected or even transferred to a discourse like this of mine. It was my purpose at the outset to try to do this, but I noticed that I was marring the rare beauty and completeness of the essays I touched. It was as if you should cut a face from some rare picture and say "Look at that," or show the fragment of a rare marble. I may try again sometime to speak of some of the essays. It will only be as if you should patch cloth of gold with serge. Two years ago about this time I made discourse about good books and said I would name some of the best as they came to me — books you can put on a shelf or two and feel you are rich beyond any man you can name who has not learned to love the best. I name Charles Lamb's among them and among the first. You may not be of my mind, as I was not of my blind friend's mind, or you may never be of my mind, for Lamb still has his own audience. But if once you catch his secret and wander with him wherever the humor takes him, watching the life he opens to you with a heart somewhat like his own — a life which never breaks forth into the bluff and hearty freedom you find here and there in Shakespeare, where laughter is lord of the day,

and is never flooded with the noontide sunshine or dipped in baths of hissing tears or riven with shocks of doom (for this would be harking too near his own experience) but is full of the sweet golden light of our October days rather, when the haze falls, or clouded with the gray fleeces that still have mostly a silver lining — if you can do this you will find such treasures as I know not where to look for otherwheres and know what is in his good heart when he sings:

“ It were unwisely done should we refuse  
To cheer our paths as featly as we may,  
Our onward path to cheer, as travelers use,  
With merry song, quaint tale or roundelay.  
And we will sometimes talk our troubles o’er,  
Of mercies shown and all our sickness healed,  
And in his judgments, God remembering, love,  
And we will learn to praise Him evermore.”



## HAWTHORNE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, the raciest name in American letters, was born in the queer old city of Salem he has made so mysterious and yet so familiar to us through his writings. He came of an old sea-faring race that, time out of mind, had left their home, gone to sea, and risen through storm and shine to the rank of captain, and then, at last, had come back for good and all to the old place, to die.

The father of Hawthorne was a sailor, the last of the line that followed the sea; he died when Nathaniel was six years old. His mother, after this, carried the boy into Maine, and sent him, in due time, to college, where he had Longfellow, the prince of our poets, and Franklin Pierce, for classmates, and whence, also, he graduated.

And then, as if Nature would be avenged for all the gadding about of all the Hawthornes, he retired into a seclusion so deep as to be seldom seen, even in his own family circle; wrote wild tales, also, on which he had no more mercy than the old Hawthornes had for the witches, for he burnt them, and printed a romance in Boston in 1832 of which no man knoweth the sepulcher unto this day; sat at the receipt of customs, under Mr. Bancroft, on

the Long Wharf in Boston, and there showed enough of the salt to make him a favorite with the sailors; but went out of that, when Harrison set up his log cabin, into the Brook farm experiment, the mother-bird of his "Blithedale Romance"; married when he was forty and went to live in that old manse at Concord, of whose mosses he has preserved such exquisite specimens.

Then the new wave of democracy that carried Polk into the White House carried Hawthorne into the Custom House at Salem; but when the Whigs divided the spoils, they snatched Hawthorne's bit of loaf among the rest. But in 1853 Franklin Pierce made him Consul at Liverpool, the best thing he had in his gift.

Then in 1857 this was done with, and after some travel on the Continent of Europe Hawthorne came home to die. And so, on one of the softest and sweetest May-days that ever breathed over New England, with apple-blossoms from the orchard of the Old Manse and his last manuscript laid on his coffin, he was buried with floods of sunshine about him, on the crowning eminence of the beautiful cemetery at Concord, with a multitude of New England's children standing about his dust, while James Freeman Clarke, his dear friend of many years, said words of hope and consolation to the weepers at the grave. For in the years that had come and gone since his still-born romance was buried in a level grave in Boston, Hawthorne had done better things than acting as

tide-waiter to a political party. He had written some books of a quality and flavor as separate and unique and rare as "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" or "Adam Bede," and had done more than any other man, I suppose, except Emerson, to establish our claim to a literature of our own — something really smacking of our own sun and soil — the true wine of the American vintage. And the reason for this lies in the fact that Hawthorne was, in the purest sense, no doubt, a man of genius. Yet I am aware, when I say this, that few things are more difficult than to tell what genius really is. "It is common sense, intensified," says one; "it is the power to make vast effort on long lines," says another. "It is unconquerable patience," Buffon says; and John Forster tells us: "It is the faculty to light your own fire." "It is a mind of large powers accidentally determined in some particular direction," says ponderous, six-syllabled Samuel Johnson; and so on indefinitely, as it was all things to all men.

But I think one thing in the genius for literature is that which will never let the book, which is full of genius, lose its novelty. It is the greatest thing a man can do, also, and yet that which he does most spontaneously, "never cackling over his effort," as Carlyle says, and never wondering why all the world does not wonder at it when the thing is done.

It is related of George the Fourth, of England, that he had some wine of a wonderful quality he

treasured for rare occasions befitting a king. His butler, supposing the occasion would never come, drank the wine, and then it did come, and word was given that the wine must be ready on such a day. The butler went to a great wine merchant to try if he could not find some; there was none to be had in the three kingdoms, but the merchant said: "If you have left a single bottle in the cellar, I can make you as much as you want, and defy the king to tell the difference, if it is used within a week; but after a week it will be no better than dishwater." The story illustrates the difference between pure genius and mere talent.

A man of talent will write a book that will sell like the "Ledger." Genius will write a book that will have to darkle and ripen down in the publisher's cellars, but the wine of genius percolates through twenty centuries into the comet year, and once ripened and gathered, the time that turns the work of mere talent into dishwater puts spirit and life into the work of genius. I can remember when Tennyson was excluded from the subscription library in Leeds, because, as they said, "He was only a newspaper poet." And I suppose Shakespeare did not understand himself so well as many bright souls now understand him, because his genius has ripened and grown strong and fine through time.

Now, this is some hint of genius, and Hawthorne was a man of genius, so he had to submit to this common experience of his order. He

claimed, for a long time, to be the most thoroughly unknown author in America.

If the noble gentleman whose name used to stand at the head of the firm that published "Hawthorne's Note Books," and whose service to American Literature was beyond all praise, would have printed a book like "Lackington's Confessions," it will contain a story Mr. Fields told me once of the way he found the "Scarlet Letter" and the author of it. It was among the most touching and pathetic things I ever listened to.

Hawthorne, then, was clean broken down; the public neglect had chilled him to the heart and made him feel that his idea of writing to any purpose was a mere chimera. And it is sad, also, to remember now that all through these times this man of genius had to float out and in on the rising and falling tide of a political party.

It is none the less pitiful that a man like Hawthorne, proud, shy, and sensitive as any soul God ever made, should have to be a camp-follower and tide-waiter on the fortunes of a political campaign.

And when Franklin Pierce stands before the great white throne of the generations to come, it will hide a multitude of sins to remember that he loved his old schoolmate so well as to give him the best he had, and so, in money at least, and what money will buy, to save this nation some such regret as the Scotch will always feel for their neglect of Burns.

Then, noticing Hawthorne's genius briefly on the side of its limitations, I would venture to say that he is the Hamlet of the American mind. He sees deeply, but, on the whole, too sadly. No man among our writers equals him in the power to touch the innermost springs of the soul; and yet I think the whole result of what he does differs somehow from the whole truth and life, because you can never rise from reading what he has written feeling quite so cheerful and confident in God and man, and life here and everywhere, as when you sat down.

Hawthorne never really laughs with you, or with life, or at you, or at life; he will often tell you laughable things, yet there is little that is bright and breezy, even in them. He speaks somewhere of his work as the "moonlight of romance." His light is the moonlight of life, and if there was no greater light to rule the day than Hawthorne's there would be neither corn nor roses. There is no great reach of bright, rippling sunlight in his books; a grain of nightshade pervades them all, as a grain of musk will pervade a chamber.

Then I wonder, sometimes, if it is not because Hawthorne's ancestors were such mighty, witch-burning Puritans, that the sin was visited on the fourth generation in that fatal faculty for seeing the grim side of Puritanism and remaining sand-blind to so much in it that was beautiful and good.

It is possible that the fine nature of the Hawthornes, culminating in this man, made it impera-



tive that a blind devotion to Puritanism in the seventeenth century should grow into a blind prejudice against it in the nineteenth; not seen so clearly, however, in his antagonism to the churches and the religion, so-called, as in his antagonism to the great anti-slavery movement, the ripest and best fruit of the old tree.

Then I would mention Hawthorne's preference for what is fearful and criminal over what is healthy and inspiring, and the sense you have that the author is telling you what he has dreamed, rather than what he has seen and handled, while his dream still assumes a sharp and solid reality. So I don't expect, when I go to Salem, to meet the man whose wife lost five dollars by keeping a cent shop, but if Emerson had told me about him I should look out for him at every turning.

These, I think, are Hawthorne's limitations, or some of them. But it is the simple truth to say that, in despite of his limitations, we can find in this man's books what cannot be found, beside, in the native literature of this new world. For, first of all, each one of Hawthorne's great works is devoted to the gradual development of a great idea.

The "Scarlet Letter" is a revelation of the truth of Paul's words, that "some men's sins are open beforehand, going before them to judgment, and some men's sins follow after them." In opening this truth, through the sin on which the story turns, it is wonderful to notice how the man man-



ages to keep on the exact line between a Puritan reserve and a wild imagination. Hester's slow and painful purification is crowned by no perfect happiness. Dimmesdale's confessions are only the last relief of the soul on earth from what must have barred its entrance into Heaven, and he has to bear the dreadful burden of his secret sin into the holiest places a man can enter until the whole weight and corrosion of it kills him, while the tall woman in gray, whose dust is laid in the old King's Chapel graveyard at last, is not buried so near another grave that their dust can ever mingle.

"The House of the Seven Gables," again, is devoted to the development of the idea that evil deeds can be transmitted, with an ever-gathering force, from age to age, blighting some life in every generation. Hawthorne makes the shadow of the first bad Pincheon hang like a black cloud about the house he built. It spoils the water in the well, eats into the heart of the roses on the wall, and every detail, to the minutest, points back to that old time. The first Pincheon dead in his fine new house, with a gout of blood on his lips, and the last Pincheon dead in the same chair, and in the same way, with the chips and shavings of the new building turned to fat soil by the long accumulation of dead leaves and blossoms, this is a picture not to be surpassed for somber grandeur anywhere. It reminds you of that ancient conception of eternity, a ring made of a serpent.

In the "Marble Faun," again, Hawthorne tries

to show how, through a sin, sudden and impulsive like that of the prodigal, and after that, true penitence for his sin, a man may reach a higher humanity than would probably have come to him if he had never transgressed. But one feels as if the finest thing in the "Marble Faun" must be its power to carry you, as on invisible wings, to Rome. I doubt whether any book in existence, beside, can give, in a few words, such a sense of the very Rome of Rome; it is not only that the things are photographs, but the impression, as you read the book, is precisely that which is made on you by the grandeur, the mournfulness, the sublimity and the pettiness of the old city, in which you get a new reading of the proverb, "And, lying down with the children of the Cæsars, you rise up with fleas."

But beside this great purpose, which I cannot follow further, running through Hawthorne's books, who can tell what wonder there is in them, and nature, and humor, and pathos, and how the witchery of his genius touches everything. Everybody falls in love with Phœbe Pincheon at first sight, and, like all true lovers, can see no fault in anything she does. How I admire the way she pits herself against that ancient woman in a white short gown and green petticoat, who comes to barter her yarn for store goods. How I smack my lips at the beer she brews, nectarous to the palate and of a rare virtue to the stomach, and at the cakes she bakes, which whoever tastes, long-

ingly desires to taste again. I know she will succeed in that shop, which in one day has driven poor old Hepsibah distracted, beside resulting in selling the best part of her stock for a few coppers and a bad ninepence — the girl doing it all, too, as he says, with such a native gush and flow of spirit that she is never perfectly quiet, any more than a fountain ever ceases to dimple and warble; possessing, also, the gift of song so naturally that you never think of asking her where she caught it, any more than you would think of asking a bird. I take back every word I said about Hawthorne's genius being moonlight, in the presence of Phœbe Pincheon. Phœbe is sunlight, with a smell of sweet brier and Southern wood and sweet fern and roses and fresh fallen rains and free blowing winds and all beside that is bright and good in a bright and good woman. The mention of Old Maid Pincheon's shop, again, brings up Hawthorne's queer, racy, pungent, pathetic humor; a humor that lurks in almost everything he says, but overflows, at times, in the "Blithedale Romance," and the "House of the Seven Gables." It is a humor that reminds you of Charles Lamb, and yet you feel that they are as distinct as the tones of unrelated bells.

"They told slanderous tales about our inability to yoke our own oxen, or to drive them afield, or to release the poor brutes from their bond at nightfall," he says in the "Blithedale Romance," and "they had the face to say that the cows

laughed at us for our milking, and always kicked the pails over because we set the stools on the wrong side. They said we hoed up whole acres of Indian corn and drew the earth carefully about the weeds; that we raised five hundred tufts of burdocks for cabbage, and spent the better part of the month of June in reversing a field of beans that had come up, as we supposed, wrong way first."

But I think this humor plays most beautifully, yet with a wonderful wealth of pathos interthreading it, in his description of poor Hepsibah Pincheon, keeping store.

As she dresses her window to be ready for customers, puts up an elephant of gingerbread that tumbles down into ruin, upsets a tumbler of marbles that roll everywhere except to the place they started from, the sturdy fellow who makes the first purchase and gets it for nothing, eats the Jim Crow and comes back for a camel, and still holds on to his penny, to see whether that cannot be had as cheap as the other, is simply perfect. This store, and the Pincheon chickens, and old Uncle Vennor, are all full of the fine subtle humor at which you are ready to laugh and weep at the same moment.

When a man went to Wollaston, the great chemist, and wanted to see the things by which he had wrought such marvelous results to chemistry, he was shown some watch-glasses, testing-papers, a balance, and a blowpipe.

It is the truth about Hawthorne, too. No man ever wrought out such great things with such scanty materials outside himself.

And then, in the "Note Books" we have the key to his secret; they are Hawthorne's Hand Book of Genius. No such revelation has ever been made before, that I remember, of the hidden workings of this gift. How he came to be what he is, so far as he can tell, he tells us in those volumes; watch his great conceptions here in their first germs; trace some of them through their gradual growth; see how many more never came into life; and what a wealth of life, and thought, and observation, altogether, was hidden away in this sensitive, shrouded soul.

Not long ago the papers told us how nearly somebody had made a diamond; it was a great success right up to the point where the diamond begins. Hawthorne carries us past that point and shows us how the diamond is made, and then gives it into our hand. No student of the deeper workings of the human soul, and the way it takes to do great and wonderful things, can feel that he has completed his study, if he has not mastered Hawthorne's "Note Books"; this is their great quality, but beside this they contain matter in plenty of a common, everyday interest. Quick glimpses of, and glances at, life, crowd them thick. He opens doors a moment and lets you look into stores, and taverns, and houses, and watch the life there, and then he shuts the doors again and the life

is no more seen, but what you do see is as if you were there yourself.

Hawthorne's eyes are yours; that much of the "Note Book" is as good as your own experience, and altogether they are among the best treasures, if not the very best, given to the world in our time.

And so in this age of reading, and of books so cheap that no young man or woman need be at a loss for all the reading he or she has time for, the question is well worth asking, "What shall I read which will be of the truest interest, and, at the same time, of a real worth?" It is a wide question, and one which can by no means be answered at the close of a discourse, but this brief word may be said in all confidence, and it touches Hawthorne as it touches not many men and women who have written stories in our day: If we love to read fiction, and I think a moderate amount of this reading is a very good thing, it is always best to read the best, while those stories are best worth reading, as a rule, we can trust, which have on them and in them the spell of a true genius, and of these I would rank Hawthorne's books among the first; his best works are works of undoubted genius. His brain was as great as Webster's; his eye for Nature and our human life more true; and his power to interest his readers, when once he has caught us in his subtle spell, supreme.

## WHITTIER

WHEN I think of John Greenleaf Whittier, his lovely given name tempts me to ask if the gift of prophecy can be quite lost out of this world, and if bees do not still murmur about some cradles and angels attend to the naming of some children, as we read they did for the child John in the old time; else how could a name of such a fine fitness have been given to the child in rural New Hampshire, ninety-two years ago, as this which blends the great forerunner and the beloved disciple with the fragrance and beauty of the woods in June; while there is still another fine suggestion in the family name, for it means in the old English (my dictionary of English surnames says), those who made white the kid skins for the glover's use — and no damage is done to this suggestion by saying the name John Greenleaf may have been given to some grandsire, because in that case the grandsire must have been close of kin to our poet. So the first man of the line who won the name must have won it by some quality that in the last man will preserve the lovely distinction for centuries to come.

Indeed, one has to look for some such ancestry lying far back, it may be, in life and time, because the babe was born into a home and society possess-



ing many noble qualities, as we all know, but this was hardly one of them ninety years ago which could give birth to such a name. There is a touch of poesy in it, the glory and the freshness of a dream, and there are things in the journals of George Fox that touch you in this fashion. But the usage of Friends became a sort of Othello's pillow to poetry and music and the soaring of a fine imagination, so that the given name may have come down from the times of Chaucer or before, for the true answer in his case to the question what's in a name — in this name.

And I still remember talking with him once about his childhood and youth, in which he told me about the poetry which was current then among Friends, and recited some verses with a fine touch of humor, not in the verses but in the man, for there were moments when this gift so sweet and rare would bubble up from his heart like water from the spring, while this was what I garnered from those rare moments with him, that the boy must find and force his way out of an atmosphere which was almost perfect as a non-conductor in this respect, and to fight for his right to sing before he could be heard as a singer.

We all remember, again, his exquisite picture of the home in "Snow-Bound," in which the boy nestled dreaming his dreams, noble and sweet as the "Cotter's Saturday Night" to me; but he also printed a small book many years ago, in which we catch some glances of the home which

are of all the more worth because of the delicate veil that falls down and leaves you to guess his secret. He sketches for us a small farmhouse in a lovely valley, half surrounded with woods and with no neighbors to be seen from the doors, or rarely the smoke of another chimney. There are wild hills rising away to the southward, green meadows to the east, and a small stream brawls noisily down a ravine, lapping the roots of the beech and hemlock that stand over against the garden. I went there with some of my children and grandchildren, not very long ago, and saw how it was done with a poet's touch, so that in the enchantment of the distance you may still catch the scent of the haymow in the old barn, the breath of the kine, the ferny fragrance of the brookside and the smell of the earth freshly turned to the sun in May. It is a home where a forlorn little newspaper comes once a week to gloss for the boy the world which for him lies far away, and where he remembers the beggars would come now and then, even in those times, and be much comforted at the sight of the plain cap about the housemother's face, for Friends did not give cold scraps, and beggars were quite particular.

The boy remembers how such an one came, one wild evening, and was turned away by the mother because he looked like a bandit, but when he had gone, a shadow fell over the steadfast inner light in the mother's heart, for she said, "He must have had a mother — God help him — and I have sons

and daughters. Now suppose this should be their doom some night and they find another woman as hard-hearted as I am to this poor stranger." So she sent out after him and bid him come back. He came and proved to be an Italian, but no bandit, and after a good supper, he told them about the grape gatherings in his dear far-away Tuscany, and the festivals so far-away from Friends' usage, with many more wonders well worth the supper, and would fain have taught the mother how to make beautiful bread out of the chestnuts, but she said: "I thank thee. We do very well with our wheat and rye and our corn," and so when he went away, another vista was opened to the boy's budding imagination, stretching away as I saw the selfsame land last summer, into a land of mountain and valley, of vine-clad slopes and meadows, with the Arno in their heart, and the May sun flooding all like the Paradise of God.

This was the home of the boy whose farthest journey abroad was to the mill and to Friends' meeting — Reade's "Charles Lamb" says: "Dost thou love a silence as deep as that before the winds were made? So in a Quaker meeting, I have seen faces there on which the dove of peace sat visibly brooding. The meeting may be all silent, but the mind has been fed; you go away with a sermon not made with hands, you have bathed in stillness. When the spirit is sore fretted, tired even to sickness of the janglings and nonsense noises of the world, what a solace it is to go and

seat yourself for a quiet half hour among the gentle Quakers."

It was in this pure silence the boy sat on First Day, but because he was a boy, I think he would not take it as the elders did, and when a voice brake the stillness, usually the voice of an aged woman who had a few words to say which might suit the condition of some present, I have reason to believe they did not suit him at all. So he would be watching the faces of the elders and longing for that slight tremor when to the minute, though they consulted no timepiece, they would reach out their hands to each other as if an electric thrill had passed through the meeting, and all was over. The boy was out again into the sunshine where the birds were, singing as if singing also was worship, and the waters went leaping down, as he says, and kicking up their pagan heels on Sundays, as if it were in sheer contempt of those who would have the world stand still one day in seven.

It was in these boyhood days a great wonder befell, of which he told me the first time we met. Members of the Society of Friends who were accepted ministers were in the habit of visiting the distant meetings then, as they do now, and were the guests of the Friends who were of the best repute and standing. I was often their guest in the old Abolition days, forty or more years ago, when I would go out lecturing on the burning question, and never found a warmer welcome than that they

would give me, especially at the stations of the underground railroad, where the poor fugitives would hide on their way to Canada and freedom.

Well, an old minister came one day to the Whittier home, and Mr. Whittier told me how, after supper, he drew two small volumes out of his saddle bags, and said to him: "John, has thee read the poems of Robert Burns?" He had not read or even heard of them. So the old man put them into his hands. He told me how he began to read them, devouring them indeed, until it was time to go to his bed, and stole down in the gray light next morning to read again. The old man came down early and found him reading away, literally, for dear life. I think he must have moved away from the testimonies of Friends, for he said, "John, thee seems to like those poems. I am going to the meetings farther on. I will leave the books with thee until I return." And so the great poets of humanity and of freedom met there in the home and clasped hands and hearts, the boy with the towering brow and dark, gleaming eyes, innocent as the angels of the presence, and the singer slain in his prime, whose dust lay under the thistles in the old churchyard in Dumfries.

"That," he said, "marks an era in my life. Reading the poems of Burns, I entered then into a new world, the poet's world, full of truth and grace. I found no taint of evil in the poems," he concluded, "and I find none now. They are sweet

to me still, and lovely as the banks and braes of Bonnie Doon."

He told me also of another poet, a native of New Hampshire and of the same Scotch-Irish stock as himself, Robert Dinsmore. He saw him once in the market-place at Haverhill, an old man then of seventy, with a face all seamed and bronzed, his white hair pouring down in patriarchal glory from under his old felt hat. He was standing there sturdily in his cowhide boots, the picture of the fine old yeoman of New Hampshire. It was in the poet's corner of their local paper he had sung, and in the Scotch-Irish dialect. His song to a sparrow, which you will find in the Library of American Literature, edited by Stedman, still holds a tender melody of its own — while you are aware of its close kinship to the master's lovely poem to a mouse. Still he was a true singer in the early morning of our day, and his poems, as they were read by the boy, held the fine quality of the native soil, for he told of the rustic life of which he was, with a homely beauty and melody which went right to the boy's heart. So Robert Dinsmore has a place in the making of our man.

Then, to find our man, we must touch the secrets of what we have come to call heredity and environment, which lie far back and within for us all, and note how it was that this quiet Quaker boy was a born fighter in the very marrow of his bones. And he used to say that in spite of the peaceful an-



cestry that lay nearest to his life in the home and Friends' meeting, there must be some old Berserker warrior lurking in his line or in his boyhood, or he never could have listened with such a passionate delight to the stories of the old warriors of the Revolution, who would fight their battles over again in his hearing, or taken such a fancy to Jonathan, the son of Saul, when he went out to fight the garrison at Michmarsh, or felt as he did that the fight between Christian and Apollyon was the very best bit in the "Pilgrim's Progress." So the fighting blood must have come to him honestly, he would say, from the old sea kings.

And this may be true, but the truth which lies nearer to his cradle is this, that the whole region in which he was raised up there among the hills was salted with the fire of fighting. These Derry folks, as they were called, were of the blood we still call Scotch-Irish, and I may say in passing that Horace Greeley was also of this strain, and tells us in his chapters of autobiography that in Derry, in the early times when the Indians were hovering about the settlement to burn and murder old Parson MacGregor, who had been a soldier in Cromwell's Ironsides, he would go into the pulpit on a Sunday with his musket on his arm, see carefully to the priming, set it gently down, turn to the congregation, clasp his hands, but keep his eyes wide open, and say, "Let us pray," for watch and pray then and there caught a new meaning. Matthew



Clarke was another minister of this old fighting stock who had fought in the siege of Derry against the Irish horde, the grandest story Macaulay has to tell of valor and the manhood which could not be beaten. He was acting as moderator one day in the Presbytery, when he heard the drum-beat of a marching company, and began to keep step, so that the brethren had to call him to order, but it was all no use. "I can do nae business," he cried, "when I hear the roll of the drums;" and commenting one Sunday on Peter's cutting off the high priest's servant's ear,—“A pretty man, indeed,” he cried, “just to cut off his ear; I would have split his heid right doon.” And when he must die, he gave directions that his old comrades in arms should bear him to the grave, wearing the breastplates and the dented steel caps, and fire the muskets over the dust that had held back the hordes when they stood shoulder to shoulder in the grand old debate behind the breastworks of Derry over the sea.

Let me linger a moment longer over this colony within the colony among the granite hills. We have seen no fighters like them in these modern times, except Stonewall Jackson and his like. They united a faith as stern and austere as that of John Knox with a genuine half-Irish love of fun and frolic you could find nowhere else in New England. They made long prayers, and sometimes by no means short revels, were as fiery in their tippling as their tenets, and were ready to

wrestle with the stoutest unbelievers over the five points of Calvin:

“To catechise him ilka quirk,  
An’ share him weel wi’ hell,”

but when they were through, would treat him like a prince. It was said of them, indeed, by their Puritan neighbors to the south, that they would give up a pint of doctrine for a pint of rum, and when in one of the churches, the deacons intimated to the minister that it would be a good thing if he would insist more strongly in his sermons on the people renouncing their “ain righteousness,” he answered, “Weel, weel, but ye must just prove to me that they have any to renounce.”

But within this manhood, we find another and more noble budding forth from the strong roots and bole. Ten minutes after the news of Lexington reached Derry, John Stark stopped his sawmill, mounted his horse and rode away to join the forces in revolt, leaving word for his neighbors to come along. He was in time for the Battle of Bunker Hill, and as his men went into the fight, he said, “Boys, aim at their waistbands.” He was chosen to retake Ticonderoga, and as he went into the fight, shouted, “There they are, boys. We will beat them to-day or Molly Stark will be a widow.” There were five hundred men in this district of Derry, and of these, three hundred and forty-seven went into the Army of the Revolution,

and only two of this number were unable to write their own names.

This was the manhood from which our poet sprang, and it is to his kinship with them that we may turn when we want to know how it was that he should be a born fighter for freedom, not alone for the State but for the Republic, in strains that smote the heart of the North like the sound of trumpets. His kinship with the life in the old land again, whence the colonists came here, held him close to a certain sympathy with Ireland and her race. "I confess," he says, "to this sympathy for the Irishman, a stranger in a strange land. The poorest and rudest holds a romance in his life and history, for amid all his gayety of heart, his wit and drollery, the poor fellow has sad thoughts of the old mother of him sitting in her cabin alone, or a father's blessing or a sister's farewell is haunting him, or a mound in the graveyard beyant the wild wathers. And when these thoughts crowd into his heart, the new world is forgotten and blue Kilkenny stretches far away, and the Luffy sparkles where we only see the Hudson or the Merrimac."

There was a vein of humor also in Whittier you would not suspect in reading his poems, which must have come to him by inheritance, for it could hardly be through his nurture in the Quaker home and meeting when the century was in its teens. He could tell a capital story, and one of these you will find printed in his prose about a

Mormon meeting he attended once, in which the elder told of a visit to Europe. "I had only three cents in my pocket," he said, "when I landed, so I went to the professors of religion, told them who I was, and that I was a Mormon; but they told me, when I asked them to help me, that I was damned already, and had better go where I belonged. So when I was clean beat out, I knelt down and prayed, 'Lord, give me this day my daily bread,' and I tell you I prayed with an appetite. Then I sat up and knocked at the first door I came to and told the man I was a minister and was starving. Would he give me a piece of bread? I did not tell him I was a Mormon, and he said, 'Bless you, yes, come in and eat all you want,' which I did, and he seemed to enjoy my meal about as well as I did, and then he told me he was not one of my sort at all, but the folks about there called him an infidel."

He tells another capital story of a beggar who came to him one day with a look of misery that was very touching, and handed him a paper setting forth that the bearer was a poor shipwrecked Italian who could speak no English. "But," he says, "as I was thinking how much I should give him and trying to recall all the reasons I had ever heard why I should not give him a cent, it flashed on me that I had relieved him three times before, once as a Penobscot Indian who had lost the use of his hands in trapping, once as the father of six small children who was poisoned and

crippled by the mercury doctors, and once as a poor man from down East, who had gone West and got what he called 'fever nager.' So I said to him, 'Why, Stephen, how does thee do?' and he answered, 'How do ye do? I thought I knew yer, and how's the folks? You see this ain't reely my paper. I took it to help a poor furriner what can't help himself nor make himself understood no more nor a wild goose, so I thought I would jest start him forrard a little. It seemed a mercy to do it, ye see, but I guess I done enough.' "

And so, born into this quiet home, nurtured in the white robes of a perfect peace, and trained to think of war as the most fearful evil that can befall us, as well as a deep-dyed sin, our man was within all this a fighter — as my dear old friend Lucretia Mott always declared she was — and he was in training for a captaincy, not to fight with carnal weapons, but with the sword of the spirit which is the word of God, and inherited enough of the old Adam from the old fighting Scotch-Irish to send a cry through the land that stirred the heart of the nation, I said, as the sound of trumpets calling men to the battle.

But turning now toward what is most precious in Whittier, we have to note that he was first of all, and best of all, a poet, and as a poet he will live, while all beside is only tributary and to be studied only as it helps to mold the man who has sung the songs of which the noblest and the best touch our common life.

It was no small matter—it is a matter, indeed, of the greatest moment,—that he should be born and brought up in such a home and that he should be of that fine Quaker stock and quality, because it has been well said that Quakerism stands for a sort of divine democracy, that George Fox gave the word an infinite divine meaning, and taught long before the great German that he who touches the human body touches Heaven.

It was through Quakerism Whittier found the deep and holy meaning which lies in the word “man,” and to be a whole man is the sum of all we know of under God. I said that the sect was, in his early life, a non-conductor to the poetry and music which were in the boy’s heart, but I love to believe it was also under God the stored force and life out of which the power came to sing, and gave meaning and purpose to the songs which might else have been a babblement of musical numbers with the fire of the immanent heavens left out. And to my mind, as Shakespeare stands for life and Wordsworth for nature, so Whittier in his measure—and it is a noble measure—stands and sings for *man manly* and *manful*. So we must never forget this in our study of his poems. It is the master chord in his singing. It was of man and for man he first began to sing; and trying after strains he still clings to the one grand keynote,—the Son of Man,—so what has been said of another we may truly say of him:—



“In the long and lone night watches,  
Sky above and earth below,  
Thou didst learn a higher wisdom  
Than the babbling schoolmen know;  
For the stars and the silence taught thee,  
As God’s angels only can,  
That the one sole sacred thing below  
The cope of heaven is *man*.”

It was for this reason again that Whittier must be the sacred singer of the Abolitionists. The Abolitionist went back to the man; he affirmed the manhood of the negro and his rights as these are set forth in the prelude to our Declaration of Independence. Whittier set the demand to music and poured into it the inspiration and the fire from heaven of his genius and grace. The Abolitionists then were outcast, they were branded as the offscouring of the nation, there were none so poor as to do them reverence who would be counted loyal to the republic; rather, eggs came flying in the face of the speaker.

Whittier stood to his guns as the manhood whence he came to us stood at the siege of Derry. He revealed the old fighting blood, and yet here again we touch the fine heart of the Quaker home and meeting. “Are you drawn to him, sir?” I said once to Emerson, as we talked about another man, a leader in the great contest. “I can never feel quite easy with him,” was the quiet answer, “there is a spark of bale fire in his eye.” There



was no such spark in those wonderful luminous eyes of our good poet. A fine thinker said of him: "You find no evil spirit even in his wrath. The man is angry and sins not, the sun does not go down on his wrath, the fires in his nature burn only for justice and mercy, and those who are most scathed by them owe him no hatred in return. It is that most dreadful thing, the wrath of the Lamb, because gentleness has been exhausted."

But again we should have been obliged to think of him as of one who was not quite true to his blending of the soldier and the Quaker, if he had sung no songs but these for the freedom of the slave, for that would have resulted in a certain narrowness, as fatal to his beautiful genius as in Ebenezer Elliott, if he had only given us the corn-law rhymes. The deep religious and human instincts which compelled him to plead with the nation and for the nation held him always true to the inward light, and some of the finest fruits of his genius dip most purely into his own Soul's vision of earth and heaven. I mind how I said to him, when one of these poems was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "Who was Andrew Rykman, sir? I have never met with his name in my reading, yet he must have been a man of mark." He said no word, but that wonderful smile, as when the sunshine sweeps across a field of ripening grain, swept over the face, and he turned his hand with a delicate movement toward himself — he was Andrew Rykman. I ventured to say to him once,

also, as I remember, "Do you write easily, sir?" "No, not now," he answered, "I can write no poem now which does not bring on a severe headache, which sometimes cripples me for days after it is done."

This was the man I knew and loved, or rather some hint of the man who has surely won the great "Well done," and stands now in

“ the Choir invisible

Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence: live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
Of miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like  
stars.”

## THOREAU

THIRTY-ONE years ago last June \* a man came to see me in Chicago whom I was very glad and proud to meet. It was Henry Thoreau of Concord, the Diogenes of this new world, the Hermit of Walden Woods. The gentle and loving misanthropist and apostle of individualism so singular and separate that I do not know where to look for his father or his son — the most perfect instance to be found I think of American independence run to seed, or shall we say to a mild variety which is very fair to look on but can never sow itself for another harvest. The man of a natural mind which was *not* enmity against God, but in a great and wide sense was subject to the law of God and to no other law. The saint of the *bright* ages and the own brother in this to the Saint of the dark ages, who called the wild creatures that run and fly his sisters and brothers, and was more intimate with them than he was with our human kind. The man of whom, so far as pure seeing goes, Jesus would have said “blessed are your eyes, for *they see*,” and whose life I want to touch this evening for some lessons that as it seems to me he alone could teach those who would learn.

\* Delivered first at the Church of the Messiah, January 28, 1883.

As I remember Henry Thoreau then, he was something over forty years of age but would have easily passed for thirty-five, and he was rather slender, but of a fine, delicate mold, and with a presence which touched you with the sense of perfect purity as newly opened roses do. It is a clear rose-tinted face he turns to me through the mist of all these years, and delicate to look on as the face of a girl; also he has great gray eyes, the seer's eyes full of quiet sunshine. But it is a strong face, too, and the nose is especially notable, being as Conway said to me once of Emerson's nose, a sort of interrogation mark to the universe. His voice was low, but still sweet in the tones and inflections, though the organs were all in revolt just then and wasting away and he was making for the great tablelands beyond us Westwards, to see if he could not find there a new lease of life. His words also were as distinct and true to the ear as those of a great singer, and he had Tennyson's splendid gift in this, that he never went back on his tracks to pick up the fallen loops of a sentence as commonplace talkers do. He would hesitate for an instant now and then, waiting for the right word, or would pause with a pathetic patience to master the trouble in his chest, but when he was through the sentence was perfect and entire, lacking nothing, and the word was so purely one with the man that when I read his books now and then I do not hear my own voice within my reading but the voice I heard that day.

This is the picture I treasure of Henry Thoreau as I saw him in my own house the year before he died. There is a splendid engraving after Landseer over the sofa where he sits talking, that vanished in the great fire. The children are playing about the house, the house mother is busy, the June sunshine floods the place and it is afternoon; and then, as Bunyan says, he went on his way and I saw him no more. But I went to Concord not very long after to see his grave and to wander through Walden Woods and sit by the pond, to talk with Mr. Emerson about him to my heart's great content, and to eat ripe pears the host had hidden away in the nooks and corners of his study. He selected the best for his visitors, I remember, with the hospitality of an Arab, and took the second best for himself pear after pear without flinching, and how many pears we ate that day it would be hard to say. That was a day also to be marked with a white stone. Concord and the woods and the talk with the one man in all the world who had known Thoreau best gave permanence to the photograph I had taken of him in the year before and helped to bring out the lights and shadows. We are not sure it would be best to meet some men who have touched us by their genius, but it seems to me now that to see Thoreau as I did that day in Chicago and hear him talk was the one thing needful to me, because he was so simply and entirely the man I had thought of when I read what he had written. There was no lapse, no missing link; the

books and the man were one, and I found it was true of him also that "the word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

So I have lingered over this memory because it has always led me to think as much of the man as of the books he has written, rare and unique as these are to my own mind. It was said of one who was of a somewhat similar make, "he will be a wild man," and so I love to think of Thoreau as another Ishmael, wild but wholesome from his youth upward, and nourishing in his nature the very dissidence of dissent. That fitful visit to my home on a summer afternoon stands to me for a very fair type of his nature and inmost quality. He would stay with no man for a longer term than he stayed with me of his own free will, any more than the wild birds will stay away from their own hiding places. They imprisoned him once about some small matter of a poll tax, but then he said, "I saw if there was a stone wall between me and my townsmen there was a greater wall and stronger to break through before they could be as free as I was even in their house of durance," and so it was not of the bondage but the freedom he thought. When Emerson, as I take it, went to see him, as he sat in durance, his saying to him, "Why are you here?" was only met by the answer, "Why are you not here?" He would not even say, "I would that thou wert altogether such as I am except for these bands," because sitting there he could say with the fine old poet:

“Stone walls do not a prison make  
Or iron bars a cage.”

“I see young men, my townsmen,” he said once, “whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, but it had been better for them to have been born in the open pasture and nursed there, that they might see with clearer eyes the larger field they might dwell in. Who made them the serfs of the soil? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? How many an immortal soul have I met wellnigh crushed under its load of earth! The better part of the man is ploughed into the soil for compost. It is a fool’s life such men live, as they will find when they get to the end of it, if not before.”

And I have thought it would be both pleasant and wholesome to teach this bit of native genius, especially this declaration of independence compacted together and bound up in one man, not for its own sake alone but for our sakes also who are the servants if not the slaves of the habits and usages we find all about us, and are often in no sense free men even in those minor things which serve no man’s manhood.

It is often said by those who come here to look at us from other lands of kin to our own that, in despite of the freedom we have bought with a great price, we are not so free in many ways as they are in the old lands, and that within the grand lines we have laid down and maintain in the nation’s life we



are only free on paper. I think there is more truth in this than we like to allow. We find non-conformity and dissent a difficult thing to compass. We fear social ostracism; we have invented a word of a terrible, cruel power to brand those withal who take their own way in dress, speech, manners or opinions; we call them cranks and fear the word in our secret heart like the burning of fire. Well, the word had not taken this evil meaning in Thoreau's time, but if he were living now and we were only able to see the mere surface of his manhood as they saw it in Concord forty years ago, we should call him "a crank." Yet we see now that this was a manhood brimming over with one grand purpose,—to be a whole man as he understood manhood,—that and no more. In a little Quaker meeting house I saw once they told me an old friend used to gather every First Day and he was the whole meeting, sat in the silence with his hands clasped and his head bowed, and when the meeting was out shook hands in the spirit with himself and went home, and Thoreau was just such a man. The meeting to which he went all his life never numbered more than the one member. If another had come in he would have felt crowded and gone out to find more room. It is said that when Alexander went to see Diogenes, you know, and said, "Is there any favor I can grant you?" the answer was, "Yes, do not stand between me and the sun." It was the only favor Thoreau ever thought of asking for which

he was not ready to render a full equivalent. He said to the whole world about him, "do not stand between me and the sun. Let me live my own life. Let me think my own thoughts. Let me say the word that is in my own heart. Let me be Henry Thoreau."

"Nothing is so much to be feared as fear," he said, "and I am not sure but that Atheism may be popular by comparison with God himself." Such a saying must have been wrung out of him, as he observed how cheap and worthless our conformity may be, while to say frankly you do not believe in God when that is your great and rare trouble with yourself makes you a byword, a hissing and an outcast, even among those who may share your trouble but do not possess one grain of your sincerity.

It is the more wonderful again that he should grow to be such a man when we take note of his training. He came up in the parish of Dr. Ripley, who was priest and king in Concord through Thoreau's childhood and youth, and would tolerate no freedom of thought or action outside his own proper supremacy. A man whose throne was his character and who rested and ruled on it arbitrary and imperious, as one says who knew him well, "a whole grand man." He was sixty-three years minister of that church and had such staying power that, whereas when he came to be their minister a young farmer voted against his settlement on the ground that he was such a weakling, he would

either die or need a colleague in a couple of years, when he had been fifty years minister and told the church he wanted a colleague now, as he was getting old, the self-same farmer voted against that on the ground that the Doctor was still as young and strong as ever to all seeming and could do his work better than any other man for many a year to come. A man, who, as old people in Concord used to believe most devoutly, could storm heaven and make the high powers attend to him when the old lion was roused. For did not everybody remember that Sunday when he rose in his place, clasped his hands and cried, "O God, open thy heavens and send down the rain. The land is parched with this long drought; send down the rain. The corn is withering in the leaf; send down the rain. The cattle on the hills and in the meadows are perishing; send down the rain. The springs are drying up in the wells; send down the rain and thine shall be the glory for ever and ever, Amen." So ran the prayer and when they were going home they saw the clouds gathering over Concord and the rain came pouring down in torrents,—but only on Concord,—so Judge Hoar told me, who was a lad then and remembers the wonder. And so what do you think of a man like that? He was sixty-three years minister of that church, and monarch, and the people answered to his will.

But I love to believe that he met his match in this boy. I think of him in the old meeting house watching the old man with those fine gray eyes and

by no means content to let doctrine and dogma pass without a challenge when he once began to think for himself and draw his own conclusions. So when we hear of him for the first time to any clear purpose, he is not one in the two thousand human beings who lived in the town and were very much of one mind,—that being also grand old Dr. Ripley's mind who held the keys for Concord. He was a free thinker and a free agent, with no solder of the stereotype about him, but of a clean and separate type, and bound to live his own life in his own way, no matter what the world about him might say or do. He said once, "the youth gets the materials together to build his temple or his palace on the earth, but the middle aged man finally concludes to build a woodshed with them." He does not seem to have been a man of that make, but kept close to his purpose of a palace or a temple right down to the day when he came to our home on his way West.

Paul says proudly, "I was born free." Well, he was free also and would not be entangled again in the yoke of bondage. The man who knew him best says he never had a vice in his life. He did not like the taste of wine and never caught the liking. When they said to Charles Lamb, "How did you learn to smoke, sir?" he answered, "I toiled after it as men toil after virtue," and Thoreau remembered smoking lily stems when he was a boy, but the lily stems and the boyhood belonged together and the smoke of *this* torment did not

ascend into his manhood. When you asked him at the table what dish he preferred, he would say the nearest, not for singularity but for simplicity. He did not like dinner parties, because he said people got into each other's way so that you could not meet your man there to any purpose, and then he said, "They take pride in making their dinner cost so much, while I take pride in making mine cost little."

And as a New England Yankee, farm bred, he did one astounding thing in his youth. His father made black lead pencils and the youth took hold to learn the art. But being of the New England breed, which can never let well enough alone, he went to work presently to improve on the old man's methods and ended in making pencils equal to the best that were made in London. The artists and others in Boston endorsed his work gladly; no such pencils had been made in this country before, and this to the young man meant both fame and a fair fortune. He came home with his certificate, laid aside his tools, and never made another pencil. I think he foresaw that, if he kept on, the day might come when his life would pass into pencils and then *Thoreau Maker* would be all that was left of the man. It might have been so, or it might not,— we cannot tell. A man like Stevenson outgrows his locomotive. He can never be caught and imprisoned in that but walks free, a whole man, and Thoreau might have walked free of the pencils and the fortune, but he would not run the risk;

he wanted the life, not the fortune. Other men could make the pencils now that he had found the way, and so he would make no more.

And so one purpose in this paper is to turn the attention of the younger men and women who hear me to Thoreau's books, and especially to his "Walden or Life in the Woods." It is the story of his life as a hermit. It touches you as if Crusoe had found his way into New England in our century and feeling overcrowded, even in Concord, had said, "I will live alone again as I did before the savage came crouching to my feet."

"The world is too much with us — late and soon,  
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers.  
Little we see in Nature that is ours,  
We give our hearts away — sordid boon."

But Thoreau was stirred by a finer motive, and I think sometimes that the germ of his new adventure is to be found in the protests he had made long before against the great old Doctor's dogmas touching the smirching and befouling of this world of ours by the Fall of Man. It was not a fallen world to Thoreau, but a world forever rising. And so he felt, I suppose, that Eden might still be hidden away in Walden Woods, and that if he went there he might find it. Well, he did find it, for the wild things came about him in the old companionable way, while no more exquisite picture was ever made than this Thoreau makes in "Wal-



den" of the wonders he saw in the two years he was a hermit, of his good company where no man or woman came near him, and of his faith in the wild things that were all about him and their faith in him. He found out there, as he tells us, that sugar is not so sweet to the palate as sounds to the healthy ear, and his love indeed for the sounds that may touch us through the silence is like another sense. He puts hemlock boughs on his fire and notes how the rich salt crackling of their leaves is like mustard to the ear, and thinks dead trees love the fire. He watches the blue bird flitting through the trees and says he seems to carry the sky on his back. Then there comes a flash of scarlet and he says it is as if *that* bird would set the woods afire. He watches Walden pond and notices it is alive to the most delicate sheen on its surface. He neighbors also with the beeches and says no tree has so fair a bole or so handsome an instep as the beech. The ferns came up about his hermitage and he says, "Nature made ferns for pure leaves to show what she could do in *that* line;" and learned to love pond lilies above all other blossoms. His eye came to be so true that when he fell once in Tuckerman's ravine and sprained his foot the first thing he saw as he gathered himself up was an herb he had never suspected of growing there, the best thing in the world for sprains. A gentleman once said to him, "I have been looking a long time for an Indian arrowhead round here but cannot find one."



Thoreau stirred the sand with his foot and said, "here is one, take it." And another man wanted a certain fish but could not catch one to save him. Thoreau put his hand down gently as they glided along in the canoe and lifted one out in his palm. Mr Emerson says he could find his way through the woods on a dark night better by his feet than by his eyes, and could pace the ground more perfectly than another man could measure it by rod and chain.

Now this to my mind was by no means the noblest life a man can live, because it has been well said by a great woman that

"On solitary souls the universe  
Looks down inhospitable,  
And the human heart  
Finds nowhere shelter but in human kind."

But it must have been the noblest life to which a man so sincere and true as Thoreau was could attain to at that time, and this must always determine our verdict on any man. Talking with a rare woman about him one day she said, "It is fortunate, I think, that we should only have one Henry Thoreau," but I ventured to answer, "Is it not also fortunate that we *should* have just this one?" She could not see it; she was the mother of four children asleep upstairs as we were talking, and she could imagine no Eden or man or manhood worth the name with the helpmeet left out and the bairns, and that may be true.

Still here in Walden Woods was the man in such an Eden as he could compass all to himself and ready to affirm against all comers that there may be a life in which it *is* good for the man to be alone. So the most of us may not be ready to agree with him, but we may well be content that he should agree with himself so entirely and with that unfallen world he took for two years into his heart and life. "I went into the woods," he says, "because I wanted to front only the essential facts of life and to see if I could learn what such a life had to teach me." So that which might be a bane to some of us was no doubt a blessing to an American hermit. On the far frontier a man will drop into the settlements now and then and offer his wild meats and skins for the home-made bread and whatever fruits of civility he may find to his mind, and the people are always glad to see him if he is a clean and wholesome man, and make exchange with him and have him tell them of his life in the mountains. So Thoreau comes to us out of the wilderness with his treasures and we may well give him the good welcome he has won among wise readers of good books. When Parker Pillsbury went to see him as he lay a-dying and said, "Thoreau, you are so near the line now; tell me whether you cannot see something of the other side, some glimpse or gleam of the waiting world beyond," the old sweet smile came over his face and he said cheerily, "One world at a time, Parker;" and this was the watchword, as it seems to me, of his whole

life. He only saw one world at a time, but he saw that exceeding well. He only took one text for all his sermons and it was:

“To thine own self be true;  
And it shall follow as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

But he made all his sermons good to that text and true to the end of the years.

So I say again and finally that we need such men as Thoreau in every generation, full to the brim and running over with the dissidence of dissent. Men who will take no man's say-so and cut their life by no man's pattern. Men who will neither lead nor be led, but will just live their life in their own way and then report to us what they have found we cannot find, who are content to work in the harness or to train in the regiment.

It is a grand thing even to hear of a young man forty to fifty years ago who could deliberately turn his back on that tremendous thing we call a fortune for the nobler fortune which lay, as he believed, in a life of the simplest tastes and desires. We could have no such city as this, to be sure, if we were all to take that turn, but there is not the least danger of our taking that turn, while the example is simply priceless if it only leads us to see that to make a fortune or strike for one is not the alpha and omega of our human life. When a friend of mine counseled a poor woman to go and live in the country that she might win bread

for her children she said, "I would rather lean against a lamp post in New York than have a home in the country." Thoreau shows us how the exchange may be made and the profit and pleasure may be on the side of the simpler and sweeter life. We blot out the line which lies forever deep and sure between our needs and our desires. Thoreau scores the line afresh, deep and strong, and shows us how many ills may be cured, as the good doctor told the alderman of London to cure his gout: "Live on sixpence a day, and earn it."

Young men are tangled up in a network of conventional usages. A man with no brains, perhaps, to speak of, walks down Broadway with a hat he brought from Paris on the last steamer. You all rush to get a hat like that; or it is a coat and you must have the coat; and so it is with a hundred things that cost money, and what is worth more than money, independence. You must conform, you say. "Not so," says Thoreau, "I do not live to suit my fellows but myself. I will dress as I like and do as I like. I will be no man's serf. It does not become me to run with the crowd, and they may say we will have none of you, but they are too late in saying that; they do not ostracize me; I ostracize them." Thousands of young men in this city stay poor because they will not draw the line between the need and the desire, and a clear percentage wreck their lives past all recovery through this weakness. Thoreau stands for the instance that would set every young man if he

should follow it, well on his feet and keep him safe and sound. He said once, "How can we expect a harvest of thought if we have no seed time of character?" He was a true and fine thinker because he was a true and stanch man. "What do I care who refuses to hear me?" Bushnell said once, "when I have God for my audience?" So said Thoreau, but he seems to have been content with nature, and now and then a man.

His religion, like his life, was absolutely independent of all our churches and standards of doctrine and ceremonials, and I love to find such a man though I could not be of his school. I should need a church all the same, if I were not a minister, and my Bible and the help that comes to me through the man, Christ Jesus. Still I reverence such independence as Thoreau's with my whole heart, because it was as native to the man as my dependence is, and he used it so well. The great pines on the Michigan peninsula that stand so close together stand greatly through each other's sheltering; they are not cabled to the earth like that I saw on Lone Tree Hill in Kansas once, that had stood the wreck of centuries. So we need to have wider spaces between man and man that we may send out and downward great roots and stand fast in our own simple manhood, and Thoreau nobly helps to teach us that secret.

II  
POEMS





## SAXON GRIT\*

WORN with the battle by Stamford town,  
Fighting the Norman by Hastings Bay,  
Harold, the Saxon's sun, went down,  
While the acorns were falling, one autumn day.  
Then the Norman said, "I am lord of the land;  
By tenor of conquest here I sit;  
I will rule you now with the iron hand"—  
But he had not thought of the Saxon grit.

He took the land, and he took the men,  
And burnt the homesteads from Humber to  
Tyne,  
Made the freemen serfs by a stroke of the pen,  
Ate up the corn and drank the wine,  
And said to the maiden pure and fair,  
"You shall be my leman, as is most fit,  
Your Saxon churl may rot in his lair"—  
But he had not measured the Saxon grit.

To the merry green wood went bold Robin Hood,  
With his strong-hearted yeomanry ripe for the  
fray,  
Driving the arrow into the marrow  
Of all the proud Normans who came in his way;

\* Read on "Forefathers' Day" at the banquet of the  
New England Society, in response to the toast, "Saxon  
Grit."

Scorning the fetter, fearless and free,  
    Winning by valor or foiling by wit,  
Dear to our Saxon folk ever is he,  
    This merry old rogue with the Saxon grit.

And Kett the tanner whipt out his knife,  
    And Watt the smith his hammer brought down,  
For ruth of the maid he loved better than life,  
    And by breaking a head made a hole in the  
    Crown.

From the Saxon heart rose a mighty roar,  
    “ Our life shall not be by the king’s permit ;  
We will fight for the right we want no more ”—  
    Then the Norman found out the Saxon grit.

For slow and sure as the oaks had grown  
    From the acorns falling that autumn day,  
So the Saxon manhood in thorpe and town  
    To a nobler stature grew alway.  
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,  
    Standing by law and the human right,  
Many times failing, never once quailing,  
    So the new day came out of the night.

. . . . .

Then rising afar in the Western sea,  
    A new world stood in the morn of the day,  
Ready to welcome the brave and free  
    Who could wrench out the heart and march  
    away

From the narrow, contracted, dear old land,  
Where the poor are held by a cruel bit,  
To ampler spaces for heart and hand —  
And here was a chance for the Saxon grit.

Steadily steering, eagerly peering,  
Trusting in God, your fathers came,  
Pilgrims and strangers, fronting all dangers,  
Cool-headed Saxons with hearts aflame.  
Bound by the letter, but free from the fetter,  
And hiding their freedom in Holy Writ,  
They gave Deuteronomy hints in economy,  
And made a new Moses of Saxon Grit.

They whittled and waded through forest and fen,  
Fearless as ever of what might befall;  
Pouring out life for the nurture of men;  
In faith that by manhood the world wins all.  
Inventing baked beans, and no end of machines;  
Great with the rifle and great with the ax —  
Sending their notions over the oceans,  
To fill empty stomachs and straighten bent  
backs.

Swift to take chances that end in the dollar,  
Yet open of hand when the dollar is made,  
Maintaining the meet'n, exalting the scholar,  
But a little too anxious about a good trade;  
This is young Jonathan, son of old John,  
Positive, peaceable, firm in the right;  
Saxon men all of us, may we be one,  
Steady for freedom and strong in her might.

Then, slow and sure as the oaks have grown  
From the acorns that fell on the old dim day,  
So this sturdy manhood, in city and town,  
To a nobler stature will grow alway;  
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,  
Slow to contention, and slower to quit,  
Now and then failing, but never once quailing,  
Let us thank God for the Saxon grit.

## UNDER THE SNOW

### A Christmas Memory

It was Christmas Eve in the year fourteen,\*

And as ancient dalesmen used to tell,  
The wildest winter they ever had seen,  
With the snow lying deep on moor and fell,

When wagoner John got out his team,  
Smiler and Whitefoot, Duke and Gray,  
With the light in his eyes of a young man's dream,  
As he thought of his wedding on New Year's  
Day

To Ruth, the maid with the bonnie brown hair,  
And eyes of the deepest, sunniest blue,  
Pleasant and winsome, and wondrous fair,  
And true to her troth, for her heart was true.

"Thou's surely not gannin'!" shouted mine host;  
"Thou'll be lost in the drift as sure as thou's  
born;

Thy lass winnot want to wed wi' a ghost,  
And that's what thou'll be on Christmas morn.

"It's eleven long miles fra' Skipton toon,  
To Blueberg hooses'e Washburn dale;  
Thou had better turn back and sit thee doon,  
And comfort thy heart wi' a drop o' good ale."

\* 1714.

Turn the swallows flying south,  
Turn the vines against the sun,  
Herds from rivers in the drouth;  
Men must dare or nothing's done.

So what cares the lover for storm or drift,  
Or peril of death, on the haggard way?  
He sings to himself, like a lark in the lift,  
And the joy in his heart turns December to  
May.

But the bitter north wind brings a deadly chill,  
Creeping into the heart, and the drifts are deep;  
Where the thick of the storm strikes Blueberg  
hill,  
He is weary and falls on a pleasant sleep,

And dreams he is walking by Washburn side,  
Walking with Ruth, on a summer's day,  
Singing the song to his bonnie bride,  
His own wife now, forever and aye.

Now read me this riddle, how Ruth should hear  
That song of a heart in the clutch of doom  
Fall on her ear, distinct and clear,  
As if her lover was in the room?

And read me this riddle, how Ruth should know,  
As she bounds to throw open the heavy door,  
That her lover was lost in the drifting snow,  
Dying or dead, on the great, lone moor?

“Help! Help! Lost! Lost!”

Rings through the night as she rushes away,  
Stumbling, blinded and tempest-tossed,  
Straight to the drift where her lover lay.

And swift they leap after her into the night,  
Into the drifts by Blueberg hill,  
Risdale and Robinson, each with a light,  
To find her there holding him, white and still.

“He was dead in the drift, then,”

I hear them say,  
As I listen in wonder,  
Forgetting to play,  
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

“Nay, nay, they were wed!” the yeoman cried;

“Wed by t’ parson o’ New Year’s Day;  
Why, Ruth were me great-great-grandsire’s bride,  
And Maister Frankland gave her away.”

“But how did she find him under the snow?”

They cry through their laughter, touched with  
tears;

“Nay, lads,” he said softly, “we never can  
know,

No, not if we live a hundred years.

“There’s a sight o’ things gan  
To the making o’ man.”

Then I rush to my play  
With a whoop and away,  
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.



## THE LEGEND OF THE TWO KINGS \*

“The younger son of the All Father is King of  
the Forge.” —*Ancient Saga.*

It was long ago and far away,  
In a summer palace — the legends say;  
Where the fragrance of roses and new mown hay  
Was borne on the wind, while the splash and play  
Of water, from fountains sweet and clear,  
Rose and fell on the listening ear.  
And the singing of birds, with the murmur of bees,  
Hidden away in the mulberry trees,  
Stole through a room where one lay still,  
The king of the land, on whose royal will  
All men waited in fear and awe,  
For the king was the fountain of life and law.

He had sat in his hall through the morning tide,  
While the folk had come from far and wide,  
To the seat of justice, a wondrous throng,  
That the king might judge between right and  
wrong  
In each man's case, and make due award;  
While on right and left stood the royal guard,  
Silent and stern with bated breath,  
To do his bidding for life or death.

\* Read at a convention of Smiths in Illinois.

But now he was tired and wanted a nap,  
Just forty winks, so he donned his cap,  
Silken and soft in exchange for his crown,  
Covered himself with a quilt of down,  
Said, "This feels nice," and shut his eyes,  
Bid them close the lattice to keep out the flies;  
And let none disturb him on peril of doom,  
In the cool retreat of his darkened room.

But the king was to have no nap that day,  
Tired as he was and falling away  
To a slumber as sweet as labor can bring,  
For right through the silence came the ring  
Of many hammers struck on steel,  
Many and mighty, peal on peal  
Of stalwart strokes, from beyond the trees,  
Drowning the murmur of water and bees,  
And the singing of birds in the drowse of the day,  
On the summer wind from the mountain gorge,  
Where the master smith had built his forge.

Now this was the way the story ran:  
That before the times the oldest man  
Could remember, there had been a forge  
Standing there by the mountain gorge,  
Manned by the smiths from father to son,  
Steadily held and honestly won;  
Workers in iron since the day  
When the old bronze age had passed away;  
Shoeing the horse, and forging the brand  
Strong and sure for the soldier's hand;

Turning the share, and tireing the wheel,  
Master workmen in iron and steel.  
There they had stood from the oldest time,  
Toiling and moiling in smoke and grime,  
Upright and downright, steady and true,  
Doing the work GOD gave them to do;  
While the land had been held by chartered right,  
Two hundred years — and maintained by right  
Of their good right hand, from father to son,  
Steadily held as honestly won.  
So that clear as the right of the king to his crown,  
Was the right of the smith to have and to own  
Homestead and smithy, garden and croft,  
With all below and all aloft;  
As high as the stars and as deep as the fires,  
Full and free as the heart's desires;  
So ran the charter, fair to see,  
Dated 1010 A. D.

But might makes right when kings grow white  
With anger, and the lurid light  
Burns in their eyes men fear to see,  
Bending before the majesty  
Of one whose wrath is as the path  
Of the lion, from which all things flee.  
He tossed the cover away from his couch,  
And they say he swore, but I will not vouch  
For that, though we read kings have been known  
To swear in their wrath like the veriest clown.  
I only know he called the guard,  
Whose place it was to keep watch and ward,

Bid them go forth and raze to the ground  
That forge, until no stone was found  
To stand on another, and bring the smith  
Into the royal presence forthwith,  
To hear his doom, who had dared to make  
This clamor, and keep their king awake.  
So, alas for the day, if "What shall he say  
Who comes after the king" be Bible true.  
For what shall befall, be you freeman or thrall,  
When the king in his wrath comes after you?  
Swiftly the guard went up to the glen,  
To bring the smith with his stalwart men  
Into the presence of majesty —  
And they answered no word, but quietly  
Came forth of the smithy into the hall,  
And ranged themselves against the wall,  
With leathern apron and grimy face.  
Each man stood in his proper place,  
Forgemen and strikers, a hundred strong,  
To fight the battle of right with wrong;  
While the folk flocked in from far and near,  
Strong in courage or stricken with fear;  
They crowded the palace to hear and see  
How the smith would answer his majesty.

And this was the way he answered the king:  
"If might makes right, then my anvil's ring  
Must be heard all the same in this good free land,  
For no royal word can stay the hand  
Of the smith in his forge, or royal might  
Silence anvil and hammer. I stand on my right.

In the great old time they made this rhyme,  
And carved it in runes on a stone:

‘ By hammer and hand  
All things do stand.’

So I counsel thee let us alone;  
And if thou would’st sleep while we work all day,  
Move thy new palace out of my way;  
For the smith in his forge is also a king,  
No matter what may befall,  
And when his hammer ceases to ring,  
Thy kingdom will go to the wall.

“ Who shoes the horses, and forges the brand  
Strong and sure for thy soldiers’ hand,  
That the foe may be met in the battle array?  
The master smith and his men always.  
Who turns the share and tires the wheel?  
The master workman in iron and steel.  
Who forges the tools for mason and wright,  
To build thy walls, whose massive might  
Defies the foe and the tooth of time?  
The men of my craft for whose sake the rhyme  
Was made and carven on the stone,  
The master smith and his men alone.  
There is my answer — now what say ye,  
Free-born men to his majesty? ”

It was long ago and far away,  
To the east of sunrise — the legends say,  
When this thing was done on a summer’s day;  
And from that time forth, for ever and aye,

This law was laid down for each and all,  
King and commoner, freeman or thrall;  
That wherever the smith shall set his forge,  
In town or hill or by mountain gorge,  
Holding the same by lawful right,  
And honestly working with the might  
Of his good right hand;  
Then no matter what clamor  
He may happen to make with his anvil and  
hammer,  
He shall still be free to hold his own,  
And be proud of his cap as the king of his crown;  
Because, but for his making no thing could be  
made,  
And so none shall molest him or make him afraid;  
So the folk-mote laid down the law, and then  
It was signed and sealed with the great *Amen!*

## HYMN

UNTO thy temple, Lord, we come  
With thankful hearts to worship thee;  
And pray that this may be our home  
Until we touch eternity:—

The common home of rich and poor,  
Of bond and free, and great and small;  
Large as thy love for evermore,  
And warm and bright and good to all.

And dwell thou with us in this place,  
Thou and thy Christ, to guide and bless!  
Here make the well-springs of thy grace  
Like fountains in the wilderness.

May thy whole truth be spoken here;  
Thy gospel light forever shine;  
Thy perfect love cast out all fear,  
And human life become divine.



## HYMN \*

O LORD our God, when storm and flame  
Hurled homes and temples into dust,  
We gathered here to bless thy name,  
And on our ruin wrote our trust.

Thy tender pity met our pain;  
Swift through the world thine angels ran;  
And then thy Christ appeared again,  
Incarnate in the heart of man.

Thy lightning lent its burning wing  
To bear the tear-blent sympathy,  
And fiery chariots rushed to bring  
The offerings of humanity.

Thy tender pity met our pain,  
Thy love has raised us from the dust;  
We meet to bless thee, Lord, again,  
And in our temple sing our trust.

\* Written for the dedication of the new Unity Church in Chicago, built after the great fire.

## LUCRETIA MOTT

SOME human lives seem blended all of gloom,  
Bitter as Marah — sown with doubts and fears,  
Death gathers into sheaves of blasted ears  
And burns to ashes in the fire of doom.

And some seem blent of sunshine, brief but fair  
As days in April, bound about with frost  
The budding promise withers and is lost,  
And all the summer dips toward despair.

But this great woman fell on fruitful days.  
They ran through all the seasons of her life —  
Childhood and youth, and then the happy wife  
And gracious mother all her children praise.

Steadfast in duty, high and wide of thought,  
Loyal in friendship, tender in her love,  
Pure in her heart as those who dwell above,  
Herself the ensample of the truth she taught.

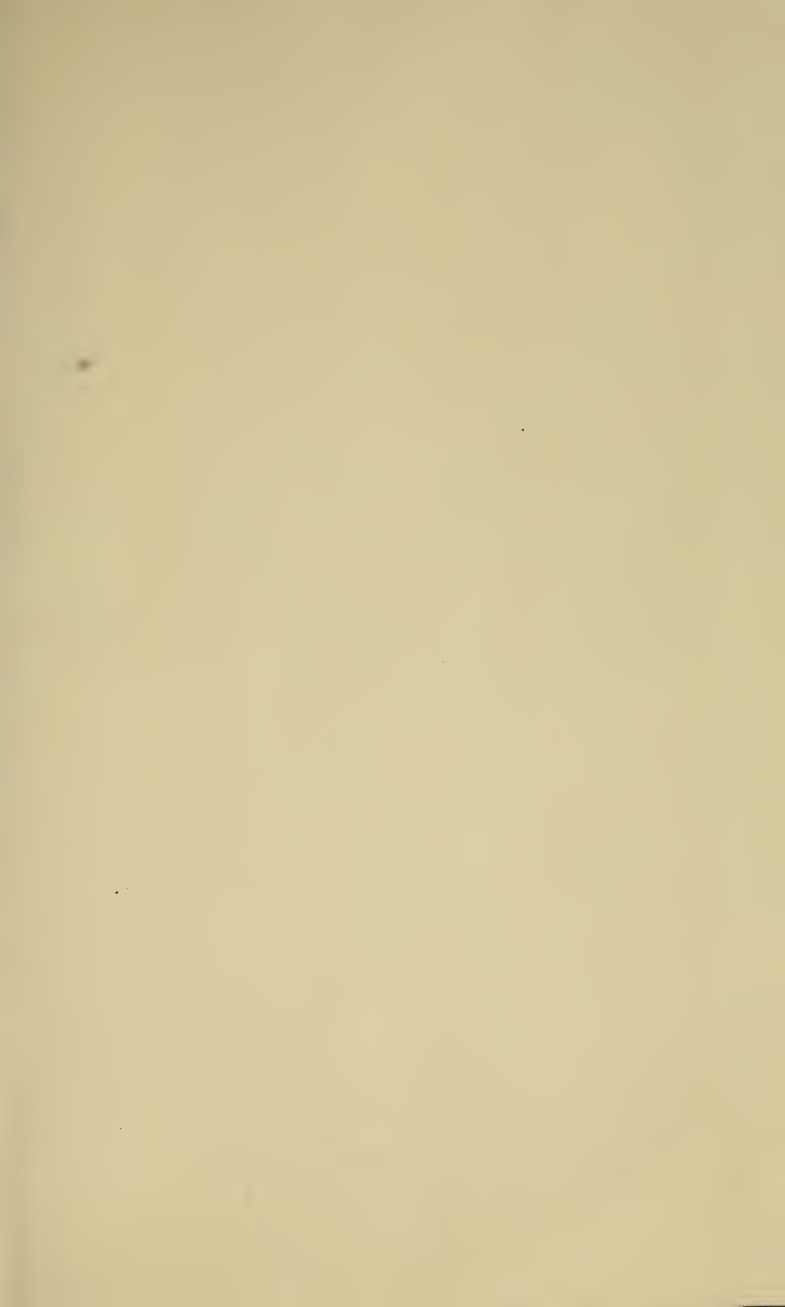
Farewell, dear friend! This world so long thy  
home  
Is richer for thy presence and thy grace.  
Blessed are they who, with thee, see God's face;  
Blessed art thou, who to thine own hast come.





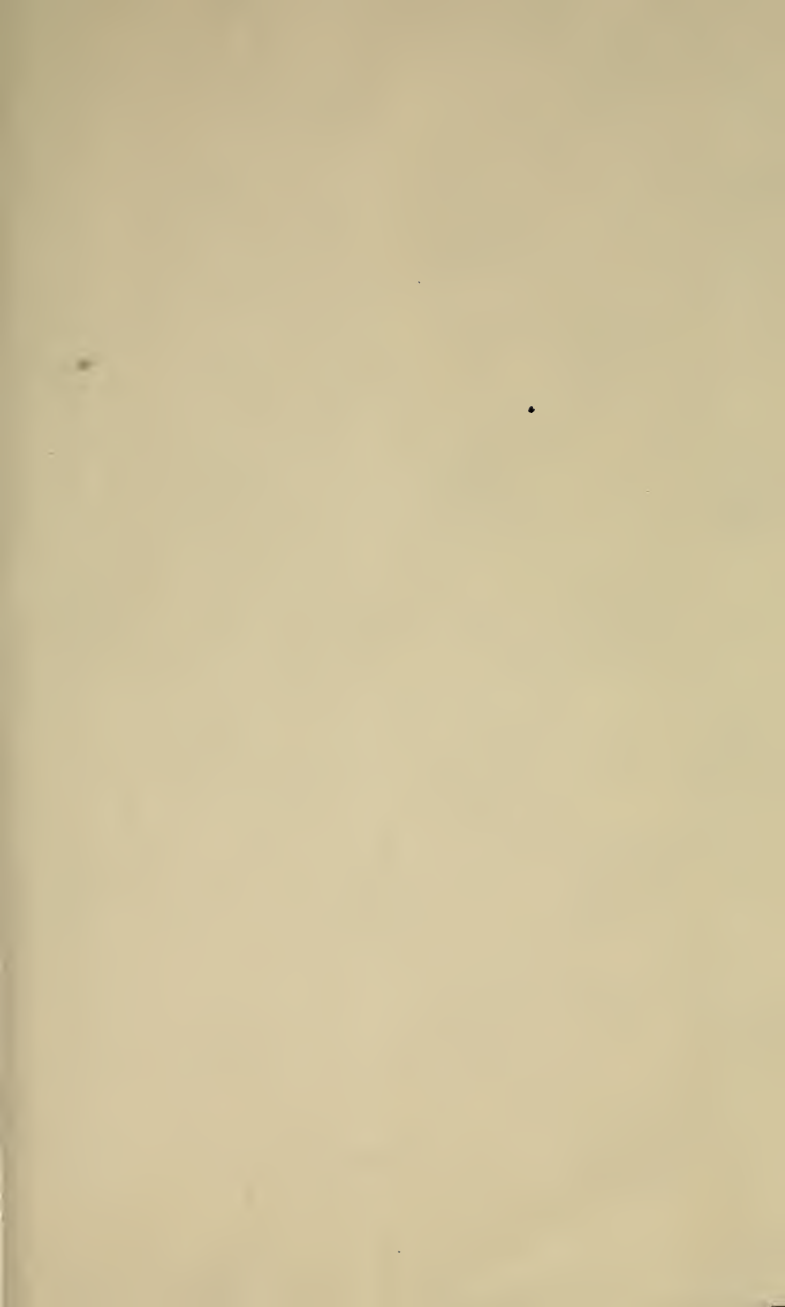












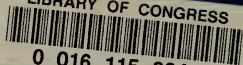




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